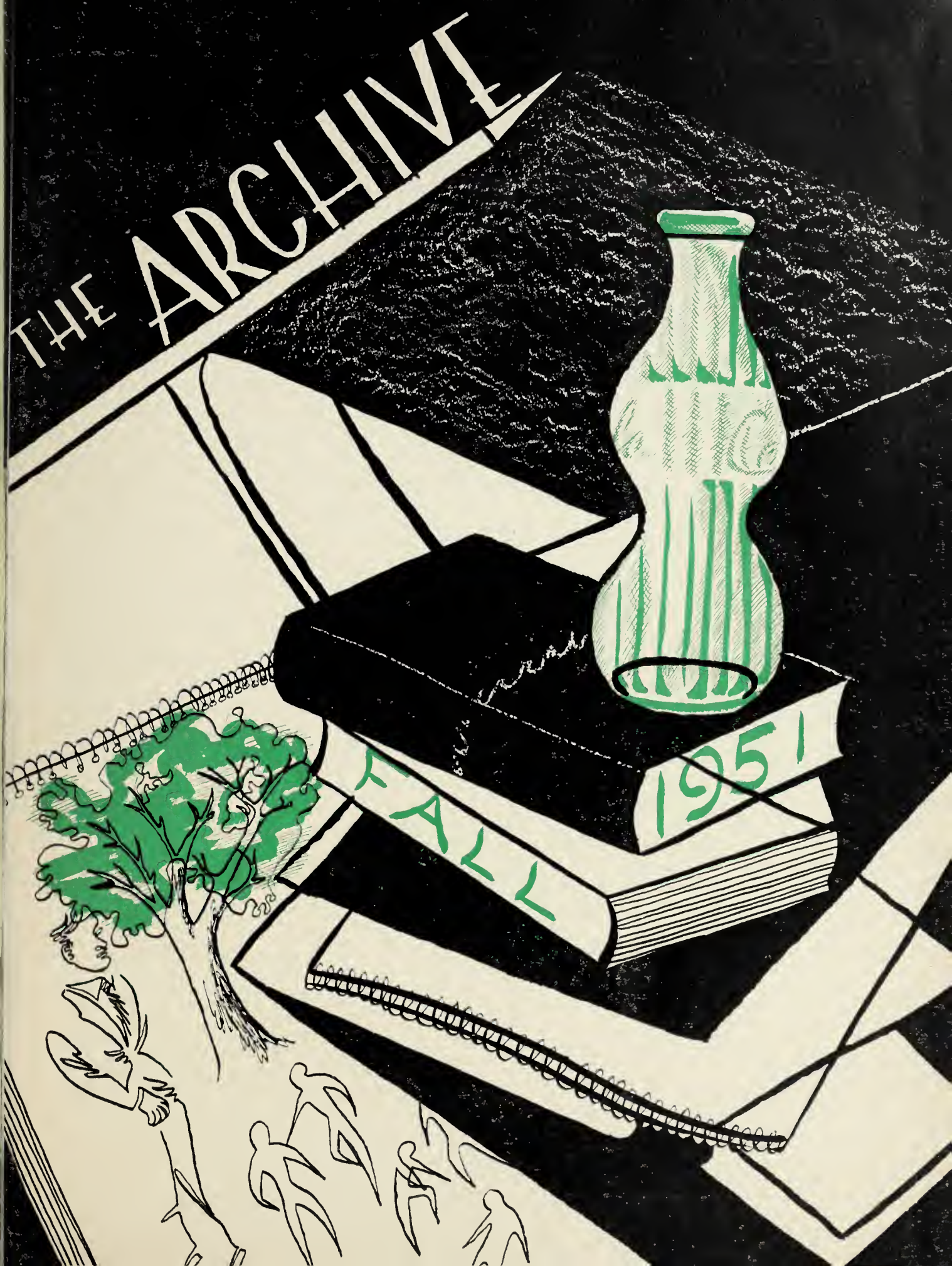
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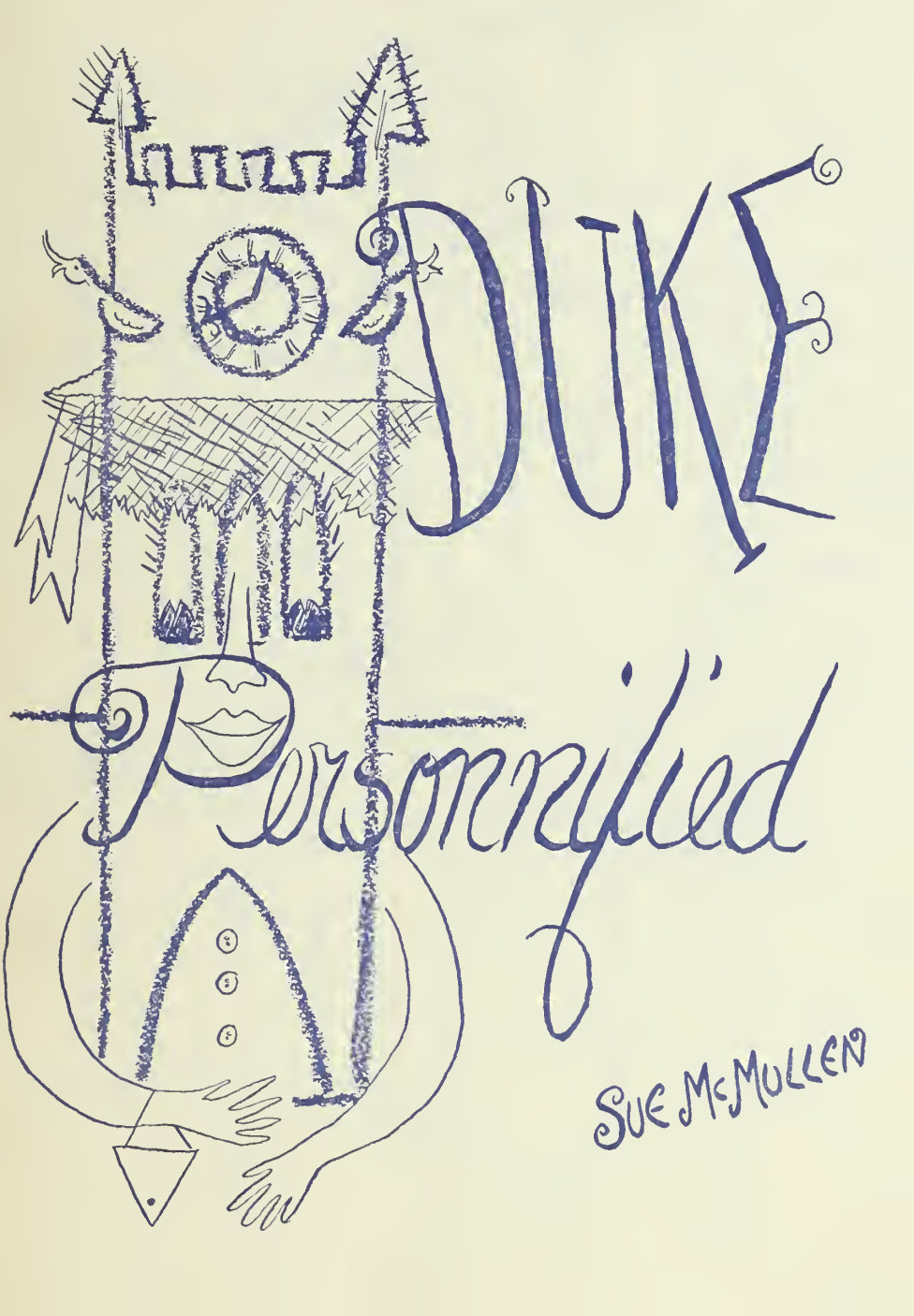
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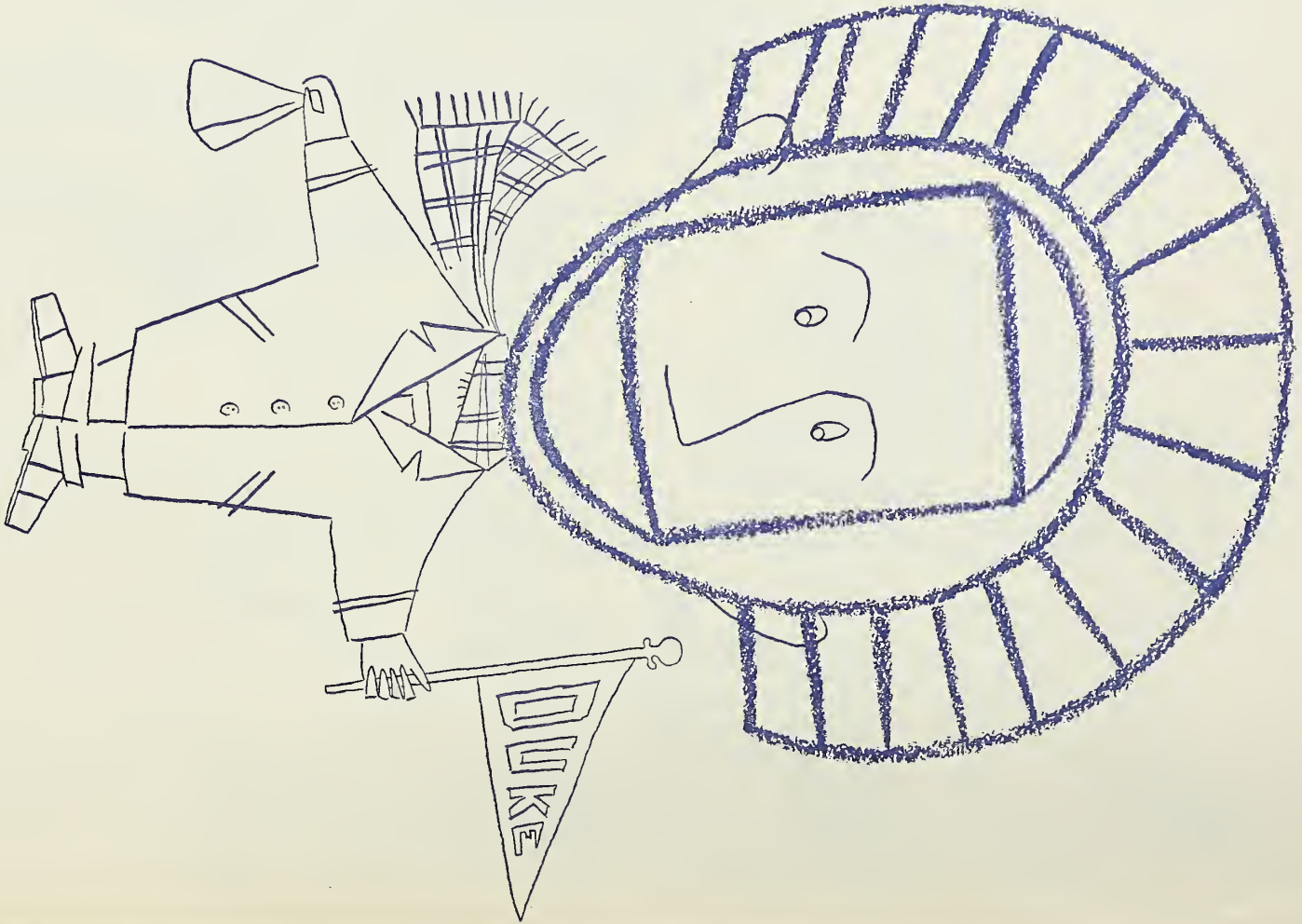
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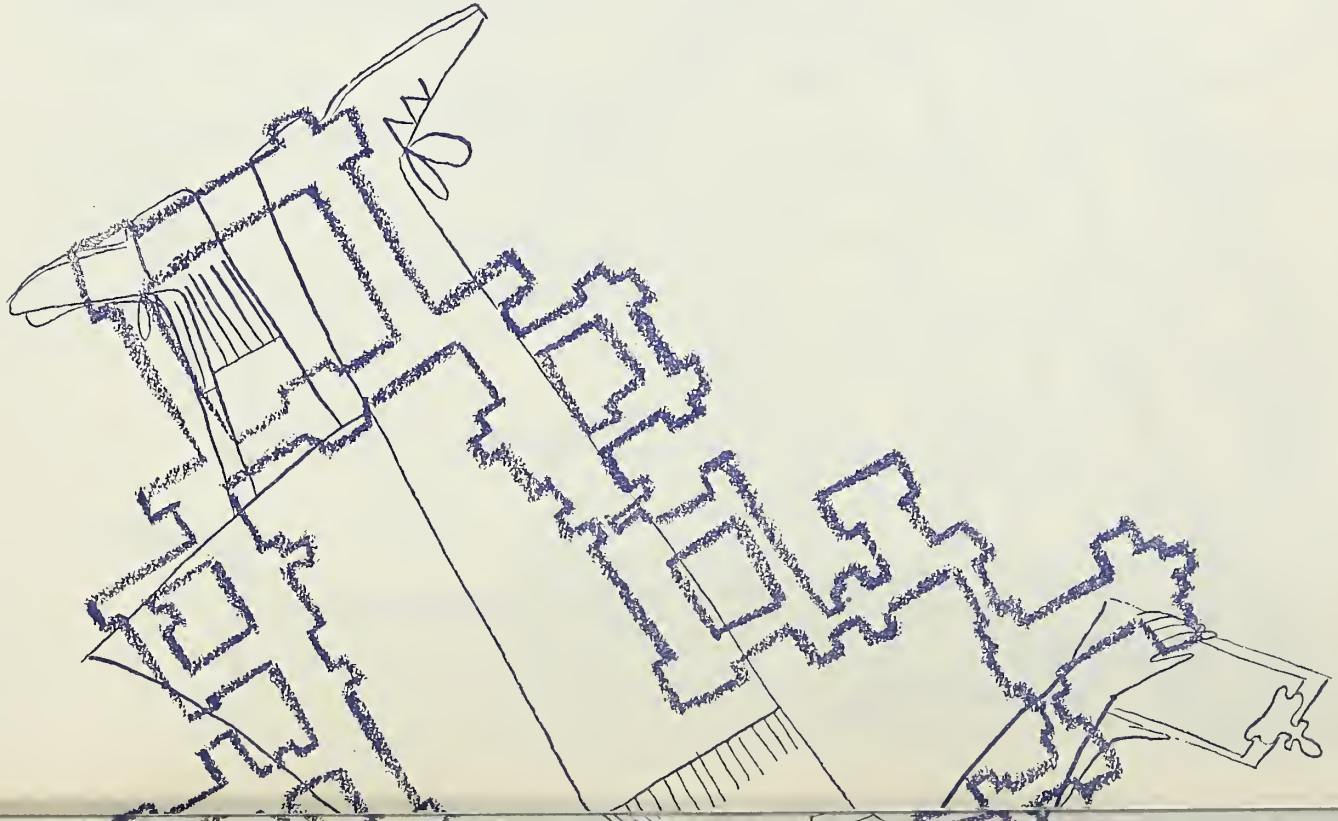
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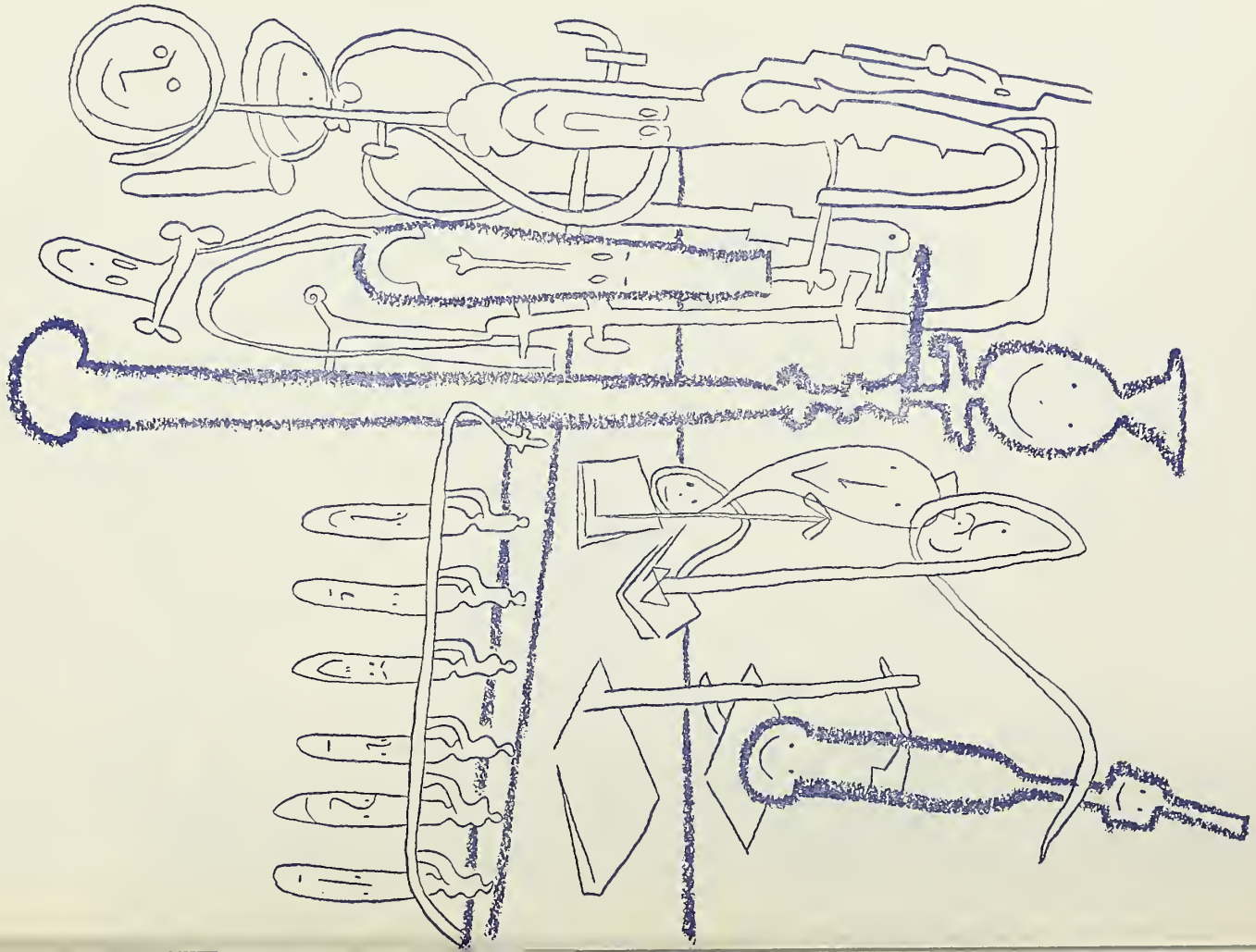
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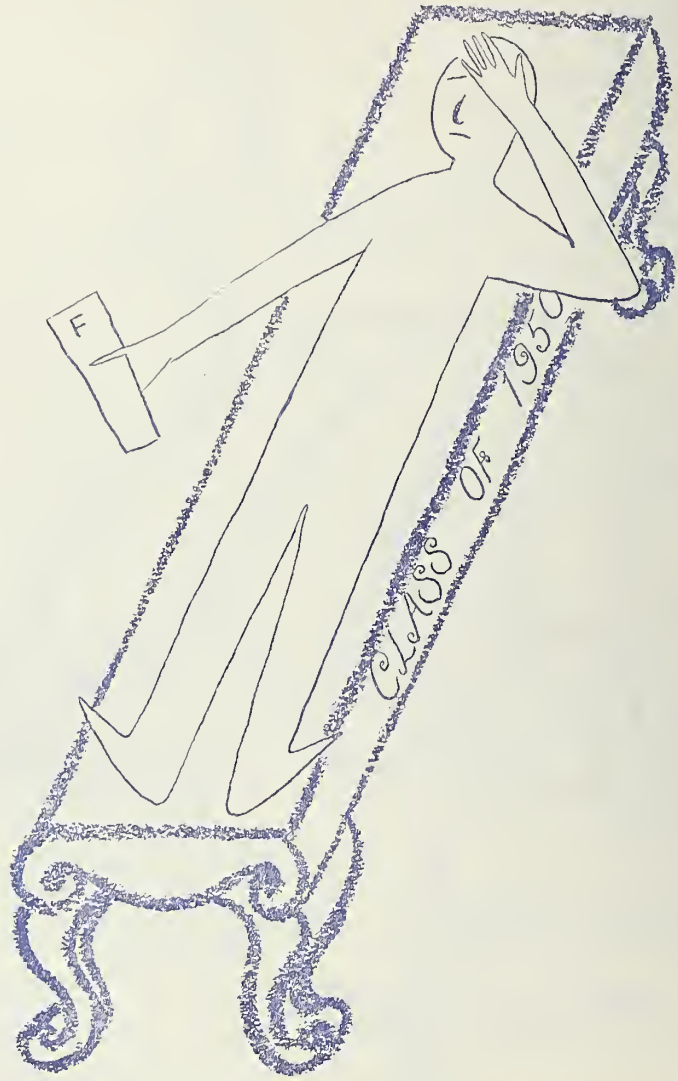

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THE ARCHIVE

A Literary Periodical Published By The Students Of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

VOL. 65 FALL, 1951 NO. 1

Contents

• ARTICLES

OUT OF A KINDRED MANIA 6
by Dr. Robert Rogers

BILL STYRON 18
by Joan Oliver

CINEMA 34
by Edward Nayor

NATURE IMPROVED 36
by Joan Oliver

• STORIES

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY 12
by Bill Louis-Dreyfus

THE LONG DARK ROAD 22
by Bill Styron

FROM A WINDOW IN TIENTSIN 27
by Elinor Divine

THE SIN 31
by Betty Anne Young

• POEMS

THE WINDOW 17
by Elinor Divine

THE COLLEGE MEN 20
by Betty Heinke

JUST WRITE ME ANYTHING 28
by Sam Shumaker

A SONNET 30
by Mary Evelyn Blagg

LATE FALL 39
by Thomas Jordan

NOTICE OF ENTRY: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

Published 4 times a year, October, December, February, and April by the students of Duke University.

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

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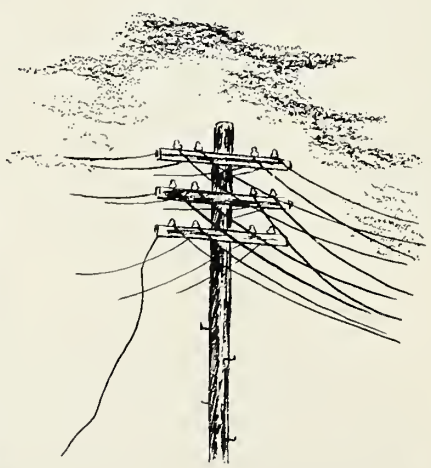
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A PROMISE

THROUGH the years it has almost become a tradition for the staff of the *Archive* to begin its career with a platitude and a silver-tongued generality concerning its intentions for the coming year. There have been, alas, only a few occasions when those generalities weren't dashed against the wall of cruel circumstance by year's end. (Thankfully last year was one of those exceptional years.) With that dismal fate in mind the staff of the *Archive* for the 1951-52 season is putting aside all promises. It would be absurd, as a matter of fact, to promise anything for a literary magazine because its contents are contributed solely by its readers. The staff, poor wretches, can only take the best of what is offered in fiction, exposition, criticism, verse, and art; and from that heterogeneity publish a magazine. This is, we suppose, in the nature of a promise. Then, this is the only promise we will make.—The Editor.



Winners of *The Archive* Literary Contest

- **FIRST PRIZE**
  Bill Louis-Dreyfus
- **SECOND PRIZE**
  Elinor Divine

Index to Advertisers

	Page
Allan's Jewelers	38
Baldwin's	Inside Back Cover
Balfours	37
Bate's Shoes	40
Borden's Ice Cream	5
Camel	Back Cover
Carolina Theatre	39
Christian Printing Co.	36
Cigar Institute	41
City Sandwich Co.	3
Cosmopolitan Barber Shop	2
Depositor's National Bank	4
Duke Dining Halls	36
Duke Power Co.	42
Duke University Stores	37
Ellis Stone	Inside Front Cover
Fidelity Bank	39
Five Points Loan	5
Grill and Fountain	4
Herald-Sun	38
Home Insurance Co.	35
Ingold Tire	4
J. Southgate	39
Life Savers	41
Little Acorn Restaurant	35
Mile's Drive-In	37
Peoples Fruit & Vegetabile Market	5
Robbin's	5
Seven-Up Bottling Co.	41
Sher's Shoe Shop	3
Toddle House	38
TWA	42
United Department Store	38
Variety Restaurant	4
Weldon's Jewelers	3
Well's Drugs	2

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GUEST EDITORIAL

THE PEACE and politics of Duke's Gothic and Georgian walks are seldom disturbed by unpleasant rumblings from the warfare that still flickers along the Korean borderland between the Eastern and Western worlds. There was a time when we nervously watched the headlines and the mailboxes, when Korea and the draft supplanted even sex as a topic of conversation on the two campuses. But a year has gone by, most of us are still here, and a return to normalcy (although somewhat strained in some cases) has become the watchword.

This is not without its virtues: there is something morbidly unhealthy in being obsessed by thoughts of war and the weight of the world. Most of us are painfully aware that ours is at best a temporary reprieve from war and the world, and we are wisely resolved to make the most of it.

But our peace also is not complete, and this, too, is good. It serves to remind us that there is really a better reason for our being here than activities, parties, and textbooks, that our reprieve carries with it a responsibility. When there is an empty seat in class or an empty sack in the dormitory, when news comes back of a friend killed in action or a campus wheel of last year now a prisoner of war, we are jolted back into an awareness of this obligation. We are disturbed, and when we are disturbed, we begin to ask questions again. When we ask questions, we sometimes find new answers, and it is new answers that we desperately need, for the old ones are carving us a deadly course.

These are abstract considerations, but they have concrete corollaries. To speak of the Hour of Decision, the Crisis of Our Times, or the Problem of Our Generation is trite, but it has both truth and urgency. The

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voices of our contemporaries who are fighting and dying on both sides in Korea and the Middle East, or who point guns at one another in Europe and the Near East, cry to us of this truth, and they overwhelm our fashionable cynicism and world-weary shrugs with their urgency.

Some of the basic answers on which we must build are not new, but only need resurrection. Look at the inscription on the marble bench that sits beside the traffic circle on West Campus. It reads: "Above All Nations Is Humanity".

There is nothing new in this, but there is much that we are forgetting. The doctrine has many implications. One seems to be this: that although we must be governed and wish to be governed justly, no government, be it broad or narrow in its scope, is superior to the well-being of humanity. Nor are rival empires, confused by imperfect ideologies, superior to the individual citizens who compose them.

A specific responsibility is laid upon the American university student by this humanitarian doctrine. If he is to work for peace in any positive way (and the "peace" action of both teams in this deadly game has so far been quite negative), he must make of himself a world-minded citizen. This is not to be confused with a Western-minded or Eastern-minded citizen. The world-minded citizen is one who has a deep concern for the well being of all humanity. He is one who knows and understands how people in other lands live and recognizes the humanity and underlies all differences in culture; one who would act to bring about a world at peace in which liberty and justice are assured for all. He is one who believes that education can become a powerful force for achieving international understanding and world peace.

Although these are ideals they do not have to remain such. They may and have come to the practical program level. Education and action for international understanding has

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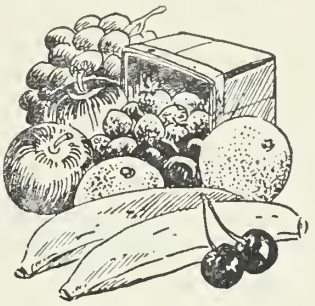
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and is being carried on by students through organizations in this country like the National Student Association, the American Red Cross, and the American Friends Service Committee. The international programs of these three are outstanding but no more than typical. Unhappily, there work has been restricted to the half of the world in which they have their being. When the post-war International Union of Students succumbed to complete Communist control, the most promising attempt at genuine East-West student cooperation collapsed. Western attempts to repair this damage have, as usual, degenerated into negative attacks that are exclusively Western as the IUS is now exclusively Eastern.

Despite these "local" failures, doctrines like the one inscribed on the traffic circle bench have a validity and an appeal that do not recognize artificial boundaries. "Above All Nations Is Humanity" offers the only banner under which all men may serve. It not only offers a basis on which to build a positive an potent western philosophy, but it offers a challenge that the American college student must accept. If he does not he must prepare to accept the consequences.—Denny Rusinow





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Out of A K

One of the most memorable figures seen on campu
any of his Latin courses find him unforgettable as
on liberal education, politics, and students' attitu
his students that the continuance of classical stu
The Archive recommends this article to those of
a wonderful insight into what can be uncove

I AM interloper here. For I am not a true bibliophile. My father was—and one of such discernment as to collect Samuel Johnson *before* others began to collect Samuel Johnson and made him a rich man's hobby. So the Rogers collection of Johnsoniana was fully comparable to those of the British Museum and the J. Pierpont Morgan Library. On an Old Testament professor's salary that was quite an achievement! So my advice to you is to collect not what other people are collecting, but what they are going to collect some years hence. With this advice goes however no crystal ball.

In spite of that inheritance I have never been possessed by bibliomania. But I do have the utmost sympathy for you. I am a philatelist, a stamp collector, if you will. I *am* kindred spirit; and out of my kindred mania I offer you a collector's story.

In a stamp-auction catalogue several years ago there was listed a lot thus described: "Greece, 1839, Stampless to London, 6 pmks. with rare Malta cholera Disinfection pmk. and two knife slits, vf." Despite academic and professional interests I do not collect Greece, but Malta is one of my very special enthusiasms, and that name will catch my eye anywhere. So I bid, and successfully; as I recall, the amount was three dollars and a quarter. Inspection soon showed that I had acquired an item having all sorts of interest.

It is a letter-sheet, folded much as the newsboy folds your daily paper, then sealed with wax, three-page letter inside, address and postal markings outside. The letter, to which we shall come later, is dated "August 9." Its English writer thought of course in terms of our Gregorian calendar, even while he lived in Athens, where the Julian calendar continues in use. The Julian calendar was then twelve days behind ours, so the letter, mailed the same day it was written, is postmarked "Athens, 28 July 1839" on the face of the cover. It also bears the Greek letters delta pi enclosed in a litle box, and standing for "dikaiôma plêromenon", that is, "fee paid", one does not know how much, nor how far, but one supposes to Marseilles, or perhaps only to Malta. At Piraeus, the port of Athens, also on the same day, it was postmarked again, this time on the *verso*.

Traveling then by sea the letter came to Malta to the quarantine station. Two slits were made with a knife blade through the letter to insure that the cholera disinfection would penetrate inside. I think I know what the disinfecting process was; for I doubt that there had been significant change in the twenty



ndred Mania

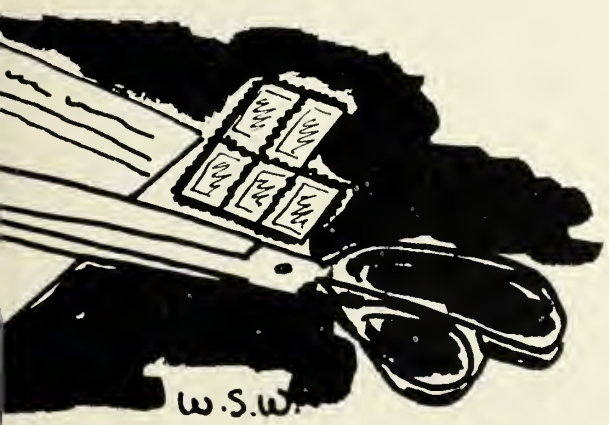
by DR. ROBERT ROGERS

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore



Dr. Robert Rogers, but students who have taken cher as well as an individualistic expositor of views In his lively classes it is notable that he convinces is imperative for an understanding of our age. who have inquiring minds. Dr. Rogers presents by the scholarly application of one's energies.

five years since the Napoleonic period, when the procedure employed was that which had been developed in France and England a generation earlier. The disinfecting agent, as one may learn from encyclopaedias of that time, was chlorine, produced in the same manner as it is sometimes made in the chemical laboratory of the high-school or college. Contemporary directions call for common salt, the black oxide of manganese (that is, pyrolusite), water and sulphuric acid; or, alternatively, for manganese oxide and nitro-muriatic acid (which we commonly call aqua regia). It is true that in January 1832 *The Lancet*, an English weekly medical journal, with sarcastic indignation denounces the inefficacy of chlorine disinfection, and condemns the political board of health for encouraging popular confidence in it. But medical practice lags years behind medical research; how much more, political administration. It is most improbable that the lazaret at Malta had caught up with *The Lancet* in less than eight years.



From Malta our letter was carried on to Marseilles where it received a postmark with the date 27 August. It thus appears that the trip from Piraeus to Marseilles, including the quarantine stop at Malta, had consumed eighteen days. And so to London, where again a dated postmark was applied, 29 August. Of this I was frankly incredulous: Marseilles, 27 August, and London, 29 August. There was not a mile of railroad in France until the next year, much less a line across the whole country! The distance Marseilles-Lyon-Paris-Calais by rail is more than 550 miles and London is 76 miles from the English side of the Channel. I mentioned the problem conversationally to a colleague in Romance Languages, who knows France well, as I do not. He was even more positively incredulous than I; he categorically denied the possibility. I decided very reluctantly that the clerk in the London post office must have neglected to set his postmark-stamp to accord with the date on which the letter came to his hands; but this taxed my credulity hardly less than the other.

Then, by providential coincidence, there appeared in a philatelic magazine an article illustrated by a photograph of a letter which obviously belonged to the same correspondence as mine. It bore postmarks, Athens, 19 May; Marseilles, 15 June; and London, 17 June. This led inevitably to exoneration of the London postal clerk on the charge of neglecting to change the date in his rubber-stamp. It was not only possible, it appears to be normal, for a letter to reach

London the second day after leaving Marseilles. How was it done?

Upon some investigation of the history of the English post I learned that in the reign of William IV, 1830-1837, the mail coach from London to Devonport via Exeter covered the 216 miles in 21 hours, 14 minutes, making 23 changes of horses. That represents an average speed of approximately ten miles an hour, which would put London eight hours from Dover. I also found quoted a contemporary statement concerning the French postal messengers: "They often ride the whole distance from Marseilles to Calais or Boulogne, fully seven hundred miles without any rest or refreshment save what they snatch on the horse's back." I doubt it was so far as 700 miles but can well believe it exceeded 600. Post-horse would be considerably faster than mail coach, and change of horses would be much more quickly made than with the coach team. Perhaps fifteen miles per hour is not unreasonable. Our Marseilles and London postmarks will allow forty-eight hours from noon to noon, or fifty-four hours from noon in Marseilles to six p.m. in London, even sixty hours if we suppose six a.m. at Marseilles. If we assume the middle figure, there are forty-four hours for the post riders to cross France, with time left for the Channel crossing and the coach to London; but scheduled connections must have been pretty closely calculated.

A bold manuscript notation "5/5" on the cover's face shows that a fee of five shillings and five pence was still due. A further notation on the reverse indicates how this sum was arrived at:

"1-8
3-9"

That is, the fee due would be divided between two postal administrations, a shilling and eight pence to one, three and nine to the other. I am able only to guess at the creditor's identities; but a plausible conjecture seems to be that the smaller amount went to the English post and included the three pence packet postage between Calais and Dover, the balance to France.



So much can one learn by investigation, inference and conjecture, from the various postal markings, of how the letter traveled. But who were the persons interested that this letter should reach London?

The cover is addressed to:

The Lord Fitzalan M. P.
1 Hyde Park Place
London.

Lord Fitzalan was Henry Granville Fitzalan-Howard, 1815-1860. For centuries the Howards have been the first family of England, that of the Dukes of Norfolk, the premier dukedom of the realm. The eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk enjoys the title of Earl of Surrey, and the latter's eldest son bears some other courtesy title during his grandfather's lifetime. Henry Granville Fitzalan-Howard was the grandson of Bernard Edward Howard, Twelfth Duke of Norfolk, and son of Henry Charles Howard, thirteenth Duke, himself succeeding as fourteenth. His father as Earl of Surrey was the first Roman Catholic since the Reformation to sit in the House of Commons, 1829-1841. He himself in 1837 under the courtesy title of Lord Fitzalan was elected to Parliament from Arundel, which is the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk; and hence his designation as "M. P." on our cover. In the next year traveling through Greece he fell very ill in Athens and was entertained at the British Legation. On June 19, 1839 in London he married Augusta Mary Minna Catherine Lyons, younger daughter of Sir Edmund Lyons, Minister Plenipotentiary in Athens. Lord Fitzalan's principal distinction was his devotion and benefactions to the Roman Catholic Church. As a member of Parliament his activity and interest was almost entirely restricted to those matters which were of concern to the Church. And his gifts to the Church's charities were very many and extremely generous. In March 1842 on the death of his grandfather he became Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and in February 1856 succeeded his father as Duke of Norfolk. Highly regarded as a very fine gentleman he died in 1860.

But the letter, though addressed to Lord Fitzalan, was not for him. In the lower left corner of the cover is the legend, somewhat worn and difficult to read, "For Lady Lyons," that is, his wife's mother. And along the right-hand edge of the cover's face, in a different hand, presumably that of Lady Lyons, is written "August 9th No. 29" and in still another hand and very different ink "1839". And the letter within is signed "E. L."—of course Edmund Lyons.

Edmund Lyons was born 21 November 1790, at Burton, near Christ Church, in Hampshire (a little southwest of Southampton) into a family which had West Indian connections and maintained a residence in Antigua. His father's friend Captain Richard Hussey Bickerton was his godfather. He went to sea

at the age of eight, and in 1802 was assigned to H.M.S. "Maidstone", Captain Richard Hussey Moubray commanding. There followed almost a decade of gallant and very distinguished service, particularly in the Mediterranean and among the East Indies, until ill-health brought him back to England in 1811. The next year he met Augusta Louisa Rogers, the second daughter of the late Captain Josiah Rogers, whose three daughters were then living at "Newlands" in Lymington. In 1814 he attained the rank of post-captain, was placed on half-pay (evidently because of his health) and married Miss Augusta Rogers, July 18.



Four children were born of the marriage. Anne Theresa Bickerton was married to Philip Hartmann, Baron Würtzburg in 1839. Richard Bickerton Pemell Lyons became Minister to the United States at the end of 1858 and served most ably as Britain's representative in Washington during all the difficult relations brought about by our Civil War, including the very important negotiations over the seizures of the Confederate envoys aboard the "Trent". Later he served in Constantinople and in Paris. Edmund Moubray Lyons had a distinguished career in the Royal Navy but died untimely of wounds suffered on active service in the Crimean War. Augusta Mary Minna Catherine we have seen become the wife of Lord Fitzalan, and Duchess of Norfolk. Meantime the Lyons family lived at Torquay, then briefly near Reading, then on Guernsey; and it was not until the beginning of 1828 that Captain Lyons returned to the sea in command of the frigate "Blonde" in the Mediterranean.

The battle of Navarino in the preceding October had assured the independence of Greece from Turkey, but Turkish garrisons remained in four places in the Peloponnese, and refused now to withdraw. The most important was at Patras, and Captain Lyons with English landing forces together with allied French troops stormed the Turkish castle there on 30 October 1828. Lyons was decorated by the French with the Cross of St. Louis.

The next year the "Blonde" carried Sir Robert Gordon, the new ambassador to Turkey, to Constantinople, and then sailed on to cruise the Black Sea, the first British man-o'-war to enter those waters. Lyons called at Sevastopol, Odessa, Varna and Bourgas, and occupied himself with making surveys of the harbors. This experience was to prove enormously valuable twenty-five years later.

Early in 1831 he was transferred to the new frigate "Madagascar" which he commanded for four years. Calling at Sidon the next year he paid a visit to Lady Hester Stanhope on Mount Lebanon. This lady was the highly eccentric niece, housekeeper and trusted confidante of William Pitt whose death in 1806 had put an end to her ambitious hopes. His will provided her an annuity of £1500, which, she said, would not make it possible to keep a carriage! She finally left England in 1810 and four years later settled on the slopes of Mount Lebanon where she built a group of houses, walled like a mediaeval fortress. She intrigued against the British consuls, tried to raise the Druses in revolt against Ibrahim Pasha, and foster the central authority of the Sultan, and she wielded an almost despotic power in the neighborhood. But her favorite occupation was delivering long lectures and tirades to whoever came to see her, the visitors being kept standing, and her suite of attendants kneeling around in oriental subservience. Lyons also visited Ibrahim who was engaged in the siege of Acre, and witnessed the bombardment of the city.

In July of 1832 the "Madagascar" was in Malta to refit, and there Lyons met the great French poet Lamartine, who was sailing in a brig on the eastern travels which were to be described in his *Voyage en Orient*. Lyons warned him of Greek pirates and offered to convoy him east as far as Nauplia. Lamartine later writes a grateful and enthusiastic tribute to the Captain's affability and generous, obliging kindliness.

The great powers had now approved the youthful Otho of Bavaria as the king of Greece. Lyons and the "Madagascar" in company with French and Russian ships arrived at Trieste 20 September 1832, and Lyons visited Munich in November to arrange transport of the King, the Regents, their suites and the Bavarian troops. On 13 January 1833 the "Madagascar" called at Brindisi, where Otho and the Regents boarded her next day to travel by way of Corfu, where a three-day stopover was made, to Nauplia 30 January. Lyons soon after received Knight Commander rank in the new Order of the Redeemer, and stayed in Greek waters until the end of 1834, arriving in England on New Year's Day. He paid off the "Madagascar", and received a year's leave of absence from the Navy; in the event it was to be nearly two decades before he sailed again.

William IV knighted Lyons in January of 1835 and soon after named him a Knight Commander of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, a decoration then highly prized, but long since discontinued. In May the King dispatched him to Greece bearing a letter of congratulation to Otho on attaining his majority. Lyons traveled overland and reached Athens in eleven days and fifteen hours, which was called at the time "marvellously expeditious". And on 3 July he was named Minister to Greece. More honors came to him: a baronetcy in 1840, the Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, civil division, and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Redeemer, both in 1844. He remained in Athens until the end of 1849, when he was sent to Bern as Minister to the Swiss Cantons. Early in 1851 he became Minister in Stockholm, and it was from there that he was recalled to high command in the Navy in 1853, to serve with brilliant distinction in the Crimean War at Balaclava, Kinburn, Kertch and Sevastopol. And now honors came in rapid succession: the Turkish Order of the Medjide, first class; the Grand Cross of the Royal Military Order of Savoy; the Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor; the Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, military division; all these in 1855, and Lyons was the first person to be honored in both the civil and the military divisions of the Bath. The next year he became a Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Lyons of Christ Church. And in 1858 he received the Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.



Baron Lyons, in whom his fellow-countrymen saw a notable resemblance to Lord Nelson, passed the last three months of his life at Arundel, where he died 23 November 1858; his remains were deposited in the family vault of the Dukes of Norfolk.

While the Lyons family was resident in Athens, Anne Theresa met Baron Philip de Würtzburg. Philip Hartmann's father had been the reigning prince of Würtzburg but was despoiled by Napoleon who joined the principality to the Kingdom of Bavaria. The Baron was brought up with the King of Bavaria's children and, when Otho went to Greece as King, Baron Würtzburg accompanied him as one of his aides-de-camp. He married Miss Lyons 24 December 1839 in Athens.

Earlier that year Lady Lyons and her daughters had gone to London for the marriage of the younger to Lord Fitzalan on June 19. And so at length we come to our letter. It was written in great haste and in a very cursive handwriting. Some parts are very difficult to read, but by gradual stages I have deciphered all but a word or two. It reads thus:

29—Aug. 9

I have only one moment my own dearest love to say that I consider all you say so reasonable so proper so natural so *palpable* in fact that I fear you must have thought me inconsiderate in proposing what I did at Würtsburg's request — [One can fairly hear Sir Edmund, incorrigibly English, say 'Wurtsburg'—he spells it without the umlaut and with an s for the z.]

You have now only to come in the way most agreeable to yourself, not allowing saving of expense to induce you to come by the Rhine or Marseilles or in any way that would be disagreeable to you—as for the Ship of War I am not in favor of it in these uncertain times. Ships are counterordered and sent on all sorts of unexpected services just when they are on the point of sailing and even after they have sailed, then the suspense, uncertainty &c. would be great—and I do not like asking favors which might by any possibility operate against my requests for I asked promotion—

W. will remain here according to what he tells me in bringing me the enclosed for Annie in which he says he left it rather uncertain—

I am so *very very* sorry my love that I have given you all this uneasiness and that I shd have spoilt your happiness at Newlands [which, it will be recalled, was her family home at Lymington] but you must forgive your [a word undeciphered, very doubtfully, 'adoring'] husband

E L

Let the token to Adm. Moubray about the £1000 go on all the same.

So then, the immediate background of the letter is the family's plans for the return to Athens of Lady Lyons and Anne Theresa, with the latter's wedding a few months away. A journey from London to Athens in 1839 is quite an undertaking. How shall Lady Lyons and Miss Lyons go? Travel in Europe a century ago was difficult and trying. Unless one were so wealthy as to have his own coach in which to ride, he must use post coaches where they were available, or in each city along his route contract with some hostelry to provide transport to the next city. Any

way to Athens by land must become increasingly complicated as the traveler progressed eastward; in the Balkans even in this century communications are none too simple. The eastern part of the trip at least would probably be made by sea; so we have seen King Otho go a few years before. But it would be simpler, probably, to go most of the way by ship, say from Marseilles at least.

It is evident that the Bavarian Baron had suggested the ladies should travel by the Rhine, probably to visit his home on the way, and this proposal Sir Edmund had forwarded to his Lady, together, perhaps, with his comment that this route would be less expensive. Lady Lyons did not like the idea at all; in fact Sir Edmund is now quite definitely in the doghouse. And it is rather entertaining to observe a former Captain in the Royal Navy and Her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary endeavoring to get out of his wife's dislavor!

Lady Lyons herself has thought something of sailing in a naval vessel. The Royal Navy would of course accommodate a member of the diplomatic service or his family with transportation, if any man-o'-war happened to be sailing to a port which would serve his convenience. But such a passenger was naturally at the mercy of any change in the ship's orders. Sir Edmund does not approve that idea "in these uncertain times". Now the times are always uncertain of course, but there was good reason why Sir Edmund should be apprehensive. In the year 1839 Egypt was in revolt against the Turkish Sultan. By the midyear Egyptian victories had made Mehemet Ali master of the situation so far as the forces of Turkey itself were concerned. But for some years the powers of Europe had been very keenly interested in the vicissitudinous fortunes of the Ottoman Empire. Now on 27 July 1839 (about two weeks before our letter) the ambassadors of the five powers in Constantinople presented to the Sublime Porte a joint note, that they were in agreement on the Eastern question, and urged it "to suspend all definite decision made without their concurrence, pending the effect of their interest in its welfare." And on August 1 Lord Palmerston wrote to the British ambassador that the representatives of the five powers, "should act not only simultaneously in point of time, but identically in point of manner". One presumes that Sir Edmund Lyons knew of these developments. In actual fact the powers were agreed upon nothing except the need for agreement; Sir Edmund may very well have known that too. In the event the refusal of France, which was pro-Egyptian, to cooperate with the other powers brought Europe the next year to the very brink of war. It was probably very true, when Sir Edmund wrote, that ships of the Royal Navy might be suddenly "counterordered and sent on all sorts of unexpected services."

Lady Lyons and her daughter did reach Athens safely, for Miss Lyons' marriage took place there late in December. What route they traveled I do not know, but I trust it was one which was not "disagreeable" to Lady Lyons.

One might at first thought suppose that Sir Edmund's baronetcy the next year was the promotion he had asked. But a baronetcy does not come in response to request; it is reward for some service, even if only political service to party. Rather Lyons hoped for a better post in the diplomatic service, and for that, alas, he must wait yet many years. The post at Bern ten years later was no appreciable advance; not until he was sent to Stockholm in 1851 did any real promotion come.

Our letter evidently carried as enclosure a note from Baron Würtzburg to his fiancée. He had been undecided whether to stay on in Athens the several months until his wedding, or, one supposes, to return to his home for a time. He was still doubtful when he wrote to Anne, but on giving her father the note to be forwarded along with Sir Edmund's letter he announced his decision to remain in Athens.

The identity of the Admiral Moubray of the postscript is a most tantalizing puzzle. I supposed he was of course the Captain Richard Hussey Moubray who had been Lyons' first commanding officer in 1802 on the "Maidstone." For Captain Moubray had in due time attained flag rank. But in 1832, inheriting the estate of a cousin named Hussey, Moubray had changed his name by "sign manual", that is, by King's warrant, to Hussey, thus becoming Richard Hussey Hussey. The biographical records of officers in the Royal Navy living in 1823 and 1849 reveal no Moubray who was an admiral in 1839, nor anyone else whose name I can read in what I have taken to be "Moubray" in our letter. Unless, therefore, an intimate friend might refer to Admiral Hussey by his former surname of Moubray, seven years after the change of name, I am at a loss to know who is meant.

But the letter has acquainted us personally and intimately with a distinguished naval officer and diplomat in the service of King William IV and of Queen Victoria, and with his Lady; has introduced us through him to one of the eminent succession of the Dukes of Norfolk; and given us a little glimpse into the history, economic, social, political and military, of Europe a century and more ago.

W. S. Wetmore

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

by BILL LOUIS-DREYFUS

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore and Leone Lawrence

HE AWOKE and found it was spring. The sun coming in the window was blinding. It raised dust, he thought, which hung stupidly in its rays. Outside all was alive, horribly alive, moving, making noise, growing, changing, being physical. He awoke and found everything disturbed.

He looked at the sun and turned towards the wall where it was darker and more peaceful. He closed his eyes, but he was fully awake and felt as if he hadn't slept at all. In winter he would lie in bed just half awake. But it was spring and he couldn't sleep. He heard the noise of birds. He saw them flying about, moving their wings stupidly. He heard them whistling foolishly. He felt everything growing, leaves, trees, plants, growing ugly out in the open. He thought of ants, carrying bigger burdens than seemed possible for their size, running about, buiding, eating and growing.

He felt terirbly annoyed and unhappy. He too was disturbed. He felt lost. He saw himself faced with some horrible fate he couldn't explain nor escape from. He wanted to cry. He squeezed his eyes shut. The tears rolled down the corner of his eyes and onto the bed. He lay on his back, grinding his teeth together and sobbing loudly.

Presently he sat up. He took his pillow and threw it angrily across the room. It hit a lamp, knocked it off the small dresser and broke it. The noise of it and the sight of the broken glass on the carpet did him good. He forgot for a moment that it was spring and thought no more of the ugly nakedness of the morning.

He walked into the kitchen, tucking his shirt tail into his pants. Mrs. Gillespie was there. She stood with her back towards him fastening a cheap, flowered, lacy apron about her waist.

"Why you up so early?" she asked.

He glanced at her not turning his head but looking out of the corner of his eye. He shrugged his shoulders and walked over to the ice box.

"Breakfast ain't ready yet," Mrs. Gillespie went on, "so don't go messing about."

"Why don't you get dressed properly in the morning? Look at your hair standing on end like the fur on a cat's back. You'd think a boy near as you are to the voting age would know how to fix himself."

He didn't answer. He only looked at her all the while eating a banana, taking huge bites out of it and swallowing noisily.

Mrs. Gillespie didn't expect an answer. She turned towards the sink and started washing the dishes she hadn't the heart to do the night before. She had a vaguely pretty face, small featured, and horribly ordinary. Her eyes were of a bleached blue. Around their corners her skin was a dull pink. But only there. Otherwise it was a lifeless decayed white, lined and creased heavily. It seemed soft to the touch. The general color of her skin was fish-belly white.

Her features were small but she was big boned otherwise. Her legs and arms gave an impression of circular thickness. Her back was abnormally broad with seemingly no tapering off at the waist.

She was hunched over the sink slowly dipping plate after plate into the greyish soapy water. She didn't bother to rinse them. She simply set them upon the rack to her right and left them there till lunch time.

The boy was eating another banana peeling the skin off it as he went along. Mrs. Gillespie turned around and started talking.

"Stop eating them bananas. There ain't but six in the house and I ain't getting no more till Monday. I told you breakfast wasn't ready yet. Nobody else gets up on Saturday morning this early and you never did either. Why don't you get outa here?"

He wasn't listening only looking at her small round eyes. She reminded him of a huge piece of lifeless flesh, soft, white and floating. She seemed without structure. She walked over to him, took the banana peels off the kitchen table and threw them in a small garbage pail under the sink. She kept on talking but he didn't have to listen. He knew what it was all about. She always complained, pitied herself. She would talk about everybody, neighbors, milkman and even his own mother and father. But it would always end with her husband. She would say nothing definite about him only grumble in a ceaseless stream of muttering. She would wonder why she had ever married him. "Sometimes I wish he would drink," she'd say "instead o' hanging around moping and never saying nothing. He don't do nothing but eat. He's always eating. I wish he *would* drink."

She stopped talking, walking over to the ice box and took out a half pint container of light cream. She poured some of it in a small juice glass and leaning against the drain board of the sink and cocking her head back she drank the cream

quickly. She turned and put the container away.

The boy hadn't moved. He sat, slouched at the table half-way leaning on one elbow. He watched her move slowly about the kitchen. She took heavy, thudding steps. She walked rocking slightly from side to side which emphasized her slothfulness. Mrs. Gillespie, he thought, stupid woman Mrs. Gillespie . . . always insisted on being called Mrs. The whole family had known her for nine years, but it had to be Mrs.. always. "I been married nineteen years," she'd say "and I'm a respectable woman. People ought to show me respect."



He watched her and saw the sunlight on top of her head. He hated her. Each spring she had grown, budded shamelessly like those flowers, growing and being dirty out in the open under the sun. Each spring now she rotted, decayed slowly. Each spring she grew older and like an animal who in its youth had cared only for eating and for comfort, had only been physical, she now waited rotting slowly under the sun. She waited in a somewhat dormant state and kept on eating.

Mrs. Gillespie walked over to the table. She leaned over it and with a dishcloth in her hand started wiping its white top with wide circular motions. The boy raised his elbow and leaned back away from her. He saw her arm moving in circles, a thick formless arm covered by white, loose, hanging skin. He wanted to cut it off. He wanted to destroy it, burn it so that there would be nothing but ashes left of the ugly arm.

Mrs. Gillespie moved her head and looked at the boy. She quickly turned away again. One look in his eyes, staring at her, didn't frighten her but embarrassed and puzzled her. Suddenly he got up, hesitated a moment then went out the screen door onto the wet grass and down the street. Mrs. Gillespie stood staring after him, holding the dishrag in her hand. She muttered something, then threw the dishrag into the sink. She walked over to the coat rack behind the screen door, took out a cheaply decorated imitation gold cigarette case, fumbled with the clasp on it, finally got it open and lit a cigarette. She crossed the hall and into the living room, sat down in an armchair facing the window. She looked out onto the street and puffing her cigarette began picking her nails.

The boy had walked two blocks down the road. He held his head bowed, his eyes fixed on the toes of his dusty shoes. The sun was hot and heavy around him. It bothered him like the faint buzzing of a fly in the night, and he dared not look up.

The street was long and narrow, bordered on each side by peaked-roofed houses. The moist breeze coming in from the sea had changed the roofs into a dull, damp-looking black. The walls and wooden framework of the houses were freshly painted, white and light green for the most part. The sun shone strongly on them. Their unyielding brightness hurt the eye.

Each house had its own short white wooden fence whose outline was followed by stocky pruned hedges or stringy, grasping ivy. The unwavering line of the street made it seem endless.

The boy walked slowly taking long steps. He had forgotten Mrs. Gilelspie and thought of nothing. He kicked at stones or at crusted lumps of beige sand. The day seemed airless. It was still early morning but the sun had climbed in the sky. The boy slowly became conscious of it. It burned him on the lower part of his neck.

The pavement was high and narrow and hard to walk on. He couldn't keep his balance and tried walking in the gutter. He became angry and kicked at the curb. He felt tired and his eyes hurt.

He became conscious of the heavy smell of fish, dead fish floating idlessly in the bay to the left of the houses. The water in the bay was a dilute greenish brown. It moved without the rhythm or purpose the open sea showed in its movement. The smell of fish became more acute, till it seemed that the air was filled with nothing else. He quickened his steps and crossed over to the other side of the street. He felt bothered and hounded by the smell and the heat. The sun was everywhere burning his back and forcing him to squint his eyes. He walked faster kicking up sand and dust. He hurried on and heard someone say, "Good-morning." He didn't look up but began to run.

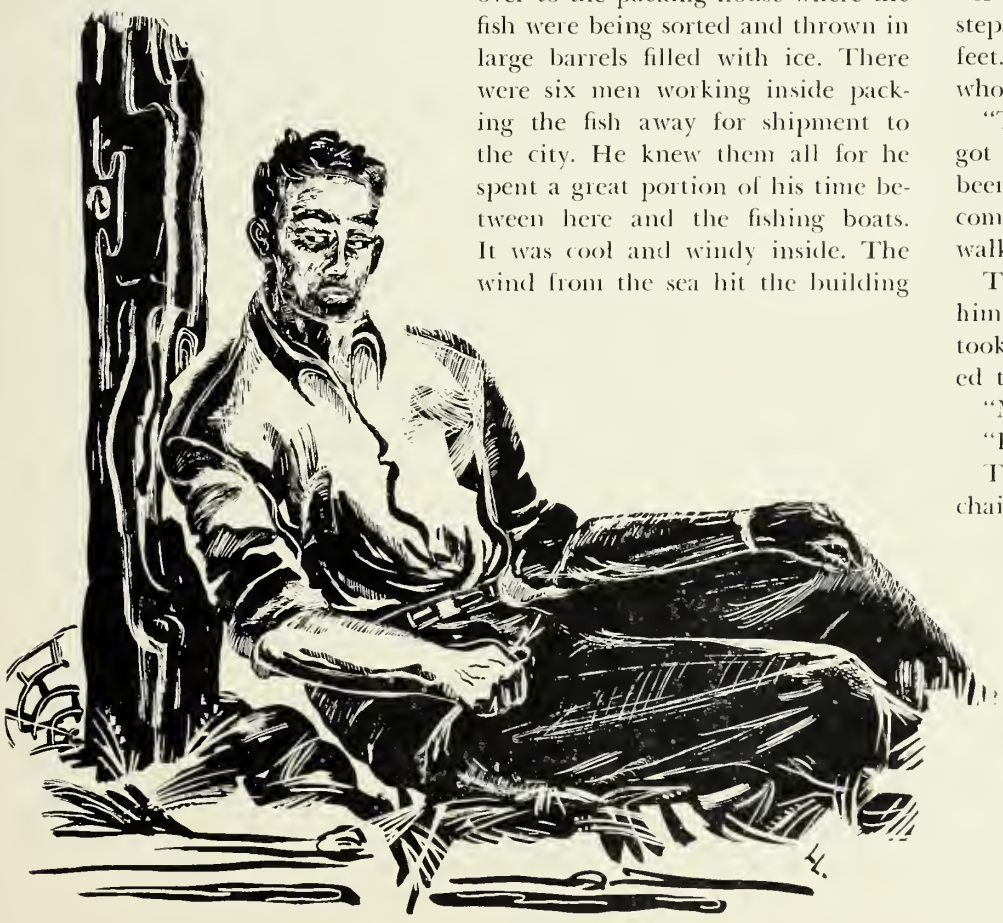
He had gone far since he had left the house. The sun had climbed in the sky and its heat bore down from up above. But the boy had reached that section of the street where the buildings were taller and built more closely together and he walked on in the shadows cast by them. Now the road became broader and turned a little. He liked this part of town better than he did the rest. There was more activity here. Shops and restaurants stayed open late and reopened early. At this time of the morning men were sweeping out their doorways. Women burdened with many paper bags came back from the food market. Men got in their cars and drove away to work. Sailors and fishermen had been up a long time. They walked about carrying fish-hooks netting and rope. The boy liked these people. He admired them. He liked to watch them, their yellow faces burned by the sun and but half-way clean,

their tight fitting worn blue coats, their caps crushed out of shape, the sand and salt in their eyebrows and in their long hair. He walked straight now looking around him, stopping by the windows and looking in. He came to the center of town. It was a large square where the main roads met, and at the end of which there was a wharf which jutted out in the bay.

The wharf was in reality the main part of town. It was the biggest attraction and in truth the heart of the business section. Every afternoon the ferry from Boston would dock there. All day tourists walked about, the women in print dresses, the men in shirt sleeves and straw hats, carrying cameras, inspecting the ships, buying tickets to sightseeing tours or fishing trips. The noise increased as the day went on, the hoarse voices of the barkers, the constant grinding of the ice-crushing machine in the fish-packing house just to the right of the wharf, the coughing of the ship's engines as they pulled in to dock. The smell around the entire area was a mixture of heavy grease coming from the open food stands which surrounded the square, of fumes of engine gasoline and oil, of salty foam and of dead fish.

Early in the morning and again in the late evening, the fishermen brought in their ship and unloaded their take. The boy enjoyed watching them. They would pull in aside of the packing house where a crane would lift up the huge nets filled with countless fish. Their boats were black where the sea had soaked into the wood. All paint had been rubbed off.

But today, the boy had arrived to late and the fishing boats had gone out to sea again. He walked over to the packing house where the fish were being sorted and thrown in large barrels filled with ice. There were six men working inside packing the fish away for shipment to the city. He knew them all for he spent a great portion of his time between here and the fishing boats. It was cool and windy inside. The wind from the sea hit the building ful force leaving the hot sun outside. He leaned against a post just inside the door. The men noticed him and waved. They liked his quiet company and were well accustomed to his strange fixation for the fish. The boy nodded quickly back to barrels of dead fish. He walked over them, then turning his eyes to the to each one carefully keeping out of the way of the packers. He looked down into them, leaning on the sides but never touching the fish. He smiled quietly. He moved from barrel to barrel, then stopped at the other end of the room watching the men rapidly scrape each fish with large bladed knives and then throw them into the barrels. The workers paid little attention to him only smiling his way once in a while.



The manager came down the stairs to the boy's right. He was a tall dark man, with black curly hair, thick strong hands and a deep thundering voice. He walked with hard steps shaking the wood under his feet. He waved broadly to the boy who turned and smiled at him.

"They're really biting today. We got more than we can handle. It's been that way all week. But I ain't complaining," the manager said walking past the boy.

The boy nodded and followed him over to his desk. The manager took out an account book and started turning the pages.

"Mighty hot out," he said.

"I hate the sun," the boy said.

The manager put his foot on a chair next to him and placed his hand on his knee. The boy stood silently beside him watching the sweat roll down the man's face.

"Whatcha gonna do this summer," the man asked.

The boy creased his brow. "I don't know — work for my father like last time I guess."

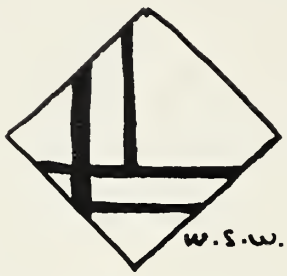
"Maybe we could give you something to do here," the

man said. "Maybe you could help bring in the fish and keep the place cleaned up each day."

"I'd rather watch," the boy said. "I don't want to touch the fish."

The manager wiped his face with the back of his sleeve.

"That's up to you, kid," the man said. "Maybe you can learn the trade that way." He looked up at the boy and smiled.



"I like it here. It's dark and cool," the boy said.

"It's damn hot," the man said turning the pages of the book in front of him. "Too damn hot for so early. If I were you I'd go swimming to cool off."

"Here in the bay?" the boy said.

"Sure."

"I haven't got any trunks."

"Maybe I gotta pair upstairs I can let you have, if you want them."

"Okay," the boy said.

"I'll go up and throw 'em to you from the stairs," the man said.

The manager closed the book and put it in a drawer of the desk. He went upstairs. The boy followed him to the bottom of the steps and caught the trunks as they were thrown to him.

"Okay," he said.

"Okay kid," the man said and went back into the office.

The boy took the trunks and walked over to the men's room to change. The trunks didn't fit him well around the waist. He had to pull the string tight so they wouldn't slip off him. He took his clothes out with him and left them on a post which was part of the wharf. He took a step to the edge and jumped into the water, holding his nose. He swam to a post under the wharf and held on to it. The water was cool and he lay quietly still in it.

He remained there a few minutes then swam out into the open. He liked to duck his head under the surface and feel the water lifting his hair and moving it from side to side. He opened his eyes to watch the bubbles rise from his nose. He swam around like this, holding his breath then coming up above the surface, treading water clumsily to stay afloat.

As he splashed with his arms and kicked with his legs, he felt something touch his left foot. It was soft and scaly. He moved his foot quickly and looked down. He saw a large white mass floating half-way down in the water. It swayed as the hazy green waves pushed it. It was the head of a tuna severed from the rest of its body and thrown in the bay. The sight of its large formless mass, slightly blurred under the water, terrified the boy. He turned and swam towards the shore, madly moving his arms and legs and kicking up foam. He ran, gasping, out of the water. The stones and sharp sea shells cut his feet. He climbed to the wharf, water dripping into his eyes. The sun had made the wood hot and it burnt his feet as he ran. He hurried to where he had left his clothes. He put on his pants over the wet trunks and quickly tied his shoes. He went back down the wharf and onto the square.

The day had become increasingly hotter and with it the crowd had increased. Men and women dodged out between cars, holding bottles or lunch baskets or hot dogs covered with mustard and onions and chile. The boy couldn't move fast. The sun's reflection hurt his eyes. He couldn't look anywhere without having its white brightness blind him from window panes or the windshield of cars. He wanted to get back up the street where he could be alone and more at peace. He tried runing but people blocked his path.

The gate was open. He ran in the side door of the house and into the kitchen. He heard Mrs. Gillespie outside talking to the neighbor's cook. He was afraid of making noise, afraid of being stopped and talked to. He rushed up the stairs. The door to his room was closed. The glass from the broken lamp was all over the carpet next to the window. The pillow was on the small dresser where he had thrown it. He threw himself on the bed. He lay face down trying to think of nothing, but the picture of the severed fish-head floating in the brownish-green water, came to him and he shivered. He thought of the people in the square of the sun's blinding reflection and of Mrs. Gillespie. He felt tired. His whole body hurt, and he wanted to sleep. It was hot and dark in the room. The sun was high in the sky and didn't come in the window. There was no wind. The air was stagnant.

The smell of spring was heavy around him. He smelt the leaves on the tree next to his window, the grass all around the house, the honeysuckle growing on the fence in the back. It was a sweet oppressing artificial smell. He turned on his side and thought of the men in the packing house and of the fish in the ice-filled barrels. But the smell was so concrete around him that he was aware of nothing else. He heard the muffled voice of Mrs. Gillespie downstairs and the slow hum of a lawnmower.

His fright had turned to sadness and restlessness. He wanted to sleep. He thought of winter. He thought of snow on the ground. He thought of the stinging cold. He thought of the peaceful, quiet unchanging stubborness of winter. There was wind, and the strong but piercing sound of it came to him. He thought of sleeping in winter and he did sleep.

But he dreamed. He found himself in a path bordered on either side by gigantic blades of grass. He was running moving his legs fast

but advancing slowly. Behind he saw heads of dead fish with faces like Mrs. Gillespie. They were advancing in a column of hazy green water. The grass on each side of him swayed rhythmically. He saw the huge blades join ahead of him until there was no path left, and he found himself in the middle of an immense field of grass whose blades were waist-high to him. He turned to look at the faces of fish behind him. He saw the grass close in front of them until the path for them too had gone altogether. The fish disappeared for a minute, and then he saw them all over the field. They moved about rubbing against him. He closed his eyes and covered his face with his hands but he felt the soft touch of the fish-heads on his legs. Suddenly he woke up to find that his door had banged shut.

The waking was the most horrible part. It was waking to nothing. He was neither glad he had left the dream nor sorry he had waked from it. For a moment he lay very still his eyes burning, his eyelids heavy, drops of sweat rolling down the sides of his forehead.

He heard Mrs. Gillespie coming up the stairs. He heard each step resound against the walls of his room. He wanted to run, to hide. He didn't want to see her. He hated the sight of her. He wanted to rush out the door, knock her down and stamp all over her. He saw the knob turn in the door and Mrs. Gillespie walk in. She looked around then caught sight of him. She opened her mouth to say something. With a low shriek, he picked up the alarm clock on the windowsill beside him and threw it at her. It hit her on the cheek and cut into her flesh. She remained stunned for a second then ran down the stairs moaning and shrieking from fright and pain.

The boy got up and kicked the door shut. He leaned his head against the wall and started crying, pounding his fist at the wood. He thought of spring again, the noise, the oppressing smell and the ugliness of the entirety. It wouldn't let him sleep and bothered him when he was awake. But now he saw it more clearly and as a whole. He thought of everything growing, eating to live and dying because of it. He thought of death and saw the final perfection of it. Suddenly he stopped crying. He had discovered death. He saw it as a deliverance, a lasting state ruling all life, a sudden ending, permanent beauty to the ugliness of transition. He discovered death and found an answer.

The boy walked slowly out the back door of the house happy and smiling to himself. He went to the garage and opened its swinging door. He felt for the light switch to his right and flicked it on. He looked around for a minute, then he walked to the far end of the garage. He took some rope which was hanging on a nail and walked outside again. He stopped by a tree whose branches came close to his own window. He tried reaching the lowest branch with the end of the rope. He tried throwing the rope over it, but it was too high and he couldn't do it.

He went into the house and got a chair out of the dining room. He placed the chair under the tree and climbed on it. He tied the rope to the branch. He wrapped the rope several times around then made a knot with a loose end. He took hold of the other end and tried making a noose by fitting it around his neck. He fumbled with it and didn't succeed. Then he took the rope and wound it around his neck tucking the free end in. He crouched down to see how it worked. It pulled at him. He raised both arms and caught the branch. He raised himself a litle then kicked the chair away. He took a deep breath and with an expectant smile let go. He squeezed his eyes shut, and felt the jerk. He dangled for a moment above the ground; then the rope around his neck slipped and unraveled and he fell to the ground. He hit a root of the tree, growing half way out of the soil. The fall hurt him and he was bruised where the rope had been wound around his neck. He sat still on the ground dazed and bewildered. The chair lying on its side was directly in front of him and the rope hanging loose from the tree swung from side to side.

ANGER

by DENNIS MARKS

Ugliness incarnate:
Deforms the fairest lace—
Mocks the classic lovers—
Inhuman human race.

BILL STYRON

by JOAN OLIVER

ALL RUMORS to the contrary, Bill Styron was *not* fired from McGraw Hill for sailing balloons out the window. And although it must be confessed that he *is* the Bill Styron who wrote "The Terrible Case of Theodore Twaddle's Hiccups," there is no getting around the fact that *Lie Down In Darkness* is the most important book of the season.

The story starts, I suppose, back in 1935 when Bill was ten years old. A handwriting expert then analyzed that, "He is a natural sort of boy, bright, even witty at times, able to mimic others and embellish a story by exaggeration in order to make it more interesting . . . He can hold much in reserve, telling only what suits his purpose." In spite of the expert's aptness, Bill Styron was not to show a precocious literary leaning. Instead, he grew up normally in the town of Newport News, Virginia, the son of an engineer at a shipbuilding company and of a Vienna-educated singer. How sensitive Styron was to his environment and how much of the sense of place of sea and port town grew into his whole self is immediately realized when one picks up his novel.

After his mother's death when he was fourteen, an event very deeply felt by him, Bill went off to what was to be his favorite school, Christchurch School for Boys in Urbana, Virginia. A year at Davidson followed before the Marine Corps interrupted his education. It was his Marine experience as a guard of a naval prison at potter's field that later provided the material for his chapter in the novel on that New York burial ground. When he returned to school it was a Duke through the Navy V12 program.

Although he had written for the Davidson literary magazine, Styron's first serious interest in writing came with his enrollment in William Blackburn's creative writing course here. When he submitted a story called "Where the Spirit Is" (later published by THE ARCHIVE) with the notation "Dubiously submitted," Dr. Blackburn read and returned the story with the comment, "A sincere and beautiful story; you have got to the inwardness of your subject and that is poetry."

Recalled in 1944 to active service and given a commission, Styron returned the following year to finish up at Duke. And although it was in this final year at Duke that Dr. Blackburn chose two of his stories to include in the anthology of students' work *One and Twenty*, Bill Styron still did not regard himself wholly as a writer.

After the six short-lived months of associate editorship at McGraw-Hill Book Company in New York, Styron made the decisive step of enrolling in the workshop on the novel taught by Dr. Hiram Haydn. Haydn, New York editor and former teacher of creative writing at Greensboro, spurred him into deciding on a theme for a novel immediately and starting work. If the conception was quick, the gestation was slow. Writing, as he wrote to his father in a letter that year, is the hardest thing in the world for him to do, but once completed the most satisfying. "I am no prodigy, but Fate willing, I think I can produce art." He had to depend on an "imbecile faith in my potentials." Three long years later saw the prophecy fulfilled, the faith justified, in *Lie Down in Darkness.*

While he was writing in Haydn's group at the New School for Social Research, he made friends with Sigrid De Lima who was in his class, and to whom the novel is dedicated. Later it was her mother, Mrs. Agnes De Lima, who kept open her summer home, Valley Cottage, near Nyack twenty miles up the Hudson in order that Bill Styron might have a place to work in uninterrupted quiet.

During the winter of 1948-49, living in a small apartment on Fifth St. in Durham, Styron, after a brief abandonment of his theme, settled down to work out his novel. He and his friend William Snitger (Duke '47) went almost daily to the home of Mr. Ashbel Brice, the Director of the Duke University Press. On Sundays, Brice, Snitger, Styron, and William Cannine (Duke '44) often met for what was facetiously called "The West Durham Literary Society." It was here that the first critics of Styron's novel stated praises that haven't ceased yet.

Although most of the book went very slowly, and he had to rewrite the whole first part of it to erase the heavy Faulknerian stamp, the last chapters were written with amazing speed—perhaps due to the impatience of his publishers, Bobbs-Merrill; perhaps due to his intimacy with his subject after three years of acquaintance. Whatever the reason, I find the last few chapters superbly effective. That the telling penetration into character, and the symbolism of the jewelled clock should come from one who knows no formal psychology is reassuring.

Now it is published. Already Bill Styron is thinking of his next book. And a great many people are waiting to see if this boy from Duke is the true mouthpiece for "the generation that was never found."



Some say this man is the true mouthpiece for "the generation that was never found."

The COLLEGE

I

We are the college men
We are the hollow men
Standing together
Beermug filled with ale. Goddam!
Our crass voices, as
We stagger obtusely
Are obscene and clamorous
As laffs in high church
Or nocturnal invasions
Of our wine cellar

Talk without thought, love without feeling,
Amoeba-like strength, gesture without motion;

Those who abstain
With level head, from our drunkenness
Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Stumble-bums, but only
As the college men
The hollow men.



II

Footsteps walking through my head
In drunk's dream kingdom
Monsters do appear:
There, the eyes are
Crickets crawling on the tankard
There'sh a lamp swinging
Swinging swinging
In my mind's reeling
Closets inconsistency
Bacchus, oh my god.

Let me fall no deeper
In drunk's dream kingdom
Let me once more hear
Such conscious human-like noises
Mother's voice, money on the bar
Here I go
Behaving like the drunk behaves
No nearer—

Into the maëlstrom
Of the drunk's dream kingdom

III

This is a nice bed
So softly warped
Here the brown mountains
Are raised, here they receive
The inclination of a drunk man's head
Under the blaze of a burned-out bulb.

It's like this
In drunk's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Tremens et delirium
Scotch on the rocks, boy
To revive a stupor'd brain.

Here we go around the street light white
Street light white street light white
Here we go round the street light white
At three o'clock in the morning.



MEN

by BETTY HEINKE

IV

Footsteps are not here
There are no footsteps here
In this street of garbage cans
In this bloodshot alley
In this dry bottle of yesterday

In that our primo-living place
We clung together
Thought unheeded
Tippling at the brink of a cold sparkling lid

Meaningless, until
Footsteps reappear
At the unlatched door
Of drunk's dream kingdom
Of conscious reality
The only hope
Of hollow men.

This is the way the dawn comes
This is the way the dawn comes
This is the way the dawn comes
Not with a bang but a hangover.

THE LONG DARK ROAD

by BILL STYRON

This story is beyond description; you must read it yourself from beginning to end to enjoy its pure beauty of style and the rhythm of its words. Even deeper is the best treatment of an old problem that has crossed our path. It was written while Bill was a student at Duke.

IT WAS twilight. The countryside, darkening by degrees in the shadowed, orange glow of the fading sun, seemed to acquire a sort of apathy after being released suddenly from the blistering heat of the August afternoon. The air was moist, clear, and silent in the gathering dusk, and the cotton fields on either side of the dusty road took on an intense green color, mottled and outlined sharply against the earth in the waning light.

Dewey Lassiter walked along the road slowly, the dust rising in little vaporous clouds around his bare feet. He stopped at intervals to roll up the wet ends of his overalls which slipped down to his ankles every few steps. In the distance, not more than half a mile across the broad, flat delta country, he could see the lights of the store glowing faintly. Dewey increased his pace, still stopping occasionally to adjust his pants leg.

It was getting darker now, the boy thought to himself. He'd better be getting home, or he'd catch it plenty from his mother.

"Maw's gonna whup me," he thought aloud. He was surprised at the sound of his voice.

"Maw's gonna whup me," he said again, louder. From a heavily clumped pine grove off to the right beyond the cotton he heard the echo, "—whup me!" He laughed.

He shouted, "Maw's gonna whup me!" And the echo came back as before—"gonna whup me!" Then he was silent. He had better hurry, he thought, or he really would catch it.

From somewhere there came the harsh long call of a bluejay. The boy walked on.

Lassiter's General Merchandise was typical of the many small country stores which one sees in the South. Set back from the road near some cross-roads, and surrounded on three sides by a high wall of brambles and weeds which grew lush and dank in the summer, the store presented a picture of venerable, if somewhat shoddy, stoutness and well-being.

A clapboard front, begrimed with the dust of many storms, was partly shielded by a flimsy roof which was supported by two splintered and blackened posts. Between the posts were two old-style gas pumps, and a pump for kerosene. And then, beside the door was a battered bench, hollowed through use and stained gray with time, above which was the fly-specked window and the chipped lettering: "A. J. Lassiter, Gen'l Mdse."

The bench was the focal point for all local social activity. Worn into its grain, impressed into its gray and solid planking, were the imprints of many an overalled rump, and in the splintered fibre were the memories of numberless afternoons devoted to talking and spitting and thinking.

Upon opening the screen, one was assailed by a rich, suffused, and strangely intangible odor. The smell was robust, yet mild; it was an opulent mixture, a redolent, pastoral aroma, that brought to mind all things, that are wholesome, sturdy, and provincial.

It was the smell of leather and saddle soap, the woody fragrance of sawdust and oil, broomstraw, and the pungent, mixed odor of strong yellow cheese and salt fish. It was the smell of broadcloth and heavy wool, of cleaning oil and fly-spray. It was also the strange indefinable odor of peppermint and wintergreen and chocolate; and it was the acrid smell of fertilizer, and of linoleum, burlap, and raw pine.

The interior of the store lived up to its owner's claim as purveyor of general merchandise. In it was a cross section of a country in the South. On either side was a green wooden counter loaded with provisions; the walls and floor, even the ceiling, strained and creaked under the load of a thousand articles of produce.

A. J. himself was an immense, ruddy-faced man of about forty with flaming red hair. He had a coarse and broad face, full of robust good humor, and his monstrous, balloon-like body, which seemed to overflow his shirt and pants with a fleshy and Gargantuan enormity, gave him an appearance of stout and amiable

heartiness. But A. J.'s most startling characteristic was his laugh.

It was no ordinary laugh. It was something akin to an explosion. When A. J. was amused, his massive face would seem to widen perceptibly and his mouth would break out into an enormous grin. For a brief moment there would be a suspenseful silence; then it would begin. From somewhere in the depths of his voluminous bulk would emanate a sort of wheezing groan which built up gradually until his whole ruddy face and the entire immensity of his frame was convulsed by latent tremblings and rumblings. And then, his head thrown back, mouth agape, and face constricted with mirth, he would eructate in an ear-splitting paroxysm of exuberant, uninhibited laughter. And minutes would pass before he had, with countless wheezes and renewed outbursts of jollity, regained his composure.

A. J. had a family. His wife Mamie had borne him two sons and a daughter. The girl, Louesta, was now nineteen and studying to be a nurse in Memphis. The boys were Roy, who was twenty, and Dewey, who was just going on fifteen.

Roy worked in a garage in Clarksdale, twenty miles up the river. A. J. had wanted him to stay home and help on the farm, but Roy had told the old man he would rather "get out on his own." Roy was big and heavy like his father, and rather stupid. His new found independence in Clarksdale consisted mainly of fierce gin bouts with his friends and parties on the weekends with the whores in Memphis, and more gin.

Dewey opened the screen door and went into the store. It was eight o'clock. He could tell by the big clock with the Agrico sign on it. It said eight-fifteen, but it always ran a little fast. No one was in but the old man, who was cutting some cheese in the back.

"Hi, paw," he said.

A. J. looked up. "Hello, son," he said, smiling his broad smile. "C'mon back."

The boy went back to the big square wooden table. It had always sort of excited him, that huge heavy piece of wood with its countless cleaver marks and its warm mixed smell of strong cheese, and raw, bloody meat. It was a savage sort of feeling that the block aroused in him, a feeling faintly bringing to mind pictures of blood, gore, and guts, like the sacrificial altar of the Aztecs he had seen in a history book. But it reminded him, too, of good food, of thick steaks, tender chops, and of Sunday dinners.



The old man was cutting through a big waxed block of yellow cheese, cutting it in long, easy strokes so that uniform shaped wedges fell at the edge of the knife.

"Where you been to, Dewey?" he asked.

"Been fishin' down to the Branch."

"Ketch anything?"

"Naw, dat-dratted catfish pulled my line in. Los' my bait an' my hook, an' I slipped in too."

A. J. looked up and saw the boy's wet overalls. He chuckled. "That'll learn you. Cain't ketch no catfish with pork rind. Holts on too hard. Gotta use 'hoppers or redworms." He laughed silently, his great body heaving.

"Fell in! That'll learn you. Who'd you go with?"

"Lynwood Huckins."

"Why, that's George Huckins young'un, ain't it?"

"Yep."

"Did he tell you 'bout his paw ketchin' that nigger?"

"Yep."

"Reckon he's mighty proud."

"Yep," Dewey said, "they're goin' to lynch that nigger."

"Now, son, don't say that." His father's face had lost its usual smile. "That nigger's gonna git a fair and square trial."

"Where's Maw?" the boy asked.

"She's up to the house. She's waitin' supper on you now. You better git up there or she'll whup you." He laughed. "You don't want to get whupped."



And he thought about his mother, how she hardly ever said anything when she was mad like that, except to say, "Fetch me a cane, Dewey." But then, it never hurts very much, and besides, the old man had told her that he thought Dewey was getting too old to be whipped. The old man was like that—easy-going—wouldn't even cuss a nigger. Anyhow, it wasn't how it hurt his tail; but it hurt his feelings more. She was getting easier on him now. Maybe he *was* getting old.

"Yer brother Roy called up," A. J. said. "Said he'd be here around nine o'clock."

The son of a bitch, Dewey thought, the son of a bitch. The boy had nothing but hate and loathing for his brother, and he'd admit it to anyone. His own flesh and blood, but he detested the very sight of him. And he'd be here tonight, his fat, pasty-yellow face, and his bleary eyes, his smelly breath and dirty nails and he'd talk about himself.

And he'd be mean and nasty, and probably drunk, and he'd cuss Dewey and make him miserable like he'd been doing ever since he could remember. His own flesh and blood.

And the old man was just crazy about him. It was "Roy this," and "Roy that" and "He's goin' to be a success in the gosh dern world, mark me!" And all the time the son of a bitch was in Clarksdale drinking and laying out in the gutter all the time, and he'd come back to the store about once a month, and all you'd hear was talk about how drunk he was Saturday in Memphis and how much tail he got that night. Then he'd make Dewey run up to the bootleggers at Injun Mound and get him some whiskey and wouldn't give him anything except maybe a dime. The son of a bitch.

His mother hadn't whipped him, so Dewey felt relieved after supper. It was dark when he went back down to the store, which was connected with the house by a narrow path some eighty yards through the cotton field. From the back of the store he could see Nate Ewing's old battered Ford under the dusty glare of the lights, and he knew that Nate and the old man would be out front on the beach talking.

He heard them as he rounded the corner of the store.

". . . and if'n I had my way, A. J., I'd take that black bastard and rope 'im to the highest tree in Mississippi!"

Dewey sat down on the strip of concrete near the pump, and across from the two men. He listened, feeling the sand cool and brittle between his toes.

"Well, I wouldn't be saying anything as rash as that, Nate." His father's voice was low and steady and rich. "As I sees it," he said, with a trace of a smile playing around the corners of his wide mouth, ". . . as I sees it, the State is the decidin' thing in all such matters of justice. When the prosecutor and the judge is elected by the people, the people is supposed to back up their decisions, and as I sees it, after they says their decisions, the people should let well enough alone."

But Nate was vehement in his convictions, "I know, I know, but goddamit," his face was dead set earnest. "All right, let's look at it like this. Suppose you was ol' man Hooker. He was crippled up, almost helpless, A. J., you know that yourself. All right. You're sleepin' over your store one night peaceful-like. Suddenly you wake up and hear somethin' creepin' around. You're helpless now, A. J., and you're all alone. You holler 'Who's there?' and then you see somethin' like an ape over your bed, and he's stranglin' you with his big, black, common nigger hands! Why goddamit, A. J., John Hooker didn't have no more strength than a baby. How can you sit there . . ." He stopped, breathing hard, and his lean, wrinkled face was a mixed study of anger and overworked imagination.

A. J. was calm and reassuring. He placed his fat hands on Nate's knee comfortingly.

"I know, I know," he said softly,

"calm yourself now, Nate; there ain't no use gittin' so riled. The way it looks to me is that nigger is safe behind the bars up to Injun Mound, and there ain't nuthin' me and you can do but let justice go its way and . . ."

"Yes, but goddamit, he was a nigger, a black, common, dirty son of a bitch of a nigger and . . ."



"Sure, sure, it was a pretty terrible thing to do, I'll admit, even for a white man, let alone a nigger; but there just ain't one thing we can do. Let's just forget about it an' have a drink."

He looked at Dewey, and the boy knew what to do. Dewey went into the store and got three Coca-Colas out of the drink case and brought them out and gave one to the old man and one to Nate. Then he went over and sat down again on the concrete steps.

He took a swallow of the Coca-Cola and it tasted good. And then he suddenly became aware of something. It was something he could not place exactly; but there was a certain feeling that made him uneasy. It was not a feeling that something was wrong; but he was conscious of the fact that there should be something there that wasn't. Something vital in the atmosphere was missing. He couldn't place it.

The air was hot and sultry, and he could smell the loamy, heavy odor of the Delta soil. He heard the steady drone of the flies and there was still the distant piping song of the frogs. A grasshopper spanked up against the screen and clung there momentarily, then buzzed away. From across the field he could hear the sudden, haunting, echoed call of a whippoorwill. A car passed on the road.

They were all there, but something was the matter.

"Yes, A. J.," he heard Nate say in his halting, cracked voice, "I ain't as spry as I used to be. Ol' doc Barham up in Memphis says its dia-beetees. Cain't travel much. Like to come up here and talk with the boys, though."

The boys, the boys. That was it. Where were they? Monroe Davis and Charley Cutchin and Dexter Capps and all the rest. It wasn't right. Something was missing.

And then the horrible thonght struck him, smote him with the jolt of a two-ton tractor. It was a lynching party. That's what Lynwood Huckins had said; had said that all those friends of his old man and old Huck himself were going up to Injun Mound and break that jail and get that nigger out of there and string him up, it was a secret. It was a secret. They were going to take him and string him up.

And then a strange feeling of unutterable terror came over the boy. He was afraid, but he could not comprehend his fear. He was conscious of strange, benumbing reality, knowing that somewhere not far away something inhuman and terrible and brutal was happening. It was fierce, unbelievable, untrue. But the incredible thing was there; and time passed slowly as he sat there, dazed, listening blankly to the drone of the two men's voices and the steady thrumming of the flies and the slow, interminable ticking of the clock.

Then suddenly he heard the faint sound of a car horn far down the road. It shocked him suddenly and hard. For the sound, as slight and noiseless as it really was, like the soft rustling of a mouse in the moldering antiquity of a forgotten attic, was to him as enormous and as frightening as the report of a cannon.

And now, above the sound of the horn, which was blowing continuously, he could hear the staccato clacking of a cutout on a high-powered engine. It was Roy. Dewey looked at the clock. Nine-thirty.

The car, wheeling and lurching off of the dusty road, came to a jarring halt in front of the store. The men, who until then had been obviously lost in the meanderings of their conversation, looked up in gaped-mouth astonishment at the car. Then the old man recognized his son and got up heavily, and rose to greet him.

"Ho, Roy. Where you been?"

The youth did not answer his father, but leaned a drunken, leering face out of the window and begaan to laugh. It was startling to Dewey, and there was something hideous and obscene in the laughter. It was a ghastly and fiendish travesty on the laughter of his father, which, coming now with no apparent cause or reason, and lacking any of the good-natured robustness of his father's laugh, seemed to echo a sound of loathesome and sickening bastardy in its foul coarseness.

Then he stopped suddenly and turned his drowned eyes on the startled people.

"They're bringin' that nigger up here."

The old man stared at his son and then, as if the full but yet incompresensible horror had dawned upon him, he leaped to the window.

"What you talkin' about, Roy? What nigger?" His words were almost savage, but they were the words of a man who has just been stricken by some nameless fear and, instead of planning escape, attempts to cover his terror with disbelief.

"What's the matter with you?" he cried, his huge body trembling with each gasping breath. "What nigger you talkin' about?"

"You know what nigger I'm talkin' 'bout," he said drunkenly. They done sprung that nigger from jail. Dexter Capps and Charley Cutchin and a big bunch of them. They're bringin' him up here!" And then with a sodden leer, he said, slowly

and thickly, "They're goin' to burn him."

The old man stood there clutching the side of the door so that the backs of his hands were white. His voice was a whisper as he spoke to Roy.

"It ain't goin' to happen. So help me God! It ain't goin' to happen."

Just then, Nate, who had been listening intently to all that had taken place, gave a sudden yell. "Listen! Listen! They're comin'!"

And they turned their eyes to the south, down the dark road. Dewey could see, not far away, a white glare of headlights, and he heard the jumbled noise of many cars, going fast, as they sped in a whirl of dust down the road.

The cars, drawn up in caravan fashion and numbering perhaps ten, stopped on the opposite side of the road. Each one was packed with five or six farmers. The men got out of the cars and walked over in front of the store and stood there, muttering in little angry groups and smoking and spitting and waiting.

Dewey heard his father talking. "What you all come out here for? I don't want any . . ."

"Look, A. J.," It was Jim Bickford's voice. "We had to bring him out here to git away from town. Anyhow," he said meaningfully "there's kerosene out here."

"But hang it all, Jim, I don't want . . ."



Then Dewey heard his brother. "Here comes the truck! Here comes the truck! Hot damn!" He had staggered out of the car and was standing in the middle of the road, reeling and shouting and laughing like an idiot.

The son of a bitch, Dewey thought, the son of a bitch.

The truck, a huge hay wagon with slatted sides, stopped noisily in front of the store. The crowd of men gathered around it.

"Bring the bastard out of there!" someone shouted.

"Get that rope!"

Two men moved toward the store.

The old man lumbered over to the door. "Stop it now," he panted. "It's wrong!" His huge face was contorted and red. "Stop it . . ."

The men brushed him aside. "Git out of the way, A. J.," they said.

The two beefy farmers who had been in the truck got out. Between them, almost slumped to the ground, was the nigger. He was thin and short, so small that he looked like a dwarf beside his captors. Dewey could not see his face, but he could hear him. He was moaning. It was like nothing the boy had ever heard. It was something like the thin, piteous cry of a dog that has been caught in a steel trap; and yet it was something like the stricken wail of a woman, something mournful, terrible, and lost.

The two farmers pushed their way through the crowd, dragging the nigger between them. "This'll be all right," one of them said.

They pushed the nigger down on the steps, and he slumped lifelessly against the screen door, sweating, his eyes closed, still moaning.

Then Charley Cutchin stepped up beside the nigger and, grasping his collar, jerked him up. Charley was a tall and skinny man, thin almost to the point of emanciation. He wore steel-rimmed glasses and his eyes were bloodshot.

"Listen, nigger, you know what we're goin' to do?"

The nigger opened his eyes and looked at the cadaverous figure swaying before him. The white shirted men had crowded around the door and were gathered there in a sweating mass beneath the lights, muttering and shuffling nervously.

"I tell you what we're goin' to do," he said, in a low voice, "we're goin' to hang you by your goddam black nigger neck."

"And then," he whispered, pointing to the gas pump, "we're goin' to burn you."

The nigger slumped back against the door, his hands in front of his face. And then he began to speak for the first time. He was sobbing now; the words came hoarsely.

"Don' burn me, suh; don' burn me."

Roy pushed through the crowd and lurched toward Charley.

"Let's get started, Cutchin; the police might be comin'."

"Yeah," said Charley, "let's get started."

The men moved back again toward the road, and six of the farmers grabbed the nigger. The nigger had now collapsed, and he shuddered as they dragged him over beneath the rafters. Roy, who had been holding the rope, threw the looped end around the nigger's neck and jerked it roughly. A little grazed, bloody patch showed where the fibre of the rope had scraped the skin.

Charley grasped Roy's arm.

"Take it easy, goddamit, we don't want to do it too soon!" He turned to Jim Bickford. "Get the truck."

Dewey saw them bring the truck up, and back it up to within a few feet of the nigger, who had now fainted away completely, and was being held up by Charley. A young boy had climbed a ladder and was tying the free end of the rope to a rafter which supported the roof.

And Dewey saw the crowd of men, perspiring, red-faced, and silent, who now stood as a mass, motionless, at the edge of the road. Hardly a word was spoken. They watched, and remained silent. Dewey could hear only the steady thrum of the night flies, and the low muttering of the little group of men who stood around the nigger, intent, nervous, quiet. The old man was sitting on the bench alone with his head in

(Continued on Page 39)



FROM A WINDOW IN TIENTSIN

by ELINOR DIVINE

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

A True Story of a Woman's Conflict.

THE AMERICAN woman stood motionless in the window. With her arms locked in front of her she was staring out over Tientsin at the bluish criss-crosses of its dusty streets in the winter twilight. The same stoic grimness that etched the haggard profile of distant buildings seemed traced on her face, and her eyes were as grey and desolate as the wide, blank sky which met the horizon. It was going to snow on Tientsin that night. Pent up in those heavy clouds, snow hung over the city like a silent grief. It was the same with the American woman's tears. They were frozen inside her now with the ice of time and war. One can cry for a sick child or a hurt hand; but one does not weep for China, for America, and for the world.

So she stood in the dimness of her unlit parlor looking out the window. Not thinking because there was too much to think about. Not crying because there was too much to cry about. She was only waiting. Waiting for her husband to come home from the Tientsin Water Works and for their three children to come home from school. And yet it was so much like waiting for something greater and more awful, that she shuddered and called in the amah to build a fire.

Amah was old. She did not come right away. The hard-faced woman turned to look out the window again. With a gust of wind a poster of Mao-Tse-Tung was spiraling from a building wall into the street. A boy hurrying by stopped to put it back up. Perhaps the boy was her own son, Wei-han; she couldn't tell

. . . her eyes had got so bad since the Japanese occupation. And it was becoming too dark outside to see.

"My mistress want a fire?" Amah had come into the room.

"Is there enough fuel?"

"Yes, mistress, thre is always fuel now the liberators are here. No longer does the rich Tsing-Fu-Chang receive more than you."

'F'u-Chang is in Formosa," replied the American woman without turning. She spoke Chinese, but in such a way that the old servant always smiled. Her mistress had never learned to speak the tongue well. Although her husband spoke perfect English, she had not mastered his language. And yet the children knew English, Chinese, French, and even a litle Russian.

"My mistress is troubled?" asked the aged servant, bending over the fire.

"Who is not?"

"You have seen danger before, Madame Liu."

"Not from my own people."

"But you have given them up." Amah cocked her head and held her hands together. They were brown and withered like dry lotus leaves.

"Yes," Madame Liu sighed. "I have given them up. You may go, Amah. Dinner will be late tonight." When the servant had gone, Grace Liu moved numbly to the fire. Had she given them up? She knew she was supposed to have surrendered her identity as an American when she married him—the Chinese student she had met at Columbia University. The family had been shocked. They said she did it just to be strange and different. Others said it was a compensation for her physical ugliness. But she loved him, finding in him an intellectual companion. She went against racial barriers in the full knowledge that it meant becoming a woman without a country. That there would be no going back to the United States she had realized. And yet it was hard to relinquish a desire to return someday, even for just a short visit, although she knew it would mean embarrassment for her and her half-Oriental children. Accordingly she had determined to wrench out all roots and become a part of China. For twenty harrowing years she had suffered with that land through floods, war, famine, and more war. Grace had grown thin and plagued by recurring tuberculosis; she had seen her hair turn grey with worry and her hands become knobby from hardship. China, too, had become worn and sick from war. Nor had any other city than bleak, Northern Tientsin felt more the ravages of the last two decades. Grace Liu had shared it all. To her China had become a foster mother, tied closer and more poignantly by their mutual trials. And now she was witnessing a situation which gnawed her through and through — her America was fighting her China.

As Madame Liu warmed her hands over the fire, she had never felt such a total helplessness. She used to consider herself dynamic and strong. She had borne the past hailstorm of dangers in China with the hardy relish of one who savors adventure. But this conflict did not savor of adventure. It reeked rather with the stench of delusion, hypocrisy, and futility. What could Grace Liu of Tientsin, China, formerly of Louisville, Kentucky, do about it? She wanted to tell America so many things to make her see how wrong she was. Twenty years in the heart of Chinese life had engraved in her mind the true picture. It must be the true picture. Let the *Washington Post* call her hysterical. Let the other magazines to whom she had written ignore her. Let them say that her urgent letters were the obviously trumped-up testimonials of a lone American woman who wanted to save her own skin in Communist China. Let them brand her story propaganda. She herself knew she was uncapable of inventing anything which pained her as much as this—the truth. The truth, the one awful fact she saw so plainly: America, following a blind ideal or her own foolish pride, was now fighting to

Just Write Me Anything

by SAM SHUMAKER

Just write me anything, he said,
And so I wrote him Spring,
And when I got his answer back,
I couldn't help but sing.

I hadn't known where he was then,
Or if he'd want to know
How green the trees and grass have been,
Since he has had to go.

He said he'd been where it was dark,
And sad beyond compare;
But thanked me for the little spark
Of Spring I'd sent him there.

deliver the East from the very thing which had been that weary race's resurrection. Or maybe it *was* economic reasons as the Reds said. She didn't know.

"I don't care about Communism," the haggard woman said aloud. "I don't care about Marx and Lenin. I'm not thinking of them. I only know what I see around me."

She saw around her a city gradually regaining health under a new, vigorous, and fanatically cooperative spirit. Lifting at last was the heavy apathy which had hovered over China under the Koumintang. Grace Liu knew. She had seen the country before. After the terror of the long Japanese conquest which Grace Liu, the American, had miraculously survived, something almost worse set in —the gangrene of a corrupt government. Her rejoicing when the U. S. Marines docked in Tientsin soon soured as the army brass doled out the political jobs to those men Grace called "reactionary parasites." Fu-Chang, who had reputedly collaborated with the Japs, became head of the CNRRA, the Chinese UNRRA branch. As a secretary in the new branch, Grace Liu saw and was appalled by the extravagant expenditures and unfair distribution of loan material. The Marines left and inflation soared. On payday Amah would come with a wagon to the CNRRA building and her mistress would pile it with worthless Chinese currency to drag it home. Somteimes the wind would catch a loose bill and whisk it away, but she did not stop. All the way home along the littered streets lay sick and dyng old people who were too poor to buy from the black market. And back at home in the former American concession her apartment was cold, and there was no fuel to make it less cold. Her husband would come home from the water works, discouraged because the Koumintang officials would not authorize the new piping system diseased Tientsin needed so badly. Her children returned bored and restive after a day with lazy, unqualified teachers in half-ruined schools. Once the Liu's were invited to a party given by Fu-Chang. The dinner was oppulent. Grace knew the provisions must have been procured illegally through his job at the CNRRA. The greatest shock had come when someone told her that the woman serving hors d'oeurvres was his concubine. She lived there with both him and



his wife. Her friends told her that sort of thing was going on among many of the officials. Tientsin was rotten, just rotten.

Then began the inevitible Red move in the North. As the wave edged toward Tientsin, no one particularly cared except the Nationalist big-wigs, who had fled further South. Grace Liu, with the coolies and amahs, waited passively. They weren't afraid of the Communists, not by a long shot. They remembered the Eighth Route Army from the Japanese days. Long disaffected from Chiang Kai-shek's main army because of political disagreement, the massive army had waited out the conquered days like smoldering ashes on the free border. The people of Tientsin had felt their presence during the occupation. Secret convoys at night had brought the starving city food. The Japanese knew it. But they dared not agitate the powerful Red Army. They were afraid of the sleeping dog, but the conquered people knew that the dog was watchful.

So when the few Americans remaining in Tientsin urged Grace Liu to board with them the last boat out of the beleaguered city, she only laughed. She had lived through the Japanese war. What could be worse? She knew there would be little fighting. The tiredness in the people's eyes told her. The disorganization of the few remaining Koumintang troops affirmed her belief. Women of Tientsin had nothing to fear from these strong Red soldiers. They had heard about the vow of celibacy taken by them and to be renounced only when all China was liberated. Madame Liu was not going to leave. She wanted to stay and share China's history.

The day they rode in was a grey as ever, but the air was no longer heavy. An electric spirit charged the atmosphere. Standing in her doorway, Grace Liu saw it in the flared nostrils of the red-starred soldiers and in the gleam of their bright, zealous eyes as they swept past. The flags on their trucks whipped violently and the sharp stirring notes of the Reds' battle song echoed against the weary walls of Tientsin. To Madame Liu it seemed an echo of some wild crusader's hymn. These men were fired for their mission. They would never be beaten. With a steely, cold chill plumeting down her spine, she had realized the fanatical power of such zeal. She had closed the door and had gone upstairs weak and awed.

Little time had passed before the stimulating injection of their presence took astonishing effect. From her post at the window Grace Liu had watched the transformation. The litter in the streets vanished. Special clean-up squads scoured and cleaned the reeking city. No longer did the sick line the sidewalks and lean against the cold building sides.

Capable doctors and organized health corps saw to that. Nor did she see ever again a coolie being beaten in the streets as she had when the Koumintang police was in power. Later, in the spring, she saw carts of vegetables and grain pouring into the markets from once idle fields. The family gained weight; her husband got his new water system; Wei-han, Ei-lan, and Ju-lann came home from school, talking enthusiastically of a day at school spent cleaning and repairing the ruined building themselves. Wei-han was made captain of the safety patrol and Ju-lan became a junior lesson helper. They liked school, they said. Is there any wonder that her family should support a system under which they were happier than they ever had been? They thrived in the almost frenzied spirit of getting things done. It affected other families the same way. And Grace Liu knew enough about history and government to see what was happening. The impoverished, indolent feudal society was breaking down at last. China was coming alive. It must have been the same in North Korea.

This was the story Grace Liu had tried to tell. She had written it to American magazines, to congressmen, to her own family back home. Despair and frustration were her only rewards. She held in her hand now the death knell of her efforts . . . a letter six months ago from her brother saying her letters must stop. Mail to Red China was being discontinued, and his job and reputation might be jeopardized if anyone found out he was corresponding with a Communist. Grace Liu threw the letter in the fire and watched it burn away her last hopes.

Now the skies were greyer. The snow would come. Maybe the clouds would yield something more deadly this very night — white - starred planes, American planes, manned perhaps by her own kindred, and carrying death. Already the Chinese, her new people, had brought death to her kindred on the Korean border. Oh, the irony of it. She could not weep now. She could do nothing.

That is why the American woman looked out over the city in the twilight. That is why she stared with nothing but winter and war in her cold, grey eyes.

SONNET

by MARY EVELY BLAGG

I asked: Why am I here, treading this Gothic hall?
Was it ambition's urge made me return to book?
Or was it money's added gain that made the call?
Could learning's lone device replace all I forsook?
The answer thought provokes shows none of these as fact:
"You thought no motive through, nor even had your own.
That Higher Understanding, knowing how you lacked,
Selected deed and site that best you might be shown
Of man's great oneness which regards not time nor place.
You've here found current thoughts which trace to ancient Greek.
Here color carpets stone as in chartres' hallowed space.
Time's unity comes close: our hist'ries news bespeak.
Nor fame nor funds have led you here, nor study's strong contriving,
But quest for wisdom through this thought: man builds on man's own striving."

THE SIN

by BETTY ANNE YOUNG

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore



I AM not a writer, nor an analyst, nor a philosopher, unless you hold that every man must make his commentary on life in some way, at some time. But I have a story to tell of the woman who has become a part of the fabric of my thought, of my imagination. I never possessed her, as the world thinks of man possessing woman; I never came close enough to her flesh to feel the warmth of her breath; but I am the man who looked upon the real Claire D'Atent, in her strength and in her weakness.

April was the beginning—April, 1949. Even New York was conscious of spring. Wrinkled, palsied women were selling violets on the street corners; lovers in dusty carriages were riding through Central Park in the non-springlike cold of the dawn; the five o'clock rush was a little less brutal. It was whispered that even old man Carnegie took an afternoon off to go fishing. At the hospital where I was interning, however, no one paid the slightest attention to the change of season. The hundreds of sick came in steadily. Some were cured; others died. All were pathetically trying to beat Death in one more desparate hand; and the doctors and nurses were trying to slip them the aces from under their sleeves. At least, some of us were; a lot of us just didn't give a damn. I happened not to be one of the uncaring multitude at that time. I was young and ambitious and idealistic. I read Tennyson on my afternoons off. I even thought I might be another Pasteur, although I wasn't going in for research, of course. But enough about me, this is Claire's story.

I saw her for the first time there in St. John's Hospital. By some stroke of good fortune I was working under the eminent brain surgeon, Dr. Alexander Bruce, and I was waiting for him to come out of his office. I was telling myself smugly that I had surely revealed my medical genius for the great man to choose me for his "call" intern. Dreaming youth that I was! The door marked "Private" opened, and Dr. Bruce and a young girl emerged.

"Dr. Harold, this is Miss D'Atent, who will work with us for the day." Bruce's voice aroused me from stupefaction. God, she was beautiful! For the first time I noticed that the girl wore a nurse's uniform. Even at that time I wasn't so engrossed in my work that I failed to look at women's bodies, but something had held my eyes on Claire's face.

"How do you do, Miss D'Atent. Glad to have you with us." I couldn't forbear patronizing a little.

As we hurried along the narrow gray corridor, I stole surreptitious glances at her. Yes, she was beautiful. No other word for it. Her hair was dark, but her skin was unusually fair for a woman of French blood. Odd that Dr. Bruce would take a new nurse on his calls. And I was sure she was new; I would have no-

ticed her if she had been around before.

Absorbed in my thoughts, I continued my passage down the hall alone, as Claire and Dr. Bruce turned into the first patient's room. I probably blushed like an adolescent at Bruce's ironic "*This* is the room, Harold."



I was determined to concentrate on my work, but I couldn't help watching Claire as she went about her job. Her hands were long and smooth, steady and deft, as she changed bandages and straightened sheets.

"He'll die in several hours, poor devil," Bruce sighed as we left room 213. "Why in God's name didn't he come sooner! Perhaps if I had removed a larger section of the . . ."

"It is his time," Claire's voice was impassive. To my surprise a mask covered her mobile features. There was no hint of compassion in her eyes, only the calm acceptance of one who is intimate with Death.

I had seen a lot of pain and dying since I had started medicine, but I still couldn't toss off a man's death with a callous cliche. I smiled wryly to myself, "Just the fact that a woman's beautiful, Dave, and also a nurse doesn't make her an 'angel of mercy.' "

Claire didn't immediately "capture my heart," as the sentimentalists say. This isn't a modern movie of which I am the hero. As a matter of fact, I put her completely out of my mind—she was a lovely girl, evidently a competent nurse. That was all. Perhaps I never would have thought of her again except for staff gossip. A hospital has its grapevine like that of any small town, and the eminent, the most untouchable men are the biggest topics of conversation.

Naturally, when the most gifted doctor in the establishment used one nurse for all his operations, and that nurse was new at St. John's, tongues wagged like puppy-dog tails. Everyone knew that Dr. Bruce had a charming wife his *own* age, but still . . . all the ladies couldn't help remarking cynically that *any man* given the *right* opportunity . . . I was indignant. A great surgeon needed a skillful nurse. He had found one, and so what? That tiny girl with the big eyes? She looked little more than seventeen. Ridiculous!

The first time that I discovered the least basis for the rumors was one night in July. New York was hot and sultry; my white hospital trousers clung to my perspiring legs. An emergency cerebral hemorrhage had just come in, and Dr. Bruce was operating immediately. The boy who usually administered the anesthesia was off for the evening, so I was called in to substitute for him.

Dr. Bruce was quick efficient. I watched the movement of his hands with hypnotic fascination. His skill was almost godlike. But as he worked, I felt his tenseness increase. He was oblivious of everything but the feel of the instruments, the all-absorbing task before him. Claire went about her duties deftly, as she had the first day that I saw her at work. But when I looked at her expression, I felt an awareness of something different. It was clear that she had no sense of any presence in the room but that of Dr. Bruce. Something young and awed and pathetically eager shown in her eyes. At first I felt like laughing — the immature puppy love of a coed for her professor, the worship of an adolescent for a matinee idol. Suddenly, however, I realized that this girl was not that type. She was too engrossed in dreams; she would not even consider that one must outgrow such emotions. She did not see the force of society. Completely selfish? Perhaps she was, but she also had a capacity for love whose depth and breadth and width could not be measured. This was a moment of acute perception for me. I do not know why. Comparatively speaking, I had not seen much of humanity at that age. Now, so far removed from the time of youth, I find it difficult to understand, myself. But I do remember that in all the minutes, or hours, that I spent in that girl's presence, I felt an almost mystic bond of understanding with her. She seemed to be another self of mine, a person that I might have been.

After that night I arranged somehow to work with Claire often. I guess I pictured myself as a Sir Galahad guarding maidenly virtue. I must have tried to fool myself that I was a man of the world trying to help the poor child grow up. Yes, I must have thought all that—at first. As time passed, however, I realized that in some ways she was a thousand years older than I. When I was completely shaken by some of the futile loss of life that I saw, the pain and suffering, she soothed me with her serenity. When I began to think she had no real depth, she would fling out a philosophy of idealism in a word, in a look. And if her love for Alex Bruce was a mistake, I soon realized that it was far from immature. The depth of it swept her nature at times, although she knew there could be no ending, no fulfillment. She thought of his wife; she tried to make herself not desire an ending. I thought that she might accept this, as she seemed to accept the cruelty of pain, but I was wrong. In my thinking was this fallacy: I did not realize her impetuosity; I was deceived by the coolness of her personality; I did not discern the strength of her passion.

Two powerful streams, driven by strong currents, ever flowing towards each other cannot be turned aside

by small stones in the way; they must meet and merge. One morning I arrived at the hospital to find it in an uproar. A cancer patient had died that morning — nothing unusual about that. The unusual thing was that the night nurse had not been with her patient. The puzzled hall nurse had rushed to answer the dying man's crazed shrieks for "nurse!" No one had been in the room with him.

I was frantic; I knew Claire's belief in duty. An empty word to some people, but it was her religion. She would never leave a patient who was her responsibility. I knew it. I trusted my knowledge.

When I opened the door to my one-room apartment that night, I was emotionally and physically exhausted. Claire had not appeared at the hospital; no one at the nurses' home had seen her. All I knew was that I didn't know anything. All I felt was the throbbing of my tired feet. I flipped the light switch beside the door.

"Dave?" The muffled voice came from a shabby chair in the corner. How she had found out my address, I did not know. I felt inexpressible relief, but I had no words. I just looked at her.

"You know, of course," the words were heavy and slow.

"Only that you left early and . . . the man died."

"I didn't think he would die, Dave."

"I believe you, Claire."

"You know why, don't you? Surely someone saw me leave with him?"

"No." I looked at her, surprised. With every sign directing me to this from the first, I had not believed it. I had not let myself believe it.

"Yes, Dr. Bruce was there late. He wanted . . . to take me home." Her pallor deepened.

If I had not known that I loved her before, I knew then. I saw the frailty of her nature, the futility of her ideals in the face of love; and yet, the very pain of my vision showed me that I loved her. Hatred for the man who had everything, who took everything that he wanted as though it were his due, seared me. A tremendous energy of hatred possessed me for a moment. Then the feeling left me as suddenly as it had come.

I wanted to hurt her. "Duty and innocence. Fooled some people. You really played the part with me."

"Maybe you're right, Dave. Maybe I've played a part all my life." There was no anger in her words, only passionless despair.

I wanted to go to her, but something held me back. I knew her pain could not be ameliorated, not by me, one who could not understand the sweeping way of everything for a moment's fulfillment.

"I love you," I spoke the futile words before I realized.

"You do not know me, Dave. I do not know myself. Perhaps there is no me. I let a man die last night . . . in pain. Pain! God, I hate it!"

"But it was I who hated . . ."

"I had to seem callous about it, Dave, or I couldn't have been a nurse. I have always feared pain. The beauty of nursing is the killing of it. But last night I took the beauty from my profession for the sake of something sordid . . . and . . . empty."

I felt no emotion at all except a vast sense of futility. I could say nothing to give her comfort. She seemed to expect from me some strength. It was as though she were reaching out to me for some indefinable courage. But I was helpless.

As she left she said something I have pondered for years, something simple, yet puzzling, "Don't live in dreams, Dave."

That's my story. I never saw Claire again. I never knew what happened to her. But I know that somehow I failed her that night, that my understanding was incomplete. I cannot forget Claire D'Atent. She was a woman of great weakness, and yet incredible strength and honesty. And I remember — every time I see a long, slender hand, hear the rustle of a starched nurse's uniform, I know that April's here.

Providence

by THOMAS JORDAN

Abstinence from violence
And negligence of indolence
Will influence the consequence.

Cinema

ALL EXPENSES PAID

DURING the past few years the American public has been deluged with a profusion of newspaper scoops, private interviews, and a multitude of other media contributing inside information on the true or real story behind the scenes of college football. Excuses, rationalizations, and a bevy of personal convictions have all been voiced with the desire to inform the public of the factors which have resulted in the prostitution of the collegiate SPORT.

Hollywood finally entered the fray presenting an explosive, hard-hitting drama entitled "Saturday's Hero" which has successfully reached the heart of the situation and has dramatically exploited the extent to which Big Business dominates college football.

The plot is simple. Steve Novak, a small town high school football star, is offered a full scholarship to attend his "Dream College" on the merit of his excellence in a sport which he sincerely loves for its own sake. Without a scholarship Novak would be financially incapable of gaining the fruits of a college education. Steve attends fictitious Jackson University in the deep South and makes every effort to keep up with his studies and lead as normal a life as is possible for a campus hero. But, he is soon cognizant that his football commitments supercede his academic work. No matter how faithfully or honestly he tries to do his work, his responsibilities to his financiers compel him to postpone his scholastic work during football season and makes it impossible for him to realize his intellectual potentialities. This is of no importance to the coach or alumni, for as long as Novak is an asset to the football team, and thus to Jackson University, it is guaranteed that he will not be dropped out and will get his degree. Novak may not get an education, but is is certain that he will get passing grades.



As a plot picture, "Saturday's Hero" is passable. It is dramatically written with physical and mental conflict; it has a warm though generally forced love angle; some excellent football scenes; a script satirically humorous in spots; and enough moments of tension to balance the pacing of the picture.

Hollywood usually makes the mistake of changing realism to sensationalism with emotional appeal, which they feel is necessary for public acceptance. The producers of "Saturday's Hero", however, were sensible enough not to go overboard on generalizations. True, it is not a general practice to pay players sums like a hundred and fifty dollars to put another player out of the game. But it has happened! And the use of the "needle", though generally not given to a player who might permanently injure himself by the use of this "pain-killer", is quite frequently administered to lessen the pain of a bruise or minor injury which otherwise might hamper his maximum efficiency.

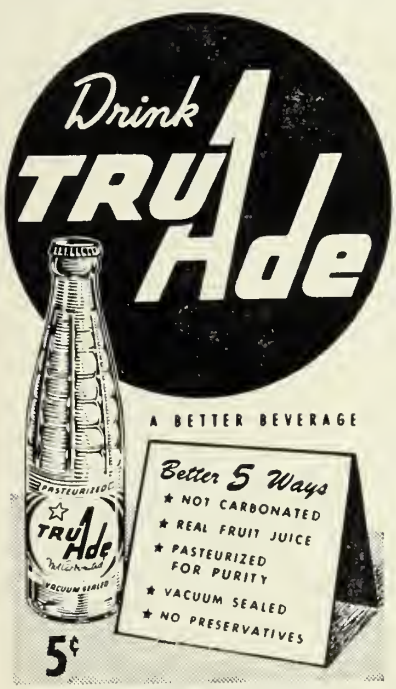
First conclusion of the picture: An extremely poignant story. But does it really happen like this? No! These incidents are varied and generalized. They are to be viewed as symbols of what has, is, and will continue to happen until proper changes are administratively enacted.

The coach, "Preacher", is not an individual coach who "never willfully sent a boy of his into a game to get hurt". But, he has a job which is to produce a winning team or lose his position and his five figured salary. His dependent position is not necessarily universal, but is a composite of many coaches who face the crowds on Saturday afternoons.

Sidney Blackmere, as T. C. McCabe the school "benefactor", was at his hateful best as the symbol of the pressure behind the scenes of Big Football. Realize, however, that he is only one of a host of alumni who put pressure on the school from the president of the University on down. His goal is recognition for his

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In contrast to the coach and the benefactor is the idealized protrait of Novak's friend, the English professor. He is the symbol of that which opposses the training of man's body being placed above the training of man's mind. He is not opposed to athletics in their place, but is venemously opposed to the object of competition being subjected to winning.

Now let us turn to Steve Novak. Again we must not consider his story only as that of an individual, but as the culmination of many boys who have attended College by means of a football scholarship and who constantly try to retain their own identity. Novak was turned into a machine which played good football when all the parts were in working order. With the collapse of any one part, however, the whole machine was discarded and Novak was placed in a dependent position not qualified to face any immediate endeavor. The most depressing conflict in "Saturday's Hero" was the one between Steve Novak the football player and Steve the individual, which was evolved with the intellect becoming the immediate loser.

As a movie this picture critically proved to be enjoyable, well directed, and well acted, with a litigation ending in immediate defeat yet championing the hope of survival for the future. But this picture is an insight not only to the constant degragation of collegiate football but also to the personal problems of those boys who must play the game. It decisively achieves its initial purpose of showing the truth of college football.—Ed Nayor



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Art

NATURE IMPROVED

LAST FALL there was in the Duke library an exhibition of paintings by Kachergis. They were modern abstractions—a chaos of color and line. Looking at them, I began to wonder about the relation of art to reality. It is a fundamental relationship, of course, but just how closely must the two correspond—how much may the artist's mind intervene between the source and the artistic end? This is not a new problem; Philip Sidney in the sixteenth century was very much concerned with it. In his *Apology for Poetry* he wrote, "Poesy is an art of imitation; that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speak metamorphically, a speaking picture; with this end to teach and delight." We have here the Platonic interpretation of poetry as an imitation of actuality, but we have also the distinct Aristotleian theory that the artist will, in representing, misrepresent the particular in order to extract the essence. In Sidney, as in Aristotle, the essence will be the universality of things. Poetry is a nobler pursuit than philosophy because it is less abstract and not limited to merely what should be. It is better than history because it is not "captived by the truth of a foolish world." It is not tied to the fact. Poetry, then, is the middle ground, the balance of fact and fancy. Unlike philosophy poetry finds its source in the world of man; unlike history it finds its meaning in its progress through the artist's mind.

In the nineteenth century, philosophers, following Descartes' doctrine to its logical conclusion, evolved the theory of the mechanical universe. Matter had substance, duration in time, and it took up space—that was about all these materialists could say for it. Small inspiration for art here. All the beauties of image-making—color, texture, sensation, sound—lay in the mind of the individual only. They were a personal phenomena, and as such could have little communicability. The universes of physical reality and sensational reaction ran like two synchronized clocks, each corresponding but having no internal relation. Of course, the sixteenth century did not take such a view of nature, but the mere fact that such an interpretation could exist suggests that nature per se is not the sole substance of art. To Sidney, the epitome of the century, all art was moral, but in this mechanical universe there was no moral, no meaning. And Sidney, working on a misinterpretation of Horace, was ready to superimpose a morality on the structure of nature — nature improved.

The nature of beauty is order and harmony. Very few eras have had an optimistic enough world-view to see order and harmony in nature beyond the cycle of creation and death. It took a very bland point of view to say, "Whatever is is right." Pope, Shaftesbury, and Leibniz found solace in their optimism, but there were others who could not witness the anguish of spring without asking, "Why should this be?" More anguish was the only answer to this question for philosphers, but artists could change nature at their will. A landscape by Poussin does not resemble any real landscape. He has rearranged nature to provide it with an order of symmetry and harmony. It is nature rearranged that is real art; the camera can record the actual fact. Sidney anticipated this problem in his *Apology*: "Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to

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any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, another nature, in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, forms such as never were in nature . . . so he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of his own wit. [Nature's] world is brazen, the poet's only deliver a golden."

It used to be that the classifications of art were pretty pat. Now they are challenged. What is realism, for instance? What is "sticking to nature"? The industrial age is willing to accept what the camera accepts. Yet even now Kodak is working on experiments to prove that the camera does tricky things to reality. If you take a picture looking up at a tall building you will see the discrepancy between what the eye sees and what the camera portrays. In the case of aerial and one-point perspective there is the problem of whether to accept the fact of science that these phenomena do not exist or whether to accept the fact of vision. Cezanne answered that the particular fact was not the true fact. He recorded nature so that the gradual merging from yellow tones to bluish tones gave the illusion of motion into distance; he did not make his distant forms smaller.

In the same line of thought, Professor Williams claims that for him Cezanne's lemons are far more real than any particular lemon. Of all the lemons he has cut and squeezed none have the intensity of being that the painted one's possess. What is reality then? We say we can classify certain writers as being realists; yet actually those writers select and rearrange reality to their own purposes. Had they really given us reality in the raw we would have turned away saying, "What is this monstrous distortion?" Still further, in another strain, we can say that the school we call the Realists do not give us reality at all. They present

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us with a particular man in a brown overcoat, a man who smiles briskly and proceeds to bite the end off his cigar. To Christopher Fry this technique lacks the essence of reality. His own characters, who speak in an odd, other-worldly, poetic way, achieve true reality because their words capture all the forces that move men to their actions. In his play *The Lady's Not For Burning* he strives for the "divine delightfulness" that Sidney speaks of.

Art finds its source and inspiration in nature; it finds its meaning in man's mind. To the true artist Sidney says, "Borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be; but range only, reigned with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be."—Joan Oliver

---

Late Fall

by THOMAS JORDAN

Down the fields of Autumn
Through the trees of flame
Sweeps a cooler whisper,
Winter knows its name.

Bending barren treetops
Slanting falling leaves,
Touching every apple
Crying under eaves.

It wont, though, lift your dress-skirt
It may not turn one hair.
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(Continued from Page 26)

his hands, rocking back and forth, and saying: "Oh, Jesus; oh, my sweet Jesus."

Charley, with Nate and Bickford, picked up the nigger, the rope still tied around his neck, and put him in the back of the truck. There was a dull thump as they dropped him in a lifeless heap on the planking.

Jim kicked him, kicked him hard, so that he sprawled out on the floor of the truck.

"Wake up, nigger," he said.

But the nigger would not move.

Roy shouted to the three men on the truck. "Throw some kerosene on the son of a bitch. That'll fix him!"

Someone handed a can of kerosene to Charley. Charley unscrewed the top and threw the contents into the nigger's face. The kerosene soaked into his clothes and dripped down on the floor of the truck. The nigger woke up and began to scream, awfully, hoarsely, and like a woman. The kerosene glistened on his black face.

"Doan' burn me!" he screamed, "Oh Lord, doan' burn me!"

Charley knocked him down with the kerosene can. The nigger, stunned, lay on the floor, sobbing and moaning.

Someone shouted from the road. "Let's get it over with, Cutchin!"

Dewey saw the three men jump down from the truck. Roy reeled into the driver's seat and started the motor. There was a tremendous roar and a blue burst of flame exploded from the exhaust. Over all there was the heavy odor of kerosene, and the terrible moaning of the black figure in the back of the truck. The nigger got up and began to hold on to the slatted sides of the truck, and he was screaming again, screaming in a high pitched wail that echoed above the sound of the motor into the stillness of the night.

"Let 'er go, Roy," Charley shouted.

Dewey saw the truck lurch forward. There was a grinding of rubber against the gravel. The nigger's hands were torn loose from the palings as the rope drew tight around his neck and stifled his screams. He skidded sideways across the floor of the truck as the machine tore from beneath him. There was a heavy jolt, and a crack of loosening timbers. The body swung gently beneath the rafters.

Dewey was running, running across the cotton fields, and he could feel the clumps of earth between his toes and there was a smell of kerosene still in his nostrils . . . running, running, running . . .

Running. And the great forest loomed far and away. For there was somewhere the smell of kerosene and sweat and burning flesh. Far and away. And beyond the fields of cotton there was a great forest. Far and away, Dewey, far and away. The tears stung the tears stung his eyes, his eyes, Dewey, far and away. And running through the fields where the brambles are and the sound of a lark, Dewey, far and away. And running from death and burning niggers and Roy Roy Roy son of a bitch sooo-o-o far and away. The old man's laugh sitting with head in hands and the smell of kerosene, Dewey Dewey Dewey, Dewey, it is me me me, Dewey, me doan' burn *me* suh like a woman. Late in the evening and the hounds are calling; some where the rivers flow far and away. Oh my Jesus my sweet Jesus and murmuring voices far and away.

In the distance a train whistle blew, wailing up through the valley. All was quiet.



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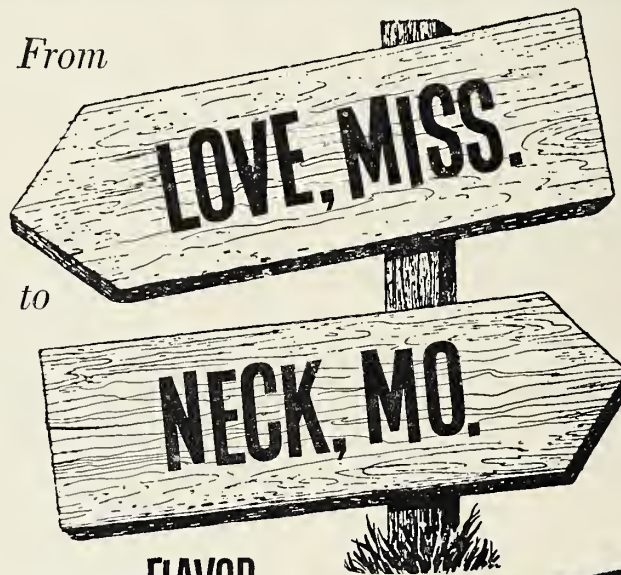
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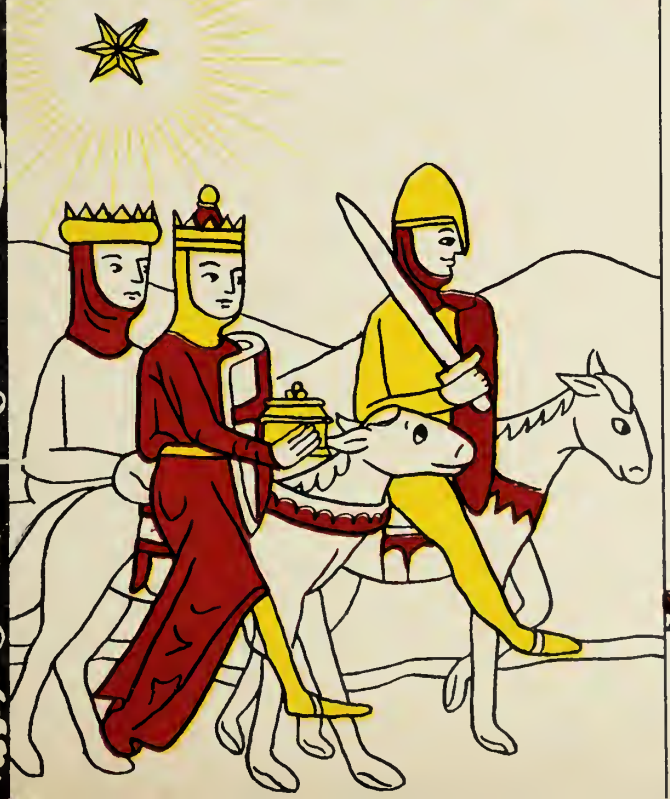
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And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him:



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and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

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A Literary Periodical Published By The Students Of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

VOL. 65 DECEMBER, 1951 NO. 2

Contents

• ARTICLES

BELL AND BEARD 7
by Maria Carney

CHRISTMAS MUSIC 34
by Bill Wetmore

DR. JOHN HALLOWELL 16
by Joan Mader

• STORIES

THE FRIDAY TROUBLE 8
by Fred Lauter

THE WHITE TREE 12
by Peggy Awtrey

TURN THE OTHER CHIC 17
by Dennis Marks

HEADIN' WEST 20
by Nancy DePass

COMBAT 22
by Robert Dufort

THE NOBLES 24
by Bob VanDeventer

THE CYCLE 27
by Bill Davidson

• FEATURES

POOR EDNA (A one act play) 28
by Pat Wimberly

NIGHT AND THE SEA 11
by Nancy DePass

• POEMS

PREFACE TO A POOR STORY 15
by John Carter

INCONSTANCY 19
by John Carter

TENDER YOUNG YEARS 23
by Woody Howard

DIVINE ESSENCE 26
by Tom Swofford

UTOPIAN AUTOCRAT 33
by John Carter

THE WINDOW 37
by Elinor Divine

NOTICE OF ENTRY: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

Published 4 times a year, October, December, February, and April by the students of Duke University.

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

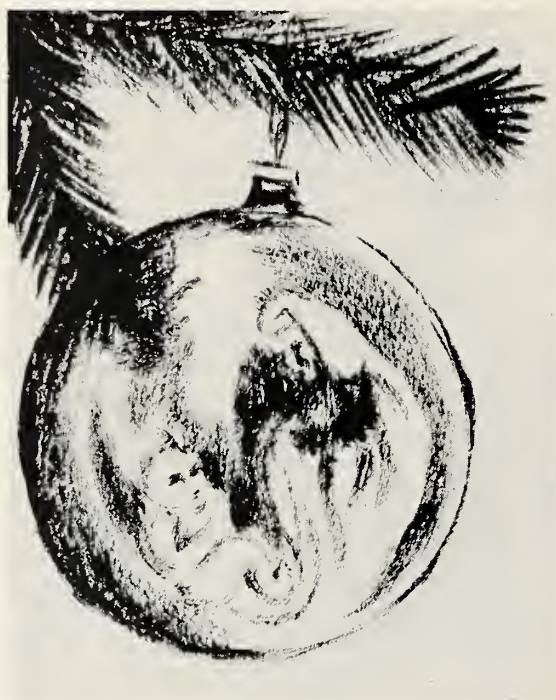
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What Is Christmas?

WHAT IS Christmas, anyway? If we do not pause in our rush to ask that question, we shall find that we have observed it and yet missed it: and instead of experiencing the joy it can bring, we shall be left with a strange emptiness or a bad conscience.

What, then, is Christmas?—we ask as we look toward it, with the hope of uncovering its secret. It's goodwill! Yes. It's generosity and kindness! Yes. It's the intimate circle of friends and family, the exchange of gifts, the singing of carols! Yes. It's the excitement dancing in the eyes of little children, and laughter and songs in their hearts and on their lips. Yes, Christmas is all this.



But all this does not probe the depths of Christmas. Here are only the facets of something ineffably more precious. And that something was so precious that it had to be spoken of first by an angel—"Be hold, I bring to you good news of great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The meaning of Christmas is manifold, as is the meaning of the Christ whose birthday Christmas celebrates; but we get nearest its center when we see it as a divine event. Have you noticed that the New Testament begins with this proclamation? It bursts forth like a little child who cannot keep a secret, and declares in the opening chapter with a wonderful impulsiveness that God sent a Saviour into the world for man's redemption. That was the "good news" that stirred an ancient people.

It is no accident, then, that Christianity is the most joyful religion in the world. It is no accident that our most natural desire at this Season is to sing. There are some religions that rob life of its joy and seek to dampen the human spirit, but not Christianity—at least, not when it is correctly represented. It began with a divine invasion: "And His name shall be called Emmanuel, which means, God with us." It gathered force with the divine persuasion: "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world." It swept over a decadent empire as those first Christians worked under the conviction that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

And when this ancient news becomes contemporary in the faith and living of those who bear His name, the secret of Christians has been disclosed!

But what has this generation done with Christmas? By official decree in some Communist countries the Christ-child has been abolished, thus banning a "religious sentimentality." In this country the same result has been achieved through a more subtle process. To many people, this season means no more than a succession of parties. To others, the "merry" part of Christmas depends upon the merry chime of the cash register. In our passion "for things", we have taken Christmas away from Him who gave it to us. There is so much in our world and in ourselves which denies His Lordship. The lines of Ogden Nash ring tragically true:

"Two ultimate laws alone we know,
The ledger and the sword,
So far away, so long ago,
We lost the infant Lord."

What, then, is the answer? There is a sense in which the joy of Christmas is impossible until we face with shame the travesty we have made of Christmas. There is a sense in which our hope of a better world is futile until we are ready to confess the cause of a tragic world. God sent His "Dayspring from on high" to create for us a noontime, but in rejecting Him we have "darkness at noon."

We cannot know the secret of Christmas until we give it back to the Christ from whom it came. But when we do, then Christmas truly dawns. Then we celebrate not merely an ancient birthday; we celebrate a new birth of the Christ in our hearts!

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GUEST EDITORIAL

"I AM interloper here."

This was perhaps one of the finest opening lines for any story that ever apeared between the covers of the *Archive*. Dr. Robert Rogers wrote it for the last issue. I am repeating it here not only because of its striking simplicity in stating a fact, but because it directly applies to myself. As far as the *Archive* is concerned I am interloper.

Before entering this gothic stronghold in my native pre-Freud era, the word "literary" held an ominous, even awesome connotation. It meant good writing; salable writing; writing I was unable to create. —Yet, I wanted to write. I did not want to delve deep into a psychological analysis of every paragraph that emerged shakily from my typewriter. I wanted to write and enjoy myself. Perhaps even make myself laugh. And of course always the supreme egoist, I wanted to make other people laugh. Then I came to Duke and looked at the writing establishments that were here. After gaining access to what is affectionately called Pub Row I was able to look into the files of past *Archives*. I didn't laugh once. And then I looked at a *Duke 'n' Duchess*.

I laughed. I laughed and laughed and laughed. Perhaps I strained myself and forced myself to laugh, but at least the material was there to be laughed at if one wished. "This," I decided, "is for me!" I worked on the *Duke 'n' Duchess* for six issues and I had a wonderful time laughing and hitting other writers and editors on the staff trying to make them laugh at my stuff. Everything was just fine. I was doing what I wanted to do. The *Archive* was doing what it wanted to do too; everyone was happy. Then came the disasterous bad issue of the *D 'n' D*. I had written two stories for that Littleworth issue, and both of them

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Index to Advertisers

	Page
Balfours	36
Bordens Ice Cream	5
Camel	Back Cover
Christian Printing Co	34
Cigar Institute	35
College Shop	35
Cosmopolitan Barber Shop	3
Depositors National Bank	6
Duke Power Company	Inside Front Cover
Duke Laundry	Inside Back Cover
Duke University Dining Halls	34
Duke University Stores	36
Durham Morning Herald	38
Fidelity Bank	38
Five Points Loan	5
Home Insurance Agency	6
Ingold Tire Company	5
J. Southgate Insurance Company	35
Life Savers	38
Little Acorn Restaurant	3
Mile's Drive In	36
McDonald's Drug Company	6
People's Fruit and Vegetable Market	3
Rinaldi's Grill	35
Robbin's	Inside Front Cover
Seven-Up Bottling Company	37
Sher's Shoe Shop	3
Variety Restaurant	6
Weldon's Jewelers	4
Well's Drugs	5

were rejected by editor Walt Wadlington. I was disappointed, because for the first time since I joined the staff, none of my work would appear in the magazine. Then the storm broke; I was no longer disappointed over my lack of participation in that issue of the *Duke 'n' Duchess.*

What followed is history. The *D 'n' D* was banned from the campus, and the *Archive* became the only student magazine. I, along with several others, was left without a sounding board. I stopped laughing and started to read William Faulkner.

This is not written as an argument against the banning of Duke's humor magazine, although I believe the time has come for its return. The people who banned it seriously believe that they did the right thing. There is no one who will not admit that the last *D 'n' D* should never have been printed. It was wrong; it was bad; it was *very* unfunny. But that does not mean that we should all stop laughing and suddenly cry with Temple Drake. There *should* be a humor magazine on the Duke campus. There should be a humor magazine on every college campus; unfortunately such is not the case. Last semester saw more than fifteen of the very biggest humor magazines banned from publication, among them was one of the countries perennial best, the Stanford *Chapparel.* That issue, the *Chappie's* annual take off on comic books, was vulgar to the point of incredulity. There was every reason in the world for it to be thrown off the Stanford campus, banned from the mails, branded as pornography, or what have you. If that were the typical *Chapparel,* or if the Littleworth issue of the *D 'n' D* was the standard for all *D 'n' D's* then everyone was correct, and there would be no gripe from anyone with half a moral sense. As far as the *D 'n' D* was concerned this was not the situation.



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LEON J. DWORSKY, Mgr., '46
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Well, here I am writing for the *Archive*, also a very necessary publication for every campus. As a converse to my original theme, one cannot laugh all the time, it is necessary to become serious, and, in the case of writers, to write seriously. The *Archive* performs a function that cannot be ignored in any college that purports to want an intellectual atmosphere. Not many successful writers today just start writing. They have to have a training ground. The *Archive*, while a such proving ground for neophyte authors also provides entertainment for the campus body that wants to read short stories beyond the scope of the "Take your hands off me you beast," "What! You call your own grandfather a beast?" type of fiction. As a collegiate literary magazine (and the word no longer has that horrible connotation) form because I can now understand most of the stories I read in the *Archive* (except the one about Josie. I still can't figure out what ever happened to her) the *Archive* stands high in the esteem of other schools. It is a shame that the students on its home campus do not appreciate it more. But with all of the *Archive's* merits, it does not make people laugh and it does not try to do that. It has a single-minded devotedness to the literary purpose. This leaves the people who want to write humor—out right, bold, straightforward humor for belly laughs à la Max Shulman, S. J. Perelman, and H. Allan Smith —way out in the cold. When Ogden Nash lectured here last year he emphasized the fact that there was a tremendous need for humorists in the country today. I interviewed him later for the *Chronicle* and he told me that most of the humor that we in the United States are subjected to is not new or original. This statement is also born out by the observations of several well-informed people in show business who say that the gag writers, the comedy men in all phases of show business —movies, television, radio, and the

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stage—are people who have been around the business for a long, long time. People who learn how to switch old gags and old situations without conceiving anything really new. That is why we so often find ourselves saying: "It's the same old thing. Why doesn't somebody think up something new?" Humorists also have to have a proving ground. But alas! too often, as in the case of the *D 'n' D,* the ground becomes too dirty.

So the *Archive* goes on. Now Faulkner is happy; and "literary" cliques are happy; and the editor and his staff are happy; and I, interloper to the end, am wistfully happy. But somehow, I wish once more I could laugh, really laugh out loud without feeling that I was disturbing someone's mid-day nap.

—Denny Marks

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BELL AND BEARD

by MARIA CARNEY

IT SEEMS too bad that there are so many lamenting wails of "Christmas is too commercialized" sounding in discord with the perennial yuletide carols. The individuals that set up this cry are, they think, the pure realists. Actually they aren't. They deserve the worst of all human emotions, pity. They are the victims of a very disillusioned youth. They found out too soon that there is no Santa Claus, so now they are mad. They say that big business does all the receiving, and, of course, they are right. But why mention it? Why not swallow their bitter realism for a couple of weeks and have a heck of a good time pretending? The bills don't come in till next month.



It's all wrapped up in the idea of wanting to believe. Everyone wants to believe in something. Most people want to believe in something nice and comfortable, and there is nothing nicer or more comfortable than a rotund, bewhiskered old gentleman in a red suit who has the presence of mind to come bearing gifts. It's great. But then there comes the time when the fact hits you in the face like an iced snow ball. Some jerk comes along and knocks the wind out of Santa's "little round belly that shakes like jelly," and his jolly laugh issues forth more like a mundane burp than the Christmas chimes. Father has been found out—the jelly ain't jelly.

All kids take the eye opener pretty hard, but in different ways. Some kids foster a deep-seated bitterness from the time of enlightenment until they can lisp out, "commercialism"; others know when they are well off, and play it shrewd by keeping the parents on their toes beyond their time.

The bitter ones grow up to be returners—never get what they want. They are frenzied shoppers with corns. They get potential purchases bought out from under their frost-nipped noses, and they get dirty looks from their kids for passing up the Salvation Army cup. Their relatives fill their houses to the bursting point, and they get hives from cranberry sauce. They can't sing carols because they are monotones, and they scoff at people who let their kids believe in Old Cris. They are being realistic, they say, when actually they are trying to get even with Santa for being a myth.

The shrewd ones, on the other hand, turn into all-outers. They start talking the merry season up around the end of October, and keep it up till the end of January. Nothing is too good for the kids. They think back on their own youths with nostalgia, so they really do it up to the teeth and awake on the ewenty-sixth with one beautiful hangover.

For example, there was the father who was bound that his young son was going to believe for at least another year. He went to great lengths to secure Santa's position. He borrowed a string of sleigh bells from his neighbor, synchronized his watch, perched himself precariously on the gutter of his roof, and waited. At the first stroke of midnight his wife went in to arouse the young son with, "I think I hear Santa's sleigh," and Father started up the roof dragging his sleigh bells behind him. It wasn't easy for the old boy climbing up slate shingles in the dead of night—going down was easier, much easier. At exactly twelve-fourteen o'clock, slightly bruised and confused, he went in to hear his wife's report on the results of his little experiment. Racking sobs were heard echoing through the house. He called frantically for his wife who came from their son's room in a fit of frenzy. "What happened?" the husband asked, "Didn't it work?"

"It worked fine going up," she said, wringing her hands in anxiety, "but coming down you scared the

(Continued on Page 37)

THE FRIDAY TROUBLE

by FRED LAUTER

Drawing by Bill Wetmore

HOMEPORT was a nice, sleepy little village before Mr. Simon Masterson arrived. The town nestled in between two low hills and around the banks of the Fletcher River. It was one of many minor ports on the Great Lakes around 1850. Nothing ever happened and none of the thousand inhabitants ever expected anything to, for life went on at a slow crawl and everybody was satisfied.

Then a ship brought in a rumor. The spreading of the rumor gave Homeport something to do, so it wasn't long before all thousand people knew. At first, it was just a joke, a funny idea that had turned up in the minds of some ignorant sailors. The thesis of the rumor was that it was considered a bad omen by sailors for a ship to sail on a Friday. Friday was a jinx day.

The people sat back on their front porches and digested the rumor along with their dinners. There was much good-natured argument and bantering in Jim Wesson's General Store and Mack Hale's Tonsorial Emporium. The neighborhood ladies chattered about it over their washlines and, later in the afternoon, their teacups. It gave them something to do; it provided a new staple for conversation and debate, temporarily replacing the questions of whether old Mrs. Chambers hid runaway slaves and whether Emmy Mae Brown wasn't going just a little too far with Elmer Clifton, the minister's son.



So the summer dragged on. The boys spent their time fishing and sailing, the girls continued their knitting and doll-playing, and the older boys and girls kept up the sparking and marrying. The rumor quietly became one of the repertoire of standard topics and was casually alluded to from time to time, especially when an occasional ship came into Homeport.

Then, in August, Mr. Simon Masterson arrived in Homeport. Some people said it was the hottest day of the year, and if it was, part of the heat was directly attributed to the lively Mr. Masterson. He shot out of the stagecoach almost before it stopped and began shouting for directions to the Hotel, which happened to be situated right plum in front of him. While he yelped and ordered, the townspeople gave him a considered inspection. What they saw was a short, squat man with huge shoulders and no neck. His face wore a magnificent red beard which compensated for the almost complete lack of hair on the top of his head. A black cigar of immense proportions jutted from a large mouth. His eyes were very large and slightly protruding. He wore a suit of what was, for Homeport, a very flamboyant cut. His short, bowed legs strode impatiently up and down in front of the coach and he belched forth smoke in large, angry puffs.

"Where in blue blazes is that Hotel, boy?" he queried. This was addressed to the coachman, who was at least twenty years his senior.

"Well, sir, I couldn't be sure, but I think if you walked about ten steps directly ahead, you'd probably bump into it." The coachman gave his cronies on the hotel porch a broad wink, which set them to laughing and slapping their sides in glee. Mr. Masterson got up steam and puffed his way into the lobby of the ramshackle Homeport Hotel.

Elmer Clifton, who had passed by on his way to a rendezvous with Emmy Mae, had no need for the worried look which he always wore on his face. In the following weeks, his amorous escapades with the bartender's daughter were strictly backpage news for everyone in Homeport. The entire focus was upon the masterful midget, Mr. Masterson.

The backpage news business meant a lot to Clem Withers, the editor. The Homeport "Herald" was a weekly newspaper of four pages with a circulation of four hundred and fifty and no competition. On the front page it contained whatever national news Clem could get from old Albany papers that the coachman brought him. The second page was usually filled with Pastor Clifton's sanctimonious tirades and a large advertisement for "Dr. Barnable's Magic Elixir." The third page was the Women's Society page and was filled with a jumble of tea-party announcements, recipes, and Home Mission Society news. The fourth page was likewise a receptacle for all loose bits of news—

birthdays, deaths, weddings, and weather predictions, which Clem copied direct from the Almanack.

This was Homeport's contribution to American journalism — its only one for the past twenty years. Clem had always taken his job easily. Sometimes the paper would come out on Wednesdays, sometimes Thursdays, and one week when Clem went on an extended fishing trip, the paper didn't get out until Saturday night. People had developed the habit of dropping by the Herald office ever so often and asking Clem when the next paper would be coming out.

Mr. Masterson changed all that. It soon developed that Mr. Simon Masterson was a newspaperman—a New York newspaperman. For a short time, every loyal Homeportite felt flattered that such a distinguished gentleman of the press should have honored Homeport by a visit. It then became known, mostly through the probing of Mack Hale, the barber, that Mr. Masterson was here to open a rival newspaper and to conduct an experiment. After another shave, Mack was able to announce that Mr. Masterson was going to refute the theory about Friday being bad for sailors! Immediately, the theory jumped out of the standard repertoire and took its place as the main topic of conversation. Elmer and Emmy Mae were caught kissing in Pastor Clifton's stable, but this was forgotten in the surge of interest in Mr. Masterson's experiment.

The next stage brought in four heavy boxes, which were delivered to a small, empty building which Mr. Masterson had leased. A sign was painted on the front window which read "Homeport Free Press." The boxes turned out to be a small press and type. As soon as the press was assembled, Mr. Masterson set up a handbill which proclaimed.

" ! ! ! A NEW, BETTER NEWSPAPER FOR HOMEPORT ! ! !

Beginning next week, I, Simon Masterson, formerly associated with the Herald-Examiner of New York City, will publish a new paper for the inhabitants of this fair city. Too long have we in this metropolis been hampered by an old-fashioned, inefficient newspaper. It is time for a new journal to lead and encourage Homeport to greater glory and development!"

And down in the corner it said—"All subscriptions cheerfully accepted."

Mr. Masterson tore around town, burned up cigars by the dozen, and finally managed to round up seventy-five subscriptions. With the help of a printer who arrived from Albany a few days after him, he put out a four-page newspaper two weeks after his arrival. Even Clem agreed it was pretty good. Masterson had imported some plates from New York which made his paper look better. His news coverage, however, was poor and Clem managed to "scoop" him on the details of Pastor Clifton's reluctant acceptance of Emmy Mae and of the engagement announcement.

After he had safely gotten his first paper off the presses, Mr. Masterson turned to his experiment. The beginning of this was heralded by the arrival of four reporters from the New York "Herald-Examiner." Two of these men Masterson sent on a search for a sailor or captain named Friday. He and the other two reporters arranged with a local boat-builder to construct a sailing vessel about forty feet in length. Old John Peters put on five extra carpenters and caulkers to speed construction, for Mr. Masterson had made this a rush order. She was made of a standard, simple design which would enable her to handle well in all weather on the Lakes.

So the weeks went on. Every week the new Homeport "Free Press" picked up a few new subscribers. The construction on the "Friday Ship" continued at an unnaturally rapid pace for sleepy old Homeport. The search was still on for a properly-named captain and for sailors who had been born on Friday. The townspeople, meanwhile, had split into two factions. The one group believed in the reliability of the thesis that Friday was an evil day for sailors, and the other



group just as hotly denied any logical basis for such a belief. The whole town became divided, and Jim Wesson wouldn't speak to his wife for three days because she believed in the thesis.

Then one day as the vessel neared completion, some more "city slickers" arrived in town. Old Pete Duncan hailed them from his chair on the porch of the Hotel.

"Mister, can I help you?"

"Is this Homeport?"

"Yep. Sign says it is."

"Is this where they're going to have the Friday cruise?"

"Yep."

"We've read about it in some Albany and New York papers. Sure is making a good story in the New York 'Herald-Examiner'."

"Oh, that so? Mighty interesting."

As soon as the strangers had gone into the Hotel, Pete and his cronies debated the possibilities of Mr. Masterson's affiliation with the paper.

"I bet he still works fur the New York paper," said Pete.

"Sure looks like it," agreed Sam Baird.

"It's probably being used just as a publicity stunt," Ralph Klem sagely announced. Then they fell silent and concentrated their energies on chewing and rocking.

On the second Friday of October the ship was christened "Friday" and properly launched. Mr. Masterson could frequently be seen in his office, looking very contented.

"Everything's going according to the bosses' orders," he announced to one of his reporters. "The paper has a circulation of two hundred and fifty and it is being read and discussed. The boat is nearly finished. We've got a lot of feeling on our side and it's bringing a lot of subscriptions and publicity to the 'Herald-Examiner'."

He showed a copy of the New York paper to the reporter. The article dealing with Masterson's work, and written by him, was entitled "Homeport Country Folk Serious About Sailor's Friday." The article told in satirical language of the humorous gullibility of the small-town "hicks" and how they were engrossed in this problem. This idea was widespread all over England and the United States. The "Herald-Examiner," in the hope of increasing badly slipping circulation, had decided to make Homeport a test case to prove that the superstition was false.

After much searching, the two reporters finally brought Ichabod Friday to Homeport. Ichabod was a small, weasel-faced man with a pair of magnificently crossed eyes. He had once served as second mate on a Lake freighter but had been a farmer for close to ten years.

Elmer and Emmy Mae were married by Reverend Clifton at 10:30 A.M. on the last Friday in October, but sad to relate, only ten people, all relatives, attended the ceremony.

The other nine hundred and ninety townspeople, plus the fifty or sixty "outsiders," were clustered along the shore listening to the blustery Mr. Masterson.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Mr. Simon Masterson began, in between puffs on his cigar, "the great day of experiment is at hand. Everyone of us is familiar with the superstition which declares that Friday is a day of bad luck for sailors and their ships. I will endeavor today, with the help of this fine crew—" and here he pointed to cross-eyed Captain Friday and his three sub-normal mariners, "—and in the spirit of true scientific discovery, to prove the fallacy of this erroneous belief. This ship—" here he pointed to the pretty little forty-foot vessel dancing on the waves near shore, "—was lucky, yes, I say *lucky* to have her keel laid on Friday, her launching on Friday. She is christened the 'Friday' and her captain's name is Friday and—" as if to clinch the argument, "—all her crew were born on Friday!"

"While the inefficient editor of the rival 'Herald' has seen fit to go fishing rather than face this triumph for the 'Free Press'—and all true scientific experimentation. Of course, I have spent all my time making this possible. Now, let us begin!"

He stepped down amid applause, which seemed to come mainly from the city slickers, and gave last-minute instructions to the sailors, who then cast off and raised their mainsail.

"The 'Friday' will stop at many ports along the shores of this Lake and will be a living proof of the complete falsity of this superstition," the strutting Mr. Masterson announced.

The ship stood out from the shore and the crowd watched with interest. There were still some in the background who shook their heads and muttered dire predictions.

Suddenly the sails bellied, the ship gave a lurch, and heroic Captain Friday fell overboard!

"The boat's sinking!" somebody shouted.

"Must've hit a rock out there," Mack Hale mumbled to himself.

The boat rapidly sank, but not before a rescue boat had picked up the frightened Friday and his stupefied seamen.

(Continued on Page 37)

NIGHT AND THE SEA

by NANCY DePASS

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

IT WAS one of those wild, spur-of-the-moment notions that are a kind of rebellion against the set pattern of everyday existence. The stars covering the sky with pinpoints of yellow gave the only light, and when I extended my arm into the darkness the hand was barely visible. But the murmuring and crashing of the surf drew me irresistably forward over the prickly grass of the tall dunes, whose deep, loose sand pulled urgently at my bare feet, at each step sucking them down to the anklebone. Then the ground became firmer and covered with sharp little pebbles that jabbed fiercely below my tender instep. The surf was loud now, the roar of the breakers jealously obliterating all other sound except the murmuring undertone of the small waves close to the beach. As the dampness of the tightly packed sand increased, the jagged black posts of a jetty grew faintly visible about ten yards to my right and a little in front—only a few more steps and then the ocean.

When the first diminutive wave curled its frigid coils around my ankles, I felt the vibrations all the way up my spine. The darkness ahead gave no inkling of where the breakers began, and I walked slowly forward through the tumbling midget waves. Soon the surging icy water was above knee-depth; then suddenly a tremendous black hand reached up and slapped me violently in the face, catapulting my body backward and down to join the other animals sliding about on the ocean floor.



I came up gasping, with stinging eyes and salty mouth, just in time to dive beneath the next looming breaker, and then lunge forward a few feet before another wave curled menacingly towards me. Diving and lunging, I finally found myself beyond the breakers and could look back triumphantly towards their receding crests, made faintly visible by the foam on top.

Above and around me was a limitless world of night, sky, and restless black water. A large, rolling wave soared my body upward and held it momentarily at the peak, as if it contemplating tossing me into the air. In the short moments when I floated on my back at the summit of the wave, the whole earth plunged out from beneath; and I was left suspended in space with the stars. Then, as the wave moved on, my body slid head-first down the other side, and I savoured that pleasant sensation experienced in a descending elevator.

The whispering and growling of the waves as they rolled inland joined the faintly mumbling wind, and little undercurrents gurgled about my head. A piece of slimy seaweed clutched at my arm. Suddenly and unpredictably I was afraid. Thrusting my feet frantically down onto the bottom, I turned towards shore; but I had forgotten the undertow that always lurks menacingly below the surface. Tightly straining ropes of water imprisoned my ankles and began dragging my legs outward. Quickly the rough wind and heaving waves seemed to ally with the undertow in an attempt to suck me down into the black depths of turbulent water. Strengthened by panic, I began diving towards shore with the forward movement of each ingoing wave. As the depth decreased and the undertow grew weaker, my fright gradually subsided. I stood a few moments in shallow water, and the little waves leaping playfully about my calves seemed to laugh at my recent fear. Listening to the ocean-sounds and gazing through the dark at the dimly outlined waves and the moonless sky, I felt the sea reweaving its spell and knew that I would yield again.



The White Tree

by PEGGY AWTREY

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

MRS. HERTLEIN frowned, wondering why her old black hat had looked so much better reflected in the wavy yellow mirror of her maple chiffonier at home—much better than it did in the shiny new mirror which hung over the dresser. Home—if she closed her eyes she was back in the drafty old house, in her room with the brass bedstead and the cracked white washstand. But this was her home now, she reminded herself quickly. She must hurry to get ready for church.

She took off the old hat, puzzled at her silliness about wanting to wear it, and replaced it with the new one. The strange face in the mirror made her laugh. It reminded her how she used to dress up in her mama's old clothes when she was little. The mirror showed the deep lines in her broad, earthy face, emphasizing the folds of wrinkles which fell beneath her pale china-blue eyes. A large black feather swooped down from the left side of the well-shaped hat. She patted down the thinning grey hair which was escaping from a tight bun at the nape of her neck.

"Feathers," she grumbled. "I don't look like me at all."

"Mother, are you ready?"

Mrs. Hertlein twisted around on the dresser stool to face her daughter-in-law, Margaret. "Almost," she said, pressing her hands against the sides of the stool to ease herself up.

"My, but you look pretty in your new hat!" Margaret remarked.

"Thank you. You picked a very nice one for me." Her low voice still bore a trace of a German accent, in spite of the forty-odd years she had lived in America.

"It's so nice to see you up and about. But we'll

have to get some color in those cheeks."

"My garden will do that."

"Yes, you must have a garden of your own here, as pretty as the one at your house. But you musn't overdo all at once. A broken hip is a serious thing."

"Yes. You are right."

Margaret put her arm around the stooped shoulders of the short old woman as they walked through the house to the front door. Mrs. Hertlein paused in the hallway to take a passing look at the Christmas tree in the living room. She shook her head. To her the stiff, white branches and piercing blue lights made it look like a lonely spectre, returned to haunt the antique furniture in the room. Near the tree the top of a mahogany table showed through the folds in the yellowed lace tablecloth—her mother had made it for her dowry. Mrs. Hertlein gave it to Margaret five years ago when she married her son, Carl. On the table, flanked by two silver candlesticks, was a large cut glass punch bowl, in readiness for the open house Margaret gave each Christmas Eve.

Margaret took a last surveying look as she opened the door.

"Rosie, I'm going now," she called. "Don't forget to wash the cups, and keep your eyes on the children—"

She slammed the door tightly behind her. The brass knocker clinked against the oak door and resounded in the silence.

The car was parked out in front of the white, two-story house. The December air was sharp, and Mrs. Hertlein pulled her shaggy grey fur collar more closely around her neck, wondering how long she could get by with her old coat before Margaret suggested that she buy a new one. Margaret was right, there really was no reason for archaism, but old things were somehow more comfortable.



Margaret chatted about the party as they got into the car and drove off into the smoky twilight of the city.

"I hope Carl remembers the mints."

"He will. He was always a good boy."

"Goodness, I'll have to hurry to get you to church by six. We can't have you late on your first time back."

"It don't matter. Everybody will see my new hat that way." Margaret's long, firm hands rested confidently on the wheel. They rode on in silence, across town into a section where box-like houses stood in uniform rows, like soldiers at attention. Mrs. Hertlein looked out of the frosty windows at the patterns of light that the street lights made on the lawns. The houses, made of brick, or stucco, or frame, were all strangely alike, in spite of their varied architecture even to the gaily colored lights festooned over their doors and shrubbery. They reached a section of large, bleak frame houses which stood stiffly upright, as if they were trying to conceal both the bulk of bay windows and cupolas, and their lack of fresh paint. Artificial Christmas wreaths, hanging behind glass curtains and stained glass windows, cast a faint reddish tint of the faded gingerbread trim of the houses.

Margaret stopped on the corner, in front of an old brick church set back from the street.

"Have a nice time, Mother. I wish I had time to go with you, especially since it's Christmas Eve."

"That's all right. You got a party."

"Pick you up about seven?"

"Fine. Thank you, Margaret."

Mrs. Hertlein walked up the broad church steps as eagerly as she had when she was a young wife newly arrived in America, looking with satisfaction at the sturdy granite pillars, and at the two tall green firs, covered with Christmas lights, which grew on either side of the porch. When she opened the heavy white door, she could hear the shrill voices of the children singing "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." The little Lutheran Church, founded by German emigrants, still sang German songs at Christmas time, though during the war it had given up the practice of having services in German.

Old Mr. Hampf, stooped and white-haired, handed her a program. She leaned against his arm as he led her to her seat in his dignified manner, smiling to herself as she remembered how pompously correct he had been even when he was younger. "Why he must be almost eighty now," she thought, "and still so hale and hearty." She took a seat in the last pew, since the church was crowded. Almost in unison, old familiar faces bobbed up over the backs of the oaken benches to see who was coming in late, turning back around as quickly as they had appeared in order to whisper to their husbands that Anna Hertlein was back. Mrs. Hertlein gave a nod of greeting to her neighbors in the pew, and settled back to listen.

The children dressed in white robes, stood on the front platform in an irregular semicircle behind the altar. In their hands they gingerly held short red candles stuck in wooden holders. The flames flick-

ered uncertainly; some had already gone out. Behind the children, in a recessed section, was a large stained glass window depicting Christ on the mountain, similar in shape to the windows which filled the two side walls of the church. Thick gold organ pipes, which climbed up one side of the wall, wheezed and groaned in accompaniment to the voices, now lagging behind them now rollicking ahead. Mrs. Hertlein recognized the flapping green green hat, vibrating shoulders, and fat, pumping arm at the organ. "Annie Seinkbeil's playing," she thought with satisfaction. "Everything's just the same."



Even as they were singing the eyes of the children strayed to a pile of small packages under the Christmas tree, which stood in a corner near the left edge of the platform. Covered with yellowed tinsel and faded ornaments, the thick green pine boughs reminded Mrs. Hertlein of the tree she would have if she were at home. She and Pappa had bought the stand from Aschaffenbourg when they had come over. It was a revolving music box which tinkled "Stille Nacht" as the tree turned. In a box at home she still had a few of the old ornaments—a tiny silver teapot, a proud angel, a golden horn, and a blue bear. Their tree had always had candles instead of lights. If she closed her eyes she could almost smell their thick, tangy odor. And the smell of Christmas cookies that filled the house—round, nut-like pfeffernüsse; crisp, thin honey cakes cut like stars and bells; chunky springele squares . . .

"O Tannanbaum, O Tannenbaum,

Wie Treu sind deine Blätter."

sang the children. Mrs. Hertlein could almost see Carl, Papa, and herself joining hands around the tree and singing "O Tannenbaum" on Christmas Eve. In Germany *Das Christkind* always came on Christmas Eve, and they had continued the custom for Carl. She thought of Carl's children. They would never have a Christmas like that. Theirs would be department store Santa Clauses, bakery cookies, and white Christmas trees with blue lights. She remembered last Christmas how she had looked forward to the next one because Carl's children would then be old enough to spend Christmas Eve with her. Soon after she had slipped on an icy sidewalk and broken her hip. Carl and Margaret insisted that she close her house and move in with them, and now they expected her to stay. "At your age . . .," they said. "Is sixty that old?" she wondered.

With a start she noticed that while she was thinking, the Christmas pageant had begun. A line of shepherds were shuffling nervously onto the right side of the platform which extended to the wall. They sat down, crossed their legs, and proceeded to watch their imaginary flocks. Their costumes consisted of bright turbans, over-sized bathrobes, and crooked sticks. Mrs. Hertlein's eyes twinkled as she recognized Mrs. Linder's old red bathrobe. The children changed from year to year, but the same bathrobes appeared each Christmas. A lanky boy with steelrimmed glasses stood in the pulpit, reading the familiar words in a cracking adolescent voice:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them . . ."

The angel appeared, majestic in a white choir robe and tinsel halo. After his message was delivered, the group of shepherds departed with him.

"And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

A curtain was drawn from a large rectangular-shaped structure, disclosing the Manger scene. Mrs. Hertlein noticed that a new star was shining over the shed, but the old manger was still holding up. Carl had been Joseph once, she remembered proudly. He had always been a smart boy. He was a successful chemist now, only forty and head of the laboratory, with a fine young wife and two children. . .

In her thoughts she had missed the Magi, and the pageant was over. She knew how it had been though, without looking. The Magi had come in, clutching their mother's jewelry boxes with one hand and their shiny paper crowns with the other. The tall boy had either mispronounced "frankincense" or "myrrh." It was a pity she hadn't listened to see which it was this year.

"Old things are the best," she thought. "They stay the same."

She stood up with the rest of the congregation to sing the closing hymn. Then she made her way to the door, carefully avoiding the children who were running down to the tree. She could hear Mr. Roseler, the Sunday School superintendent, calling out their names in a resounding voice. Each child then walked down importantly to receive his gift.

The "old" people were standing in the vestibule to keep out of the cold. Mrs. Hertlein greeted them with respect, inquiring politely about the arthritis and high blood pressure that they had been afflicted with as long as she could remember. "To them I'll always be 'Young Anna Hertlein' ", she thought. Buttoning her coat tightly around her, she walked out onto the wide church steps. Mrs. Linder saw her first.

"Anna!" she cried. "It is so good to see you back. We missed you."

"It is good to be back. And thank you for the flowers—so good of you. . . ."

"We would have come to see you more, but your daughter-in-law's house is so far away, and. . . ."

"Yes, it is far away. . . ."

"It is a beautiful house, though—My, you have a new hat!"

"Margaret got it for me."

"I declare, Anna, you look years younger," chimed in Annie Seinkbeil in a booming voice. "Your rest most done you good."

"Thank you. I feel fine now."

"Papa and me want you to spend Christmas Eve with us tonight. Remember the good times we had at Anna's house, Papa?" Anne Seinkbeil nudged her husband, who nodded his assent.

"Thank you, but I keep the children tonight. Margaret has a party. There she is now. I must hurry."

Mrs. Hertlein walked off with quick, brisk steps toward the waiting car.

"Did you have a nice time, Mother?" asked Margaret, as Mrs. Hertlein climbed in.

"Very good. Everybody was so nice."

"I hope you don't mind staying with the children 'til they go to sleep. Then you must promise me you'll come in and have some egg nog."

"I will enjoy watching them."

"I hope that next year. . . ."

"Next year they can spend Christmas Eve over at my house." As Margaret watched her in bewilderment, Mrs. Hertlein carefully took off the new black hat, put it in her lap, and settled back on the seat in preparation for the battle which she knew would come.

Preface To A Poor Story

by **JOHN CARTER**

When a writer's pen is stuck
And his mind runs all amuck—
When he finds, though hard he tries
To analize and summarize
His barren thoughts, the fickle Muse
Like a coquette, will smile—then lose
Him in a maze of fraudish plots
That pros'prous seems before it rots:
Then, perchance, with frenzied stare,
Our harried bard, who has torn his hair
In vain attempt to solve his plight,
Sends forth a cheer of weird delight.
And who's to know? Perhaps 'tis well
That he should say—O what the hell.
I'll flush this thing and start from scratch
And let my wand'ring fancies hatch
The story as it goes along.
True, Mr. Poe would think this wrong.
But really, sir, I'm asking you?
This story's two months overdue.
Now let me see; I'll take a man
Who's gullible and vain—yet can
Behave in such heroic mold
That he shall be our hero bold.
And soon across his paths shall fall
A young and charming *femme fatale*
(Or nearly so, as you shall see).
And to complete this history,
I'll wrangle in another man
And let him undermine her plan.
And driven by my vagrant whimsy,
They'll form my plot—though it seem flimsy.
I'll keep them underneath my thumb—
To watch them go and watch them come.
Absolutely I shall rule
And smile to see them play the fool—
Foppish plotting, loving, fighting,
To stop when I am tired of writing.

DR. JOHN HALLOWELL

by JOAN MADER



HAVE YOU ever seen a commuter run for the 5:15? If you haven't, then take a look at Dr. John Hallowell sometime as he hurries down campus to class. With top coat open, and black briefcase bulging, he looks very much like someone who is about to miss a train. This energy is effectively transferred to his lectures on political theory.

When asked how he came to be interested in the theoreteical side of political science, Dr. Hallowell characteristically went back to why he first became interested in teaching. His father was a high school teacher in Philadelphia, where the family returned to live shortly after their son John's 1913 birth in Spokane; and the son liked the life and profession of his father. He decided to teach political science while an undergrad at Harvard, where, he remarked, the courses then were all termed "government". After receiving his A.B. from Harvard in 1935, he was awarded a fellowship by the Institute of International Education; and proceeded to Germany, where he studied at the University of Heidelberg. In his travels about Germany, Dr. Hallowell was able to witness the growth of Nazism, which impressed him as being a kind of primitive religious movement.

Receiving his M.A. at Duke in 1937, Dr. Hallowell then moved on to Princeton for his Ph.D. in 1939. His dissertation, *The Decline of Liberalism in Germany,* was published first by the University of California Press and later translated and published in Spanish.

He next went to the University of California at Los Angeles, where, while teaching an introductory course in American government, he met, dated, and married one of his students. With a twinkle in his eyes, Dr. Hallowell added that, at his suggestion, she dropped the course. She was making an "A" anyway, but the professor thought it would be best to avert class gossip when they began to date. The Hallowells now have three children—Carol, nine; Kathy, four; and Johnny, seven.

229 is *his* course; the one that uses his widely-hailed text *Main Currents in Modern Political Thought.* This volume, also used at Princeton, Michigan, and Chicago, is the outgrowth of the course in modern political theory that he first taught at UCLA. Student interest, class discussion, and arguments motivated the book, which was published last year by Henry Holt and Company. Briefly, the thesis of the book concerns the secularization of modern culture which Dr. Hallowell believes is largely responsible for the rise of totalitarian dictatorships in the twentieth century. It is only by the recovery of the classical and Christian traditions he argues, that we can prevent the disintegration of Western civilization.

Running his hand through his prematurely grey hair, Dr. Hallowell remarked that he enjoys arguments, student discussion and questions, and laments the fact that these things are all too infrequent. Once he has even been known to run breathless into class, dismiss it, and return to a heated argument which "was just too good to miss."

At present, Dr. Hallowell is preparing six lectures to be given next April at the University of Chicago. The Walgreen Foundation of that university invited him to deliver these lectures, the subject of which is "Moral Foundations of Democracy."

TURN THE OTHER CHIC

by DENNIS MARKS

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

THE ELEVATOR man at 207 East 53rd Street swallowed an incomplete yawn and sullenly stepped into the elevator after Mrs. Edith Holbrook.

"Mr. Holbrook is upstairs, Ma'm. He came in about an hour ago."

She tossed off a "Thanks" and stepped out onto the fourth floor. The elevator man's mouth opened wide searching long and hard for his lost yawn as the doors slid closed. Her heels rang hollow in the small hall and then were quiet as she opened Apt. 4A and came to her own rug. Pushing the door behind her with a little more force than usual, she turned toward the rooms, a picture of poise, she knew. There was no one to see her. She drew in a deep breath, held it for a moment and exhaled slowly as she started into the living room.

"Hello darling. I heard you come in. I'm having a Martini, want one?"

"That would be nice, Ralph dear. Make it strong, will you?"

She stood in front of an elipticle wall mirror and carefully removed her hat. One of the hatpins scratched her hands.

"Damn!"

"What did you say, dear?"

"Did you have a nice trip?"

"Not bad."

Of all the times to start to bleed! Damn! She ran her tongue along the back of her little finger and dropped the hat next to her coat. "Have you got that drink yet?"

"In a moment."

The glasses tinkled musically. He should be more careful, the clumsy idiot. . . .

"Here we are!" said Ralph and extended a glass that was too full in her direction.

Her eyes told her she would spill some off the top. She took the glass and tilted it to her lips, and she spilled some off the top. The liquid ran down the sloping sides of the glass and the stem became slippery in her hands. She put down the drink on a glass topped end table, and sat down herself.

"No," Ralph said as he crossed his legs, sipped, and put down the glass, "the trip was not bad at all." The scuff slippers on his feet dangled precariously while he loosened his smoking jacket.

He took another sip. "This is good," he said.

Mrs. Holbrook stared at him. Why doesn't he wear shoes like normal men?

"Ralph, I want to talk to you," she said.

"Yes, my dear?" Ralph said, and he picked up the *Times*.

"No! Not while you're reading about Wall Street. I want you to listen to me!"

"I'm listening to every word, my dear. It's all very interesting."

"Will you put down that paper? This is—" she hesitated, "quite important."

The paper was folded in half and dropped on his lap. She paused, perfectly, she thought. "Philip Ainsley and I . . . have been . . . seeing . . . each other lately . . ."

Ralph took out a cigar and tapped it on the box. It made a louder noise than he had expected.

She bit her lower lip and went on.

"He has become quite . . . fond . . . of me."

Ralph flicked the table Ronson. It didn't light.

"And I . . . of him."

"I like Philip. He's a good boy." He tried the lighter again. It didn't light.

"These past weeks while you were out of town, I spent all of my time with him. We . . . get along . . . quite well . . ."

Ralph pressed the shiny lever several times; nothing.

Mrs. Holbrook's voice rose and started to tremble.

"Will you put down that machine and pay attention to me. This is the most important moment of my life."

The last she yelled.

"You sound serious, my dear."

"Serious?" she threw her head back and laughed—loud, throaty, unnaturally violent laughter. "And why shouldn't I be? I'm in love, Ralph, my dear, dear husband. I'm in love with Philip. For three wonderful weeks I've had Philip all to myself. We've had a marvellous time."

He flicked the lighter once more. No luck.

"Must get some fuel," he said.

"Oh God! How can anyone be so cold! Don't you know what I'm saying. This is your wife. I've just

told you I'm in love with another man. Is that too far above you? Or should I come right out and say, 'Ralph, darling, I've been sleeping with Philip Ainsley. Do you mind terribly?' For God's sake do something, just don't sit there!"

"Cigarette?" he said.

"You think you're being funny, don't you? Well, have a great big laugh on me, Ralph, because I'm going to top you. Do you remember that gun you gave me for a present last year? Oh there's something I'll never forget. Why on earth did you ever buy me a gun?"

"It's very difficult to pick a present for you, my dear. You have so many things. . . ."

"Yes, so I have. And now, thanks to you, I've got a gun, and at the present moment it's pointing right at your heart!"

"That's a bit melodramatic, Edith."

She smiled, pleased. "Yes, it is, isn't it?"

She wet her lips. "Nonetheless, Ralph, the gun is mine, and that means I won't hesitate to use it. You'll have to hear me out now, won't you?"

"I was going to listen anyway," he pouted. He picked up the *Times* and spread it open covering his whole upper target.

That paper again!

Edith pulled the trigger, and the loud report sent her quaking against the far wall. Ralph put down the paper. There was a small hole in its upper left hand corner. "Look, my dear! You've knocked the *Fit* out of the paper. Now it just reads, 'All the News That's — to Print.' I would have called it a good shot, but you also nicked my hand."

Of all the times to bleed! Damn! He ran his tongue along the back of his little finger.

A tall man in servant's garb opened the far door. "Did you call, Madam?"

Edith, fully recovered, snapped haughtily, "No, of course not! Go back to your work."

"Very good, Madam."

The clicking of the closing door crackled in her ears. She spoke quickly. "Philip and I are going to be married. You will have to grant me a divorce because I won't live with you anymore. I'm going to be very happy with Philip because we love each other."

"Are you through?"

"No, darling, but you are!"

"I meant, are you through speaking?"

She delicately dropped the pistol into her purse.

"Good. Then I've got something to ask you. Did Phillip say he'd marry you? In actual words, I mean. Did he say the words, 'I will marry you?'—Adding



his own, no doubt, inimitable words of endearment. That's all I want to know."

"Of course he did," she snapped. "But he didn't have to. I know he wants to marry me. —Yes, he did . . . actually say . . ."

"Think hard, my dear. Think hard."

"Stop trying to trick me! —I know what he said!"

She was becoming confused. Of course Phillip wanted to marry her! The very idea was absurd that—But did he say it? Did he really use the word 'marry'? Certainly! . . . Perhaps . . . Oh, why must everything be so difficult?

"I'm going downtown and see him right now," she said. "I don't suppose you'll go out, so I'll call you from his apartment. That shouldn't be too hard for you to understand, is it?"

"Then you'll stay down there with him tonight, I guess. That's it, isn't it?"

She picked up her coat and tossed it over her arm. Her purse swung on the other wrist. Her eyes were slightly swollen, and her hair was disordered. Nervously she moistened her hands on the sides of the perspiring Martini glass and then smoothed down some of the loose strands with her damp palms. She walked to the door gracefully. She didn't seem to be in a hurry. "It won't take me long," she said.

"Oh, by the way," said Ralph as she started out. "Bring in some lighter fluid, will you?"

The door slammed subtly.

Ralph's arms were heavy. His head ached slightly. He sighed softly, picked up the phone, and dialed a number. The filtered voice on the other phone said, "Hello?"

"Hello Phillip, this is Ralph. I've just gotten in town."

"That's fine. Have a good trip in?" The voice was young, bright.

"Yes, everything has been all right. I'd like to find out how everything went with you?"

"You mean your little 'deal?' Worked like a charm. Your wife is a dear. A trifle neurotic, but that didn't bother me too much. I've had a deal of experience with the ladies, you know. —Now tell me. How was your trip with Miss Stewart?"

"I had a most enjoyable vacation. Very restful. Tell me, Phillip, did you ever tell Edith you'd marry her?"

"Oh God no!"

"Well, she thinks you did!"

"That's jumping to conclusions. Honest, old man, I did just exactly what you said. I kept her company, made love to her, didn't let her have a minute to herself. She loved it—Frankly, so did I."

"She never once thought about me, or my trip, or guessed about me running around with Stewart, eh?"

"Wasn't even suspicious. I didn't give her time." Phillip sounded bouncy, vigorous. 'Say, anytime you want to put me on to something like this again, I'm all for it. Some chorus girl perhaps?—A cousin you're having trouble with? —An old maid aunt?"

"Sorry."

"Oh. That's all right. I'll find something. But what's all this about marriage? Good Lord, we can't have—"

"It seems Edith is in love with you, and she claims that you are going to marry her. Came in here a few moments ago and told me the whole thing. Now she's on her way down to you. She's going to ask you to your face. —What are you going to do?"

"I've never had any trouble with women before. I'll just be as blunt as possible and tell her that marriage is out of the question."

Oh that ought to go well with Edith right now! She'll just love to hear that!!

"I think you're right. Deny you ever made any such promise. Don't let her get a chance to talk. Since you . . . know . . . her as well as I do . . . almost . . . you should be able to say just the right thing. But don't let her talk. She might get you to say something you didn't mean to say."

"All right, Ralph. I can handle it. Is there anything else I ought to know?"

Edith has a gun. No, that wouldn't be right. He can handle himself. He's handled her before. Enjoyed it he said. I didn't ask him to like it! Edith can get hysterical on occasions, but shoot a man? Never. And yet . . .

Ralph's little finger poked through a hole in the upper left hand corner of the New York *Times*. He wiggled the pink tip where *Fit* should have been.

"What paper do you read?"

"Huh? —Oh, the *Herald Tribune*. Why?"

"Not important."

"Say, my bell just rang. I'll bet that's the little dear now. —Are you sure there isn't anything else you want to tell me? . . ."

The gun.

"Why, why—yes. Yes, there is—"

In her present condition it's difficult to say what she'll do. She's never been denied anything she wanted. Never once in the world! —Phillip is the only person who knows about Miss Stewart. Phillip is the only one. Phillip is—

"Phillip, I want to send some flowers to Miss Stewart. The usual address. I think African violets are in season, so get a corsage; add a dozen roses. Have them delivered at 7:30 tonight, will you?"

"I'll take care of it as soon as I get rid of your impatient wife. She's about ready to tear down the door. Call you later. 'Bye!"

Ralph put down the phone. He took a cigar in his lips. The Ronson flared up at the first touch. He smiled. "I must have been pressing it too hard," he said he he blew a huge cloud of smoke up towards the ceiling.

Inconstancy

by JOHN CARTER

I hold you closer in my heart
Than sun or moon or myriad stars:
So lustrous shines the light that's ours,
That should some evil stroke rend us apart,
The shades of outer black would fall;
Our love is all in all.

You wonder why I smile:
You little fool; I said this once before,
Or twice, or more—
Words meant not to beguile
But earnest then as now,
And every time, and all the while
I thought my love would never die,
But human wills can lie.

How can there be eternity
When curt time's noblest passion cannot last?
But yet the world goes round and round,
And when it's past
What then?

HEADIN' WEST

by NANCY DePASS

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

JOHNNY, his cheeks pink with excitement, stood barefooted on the cool green linoleum of the kitchen and cocked his head towards his parents' bedroom. He could hear only his father's low, regular snoring and a lone bird's clear whistle floating in through the open window over the sink. A cold shiver jiggled up Johnny's spine; and he grinned delightedly, pushing the tip of his tongue through the gap in his front teeth where a fast baseball had knocked out the tooth. Old Joe was back! Yessir, couldn't no mockin' bird but Joe whistle like that. Wonder where he went this winter. Miss Taylor said last year in the fourth grade that birds 'round here gyrated to Florida, but that old Joe—reckon he got clear down to Urigwhy in South America.

Johnny gazed gravely at the clock bulging out of the panel on the shiny electric stove and then looked down at the large watch on his knobby wrist. From the face of the watch dial the Lone Ranger stared sternly up through the slits in his black mask. Six o'clock. Johnny tightened his grip on the small canvas overnight bag and slowly opened the back door, pushing up on the knob to keep the door from scraping the sill.

The air outside was fresh and soft, and streaks of pale blue were beginning to slide between the f a d i n g grey clouds of night. Johnny stood for a moment on the lawn savouring the feel of the cool damp grass under his bare feet and between his toes. Wrinkling his short nose, he sniffed eagerly at the sweet scent drifting across the lawn from the jaunty yellow daffodils in the borders and mixing with the clean pungent odor of dew-soaked grass and earth. The wind flipped a lock of brown hair over the middle of Johnny's forehead, and he brushed it back roughly, the growing excitement tingling through his body. He would go out West. Johnny squared his shoulders in his baggy plaid shirt and stuck his thumbs in the belt of his khaki shorts as if he could already feel the pearl-handled six-guns hanging at his sides. He'd join the Texas Rangers. An image of his parents suddenly invaded his mind, and the six-guns dissolved. Well, they might worry at first, but he'd send 'em letters; and, boy, wouldn't they be proud when he came back ridin' into town on a big white horse after he'd got himself a ranch out in Texas.

A strangely fluttering sensation in his stomach, Johnny trotted briskly across the lawn into the pine grove. Beyond the grove was a field of broom-straw sloping down towards the lake visible in the distance. When he reached the far edge of the pines, Johnny looked back through the trees towards the house. Over the roof he could see the top of the next house down the road, and his grey eyes grew a little wistful. Wonder if Jimmy's awake. Reckon he would've liked to go too. Johnny turned away resolutely and plunged forward into the field. Might as well go take a look at the pond before headin' up the railroad track for the highway.



The tall broom-straw covering the field was a sea of pale rippling yellow in the wind, and the scratchy stalks lashed out at Johnny's legs as he ran faster and faster down the s l o p e. Eyes sparkling, he tossed his head back and shouted into the cool air zipping past his cheeks. Losing all awareness of solid contact with the ground, he felt as though the wind had lifted him into the air and was sailing him effortlessly forward. The sound of the wind in the pines was the whirr of propellers, and Johnny's expression became tense and grave. Pilot to co-pilot, pilot to co-pilot.

Get ready to land. As he neared the lake, his thin flying legs gradually slowed to stop, and he collapsed panting on the strip of white sand along the water's egde.

Sprawling on his stomach with one arm draped over the canvas bag, Johnny closed his eyes and listened intently. The soft twitter of waking birds joined the lapping water to form a gentle undertone to the deep murmur of wind in the trees. From the small cove a little farther down the bank came the husky croak of a bullfrog. Johnny wriggled delightedly. Suddenly he heard another sound—a light splash down in the cove. Rolling over, he sat up quickly and peered through the trees along the shore.



A long, gangling man sat cross-legged on the mossy bank of the cove, the patches on the knees of his overalls standing out like two splashes of bright red paint. One of his big hands held the handle of a long bamboo fishing pole that curved out over the water, and the other was curved around the bowl of a pipe slanting downward from one corner of his mouth. Eyes bright with curiosity, Johnny rose slowly and, walking Indian-fashion on the edges of his feet, crept through the woods until he was only a few yards from the man. Standing partly behind a thick oak tree, he stared at the stranger, who remained motionless, gazing out at the water. Over his faded blue shirt he wore a loose brown jacket with large bulging pockets, and on the ground beside him lay a battered tan hat. The stranger's face was tanned to a hickory brown, and deep lines creased the length of his lean jaw. As Johnny watched, the man clamped the pipe between his teeth and brushed a relaxed hand across his thick white hair.

"Good mornin'." The stranger's slow, deep voice echoed out across the water; and Johnny jumped at the suddenness of the unexpected greeting. "Have a seat, man."

Eyes wide with surprise and delight, Johnny unconsciously straightened his back and shoved out his chest. He had been called a man before, but it had always been "young man" or "little man"—never plain, honest-to-goodness "man." This guy was O.K. "Thanks," he said, trying to deepen his voice, and sat down cross-legged on the bank.

"Want to fish awhile?" The stranger held out the fishing pole to Johnny, who accepted it readily, eager to show that he knew how to fish. Glancing at Johnny's overnight bag, the stranger stretched out his long legs and leaned back on one elbow. Johnny gazed longingly into the motionless black water of the sheltered cove hoping fervently to see signs of fish.

"Takin' a trip?" the stranger asked casually.

"Yeah," Johnny answered with elaborate nonchalance. "I'm goin' out West—Texas."

"Right good country," the stranger said, slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipbe.

"You been there?" Johnny tried to keep the excitement out of his voice. The stranger nodded.

"Yep, right good country. Which way you goin'?"

"I figured I'd—." Johnny's eager voice slowed to a drawl. "I figured I'd go through that thar big canyin. The one with those geezers spoutin' up all over." The stranger bent his head to refill his pipe and then rummaged in one of the large pockets of his jacket.

"Ever see one of these?" he asked Johnny, who shifted the pole to one side and bent eagerly over the stranger's outstretched hand. A real Indian arrowhead!

"Only in pictures," he answered.

"I got this one from a Cherokee out in Texas," said the stranger. "Here, you can have it—I've got some others."

Johnny stammered his thanks as he carefully tucked the arrowhead into a deep shirt pocket. Gee, this guy was really swell.

The sky above the woods on the other side of the lake was turning from pale blue to golden red as the sun pushed its top rim above the trees. The stranger sat up slowly. "You know how to paddle a boat?" he asked, picking up his battered hat.

"Some," answered Johnny uncertainly and then brightened. "Reckon I could learn."

"Well, man, I'm kind of sorry you're goin' out West." Sticking his hat on the back of his head and rising to his feet, the stranger continued, "Yep, kind of sorry. I live up the pond a way, and I sure do need somebody to paddle my boat while I fish. But I reckon you want to go on to Texas—Well, time for me to get home. You can just hide the pole in the bushes when you're through fishin'—I'll be down again tomorrow morning." Smiling at Johnny, the stranger brushed a piece of moss off his faded blue shirt and then ambled off into the woods.

The sun was above the trees now, transforming the

(Continued on Page 37)

COMBAT

by ROBERT H. DUFORT

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

THE CHEERING of the crowd roused Ilo from his lethargy. Ahead he could see the yawning gates which led to the arena—and the ordeal. Around him the other gladiators were adjusting their armor. He marveled at their unconcerned air and fought to conceal the panic seizing him. The utter absurdity of the situation appealed to Ilo; he might have laughed had not the cold bludgeon in his hand reminded him of his obligation.



Oh! you fool—you stupid *agricola*—your farm and family you sacrifice today instead of tilling the soil given by the gods. You are a peaceful man, awaiting your turn to kill your neighbors and your friends. The citizens are here, cheering the blood that flows. They care not whose blood it is—only that it be shed for their entertainment. The Virgins—perhaps they will save you if you are defeated. No, they would not help a single *agricola*. You have no hope but to win.

It had been three months now since he had made the agreement—three months of torturous waiting. Ilo had trained well, but his essential nature rebelled against combat. He had realized only dimly the inevitable result when he had talked to Juna. Beautiful Juna—the epitome of charm, the quintessence of beauty—truly *Juna regina*. And yet he was fortunate. To marry into a class above his, to raise himself from the dirt and poverty of the *agricola*—this would be his future. Juna would be his wife if he proved himself today. She had consented to serve him, to lift him into Roman society, should he triumph in the arena.

Ilo stiffened; his honor and courage were on trial, and triumph he must. Soon his group of gladiators would enter the coliseum, each fighting for a cause. Most of these men were professional fighters, for the successful gladiator was a Roman idol. How could he, Ilo, defeat a skilled swordsman? A child among men. But he must win; was not one lovely Juna worth a thousand purses? Again the cheering of the crowd roused Ilo from thought. He was in the arena now, moving warily across the gravel. He glanced the the massive stands; Juna would be near the Emperor's section. Her usual seat was empty. He longed to be there with her, watching rather than being watched.

His attention turned suddenly to the arena. A hulking man, a Christian doomed to fight until he was slain, was walking toward him. His net branded him as one of the most deadly fighters in the coliseum—one who attempted to encircle his opponents' weapons before delivering a fatal thrust. Ilo quivered; his hope for salvation by the Vestal Virgins faded, for to lose in combat to a "net man" was unpardonable. He prayed swiftly and readied his club . . .

Juna placed her wine cup on the couch, and taking the arm of a Senator, started for the coliseum. She hoped for an afternoon of exciting combats—perhaps a pardon by the Virgins or even by the Emperor. She laughed as she thought of the poor Christians fighting today; they would never learn. Only last week a score were fed to the lions—they were frequently used as food for the savage animals. But Juna was a humanitarian; she preferred for them to have a fair chance—against each other.

She followed the Senator into the stadium and seated herself by the royal party. She admired the immense circle and inspected the gladiators. Exceptionally fine specimens were here today; they were much stronger than usual. Her anticipation mounted as she saw a warrior club his way out of a net. This would be a good afternoon. . . .

In the process of overcoming two fighters, Ilo had spent his strength; each step was now a Herculean labor. His eyes sought Juna in the royal party, but she was watching another combat. Ilo prayed again that she smile or offer a favor to him—any token to strengthen his arm. The shadow of the arena wall was pushing slowly toward him. For a brief moment he hoped the slaughter would be ended. He pictured his family proud to claim him, his friends envying his success, Juna waiting at his home. He would be the swarthy newcomer to society, and his beloved Juna would be at his side. . . .

It was as unexpected as most disasters—the crushing blow on his helmet. Reeling toward the sand, he briefly saw the gargantuan figure poised for a *coup*. He raised his shield to counter the second attack and moved to his feet. Again he was beaten to the earth, and the deadly net encircled his completely. He fought savagely, trying in vain to cut the mesh with his blade. He struggled to recall the escape he had been taught, but the giant's fourth blow rendered him semi-conscious. Thoughts flooded his mind as he painfully looked for Juna. She would provide the strength and purpose needed to overcome this filthy Christian.

A tremor of fear clouded his features as he saw the thumbs pointing down. They couldn't condemn him to death; he had fought well. The Virgins must have noticed his valor and courage in the previous battles. He raised his right hand in appeal, but the Virgins were unmoved. The Emperor—surely his Emperor would spare him. Does he not realize that Ilo will soon be attending the royal parties? He gestured toward the royal box. The Emperor spoke to the Senator sitting next to Juna and returned his decision.

The gargantuan figure paused to allow Ilo his final prayers—a Christian custom. Then he thrust swiftly, and Ilo felt a bolt of pain sear through his chest. He half-turned toward the arena wall and for the first time found Juna looking at him. For a second she smiled. Then she and the Senator rose, bowed to the Emperor, and departed. The games had ended.

Lying in the shadow of the massive wall, Ilo was vaguely aware of his blood soaking into the sand. The huge crowd had almost gone now, and Juna had not come to him. Nor would she ever come. His eyes were on the tunnel exit where earlier he had dreamed of his future with Juna. Radiant Juna, so graceful and carefree—the queen of beauty—the goddess of love—*the brutal pagan*!

Ilo turned to the darkening sky and prayed to the Christian God.

TENDER YOUNG YEARS

by **WOODY HOWARD**

Never more shall pleasure hold such sway,
Or living such delight,
Those thoughtless sages oft do say,
Than in these tender young years.

Crying, yearning, the old folks long
For that fleeting time
When life seems a merry song,
Foolish frolic, frenzied lark.

Old folks envy the handsome sprouts
With life's cares so far away,
Bitterness, worry, strife mere doubts.
And loud they cry—

"Enjoy, enjoy, while you might
Time is short; there'll come a day . . .
You'll see why age is old; has no fight,
With lines on faces, life's story told."

O, age, for youth you wrongly weep;
Only youth has wounds so cruel,
And hurts so deep.
O age, can you lightly forget?

A blemish on a face—
A careless spoken word,
Humiliation is the crushing mace
In these tender young years.

Youth dreams of coming age.
Age dreams of youth long lost.
Reason leads to apathy or rage.
Dissatisfaction—is there truth?

O God, dear Jesus, peace to me give!
Crushed I lie; Dust, Christ, I'm afraid!
Afraid to die; yet, God, need I live?
Crushed I lie, afraid to die;
These tender young years.

THE NOBLES

by BOB VANDEVENTER

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

RUSSEL HAMMER stood in the rear of the crowded elevator watching the floor lights go on and off one by one. He had removed his fez, and was trying his utmost to keep it from being crushed by the large woman standing in front of him. With every floor stop she leaned back, her athletic frame forcing the fez and its bearer flatter against the elevator wall. Finally the operator announced the lobby, and the people left the elevator like college men going from a classroom when the bell rings.

Mr. Hammer was more dignified about his exit from the elevator. He paused, shaped his fez which he placed gallantly on the top of his head, straightened, and pompously emerged from the elevator, almost being trampled by the next load which was entering. He had stayed at the Biltmore before, once ten years ago when he had come to the city for a druggists' convention. This being his second appearance in New York, he felt quite important. He stood under the clock looking this way and that giving the appearance that he was looking for someone very important. Businessmen, bell-hops, and college people rushed by into the cocktail lounge. Waiters loaded with drinks danced by. The cash register at the cigar stand across the lobby rang up another sale. He took off his glasses and cleaned them. Someone brushed by him and almost knocked him onto the lap of a pretty girl sitting on one of the sofas. He adjusted the tassel on his fez. He watched a foursome in evening clothes come through the revolving doors, up the steps and into the waiting elevator. He took out a cigar and lit it. He saw two relatively poorly dressed men turn from the registration desk dejectedly. He blew a huge billow of smoke toward the ceiling. Someone nudged him from behind.

"Ready to go, Russ?" said a large coarse looking man, who seemed to be in a hurry.

"Sure am," was the reply.

The second man also wore a fez, and from a distance might have been mistaken for Mr. Hammer. The two walked casually down the steps and out onto the street.

"Want to take a taxicab?" asked Russ.

"Naw, let's walk, I don't like the way them drivers drive."

"I was hopin' you'd say no, I don't like 'em either," said Mr. Hammer. "Where are we goin' tonight?"

"I thought we'd just walk around and have some fun," said the second man. "After seein' Grant's Tomb on Wednesday, and the Art Museum the second day, and the Statute of Liberty yesterday, there doesn't seem to be much else to go and see. How about it Russ, you've been here before. You know of any other exciting place?"

"Well, we might go up in the Empire State building. I remember it was quite a thing."

"Aw, it's too dark to see anything up there now," commented the second man, "Why don't we just walk around and watch the people?"

"Okay, Charley, that suits me. I'm sure glad the Shriner's convention is in New York this year. It's a lot better than Chicago. I remember last year after we saw the merchandise mart and the Railroad fair, there wasn't nothin' to do all the rest of the time. In New York it's different; there's always something to do. Right Charley?"



"Sure Russ. Hey what's that over there? See where it says Latin Quarter. Ya' remember that from the last time you were here?"

"Don't seem to. It's probably some foreign apartment building of some kind."

"It's sure good to have somebody with me who knows something about the city," said Charley patting Russ on the back.

"Well of course I don't know too much about New York, just the high spots. Can't expect to know about everything in two visits. There's too much here."



The two visitors walked down Forty-Third Street until they reached Times Square. They both carried the inevitable squirt guns which Shriners are noted for, and took every opportunity to use them. They approached another group of Shriners who were standing on the corner looking up at the huge Bond Clothes sign. They exchanged experiences, learned where each was from, and walked on up Broadway. Russ approached a young woman who was waiting for a taxi and gave her legs a long squirt with his gun. She jumped and started to yell, but recognized the fez on Russ's head and gave a knowing sympathetic smile. He welcomed her friendliness and gave her another squirt longer than the first. He hit her cocktail dress this time, and she turned quickly and hurried up the street with a disgusted look on her face. Russ let out a loud chuckle, and Charley patted him on the back.

"These people in New York sure like to have fun," said Charley, "you really soaked her dress; too bad she didn't have any leg make up on. We could have made it run all over her shoes."

"Yeh, I wonder what she was in such a hurry about," said Russ, as he reloaded his squirt gun in a nearby puddle.

"Search me, she was pretty dressed up for something," said Charley.

The two walked up to the north end of Times Square and crossed over to Seventh Avenue. They walked south, now, on Seventh Avenue passing numerous movie theatres with their squirt guns drawn and ready. Charley commented on the great number of Hot Dog stands, and almost ran into someone when he kept staring at one of the cartoon signs. They both wondered at the waterfall on the Bond Sign, and at the Camel sign. They couldn't decide how they got enough smoke into the sign to blow such large smoke rings without setting something on fire. They passed the Astor and stopped for a few minutes to read the New York Times news bulletins as they rounded the building in moving lights.

"Hey, Charley," said Russ, "Let's get somethin' to eat, I'm gettin' a little hungry from all this walkin'."

"Suits me," said Charley, "How about one of them fancy automat places?"

"Okay," said Russ, "There's one across the street."

They crossed the street and entered the automat. At that time of night the automat would not have usually been crowded, but the visitors in town somehow always like to eat at the automats and so this one was packed. They managed to find a table which was fairly vacant; only one man was sitting at it. They sat down and began to eat. The man paid little attention to them. He was rather medium in height, had black hair, and even while sitting there seemed in a great hurry. No one said a word for a few minutes, and finally Russ broke the silence by asking for the salt. The man passed it without looking up from his paper which he read as if he were reading the most important thing ever written.

Finally Russ said, "Been in New York long, stranger?"

The man looked up, smiled and said, "Yes, I was born here."

"Oh," said Russ, a little nonplused after the unexpected answer, "a native, eh."

"That's right," said the man, "are you visiting? I suppose you are, judging from your head gear."

"Oh this," said Russ, taking his fez off quickly, "I guess I forgot to take it off."

"Having a good time in the big city?" asked the man, now seemingly more interested in the two visitors.

"Oh yes, sure am," Russ assured the man, "Been havin' a hell of a time."

"Where have you been?" asked the man.

"Oh we've been all over," answered Charley, "Tell 'im where we've been Russ."

"Aw, he wouldn't be interested."

"Sure I would," said the man, "Been using your squirt guns much—I suppose you do have one."

"Oh yes, our squirt guns, ha ha, yeh, we use them a little," said Russ, "I hope you New Yorkers don't mind havin' the convention in your town. We do cut up a little, hey Charley?" With that Russ gave Charley a strong whack on the shoulder.

"No, we don't mind a bit," said the man, "as a matter of fact we welcome you and your convention very much. You always spend so much money wher-

ever you go."

"Yes sir, we sure do," said Russ, "I saved up my money for this schindig for months. The wife wanted a new coat, but I said no sir, or ma'm rather, heh heh, I need this money for the big convention; she understands."

"Yes, I suppose she does. But you didn't tell me where you have been," said the man. "Have you been to any night clubs like "Cafe Society" or the Latin Quarter?"

"No, uh, heh heh, we've been to the Museum of Art though, they have some fine exhibits there. The guide said so," said Russ.

"You mean you haven't been to a single club since you have been here," asked the man, "Haven't you been to a show either?"

"Well, we haven't exactly had time to do any of that kind of thing," said Russ sheepishly.

"Well, I suppose you are having a good time," said the man. "I always wondered how Shriners spent their time at conventions. It's better than doing nothing but that ritual work, and all that secret candle and pass-word business, isn't it."

"Now wait a minute," said Russ in a blustering tone of voice, "don't make fun of that stuff. Us Shriners take it all very seriously. After all, it's a great honor to be a Shriner, and we certainly are proud to be one."

"I'm sorry, no offense," said the man, "But just what is all that ritual business for anyway?"

"Never you mind what it's for," said Russ, "It's good stuff though. All the Shriners like it and have a lot of respect for it."

"Yes, I'm sure," said the man, "But just why do you have all the passwords and ceremony, and why is it all secret."

"Look," said Russ, "My father was a Shriner before me, and his father before him; he didn't ask questions and neither do I. I don't know why we have ritual, but we have it and I like it, even if I don't understand it. Come on, Charley, we've got to go."

The two men walked out onto the sidewalk and back up Seventh Avenue. Neither spoke for a while. They just followed the pedestrian traffic, looking aimlessly this way and that.

Finally Charley spoke. "That ritual stuff is kind of funny, come to think of it," he said. "Often did wonder what it's for, didn't you ever, Russ?"

"Who cares," said Russ, "We're havin' fun ain't we? Come on, I'm tired. Let's go back to the hotel, we've got a long train ride tomorrow."

The two turned up Forty-Third Street and made their way back to the Biltmore. Neither said another word; they just walked and thought of the fun they had had. They were Shriners.

DIVINE ESSENCE

by **THOMAS SWOFFORD**

There is
No life
Without
Lovers,
Friends, and
Mothers;
But in love's harmony alone
We live.

There is no God that is not love;
There is no love that is not God.

There is
No love
Within
Blossoms,
Leaves, and
Sunsets;
But in sweet movement of all worlds
God loves.

There is no God that is not love;
There is no love that is not God.

THE CYCLE

by BILL DAVIDSON

Illustrated by Carolyn Cather

THE FRESHLY cured hay was damp and hot. Steam rose from its depths, and the sweet-sour smell emanating from the loft kept the three horses nickering and anxious below. He lay there in the hay which was piled almost to the rafters and watched the mouse run back and forth on the beam that supported the old, cobweb-covered barley bin. Except for the soft whinnies of the horses and an occasional clanging of stanchions somewhere in the west wing of the barn, there was complete silence. Complete silence, and yet, when he stopped to listen, he realized for the first time in his life that silence was actually composed of many sounds — pleasant sounds. He listened. Above him, in the rafters, he heard the low, contented cooing of pigeons; the evening breeze had come up, and it rustled the stray bits of hay that hung over the rafters; the loft door was torn loose at the bottom hinge, and as it swung reluctantly from left to right, it creaked the lament of the aged and weary. These were new sounds to him —peaceful and soothing. He felt almost safe lying there. He slept.



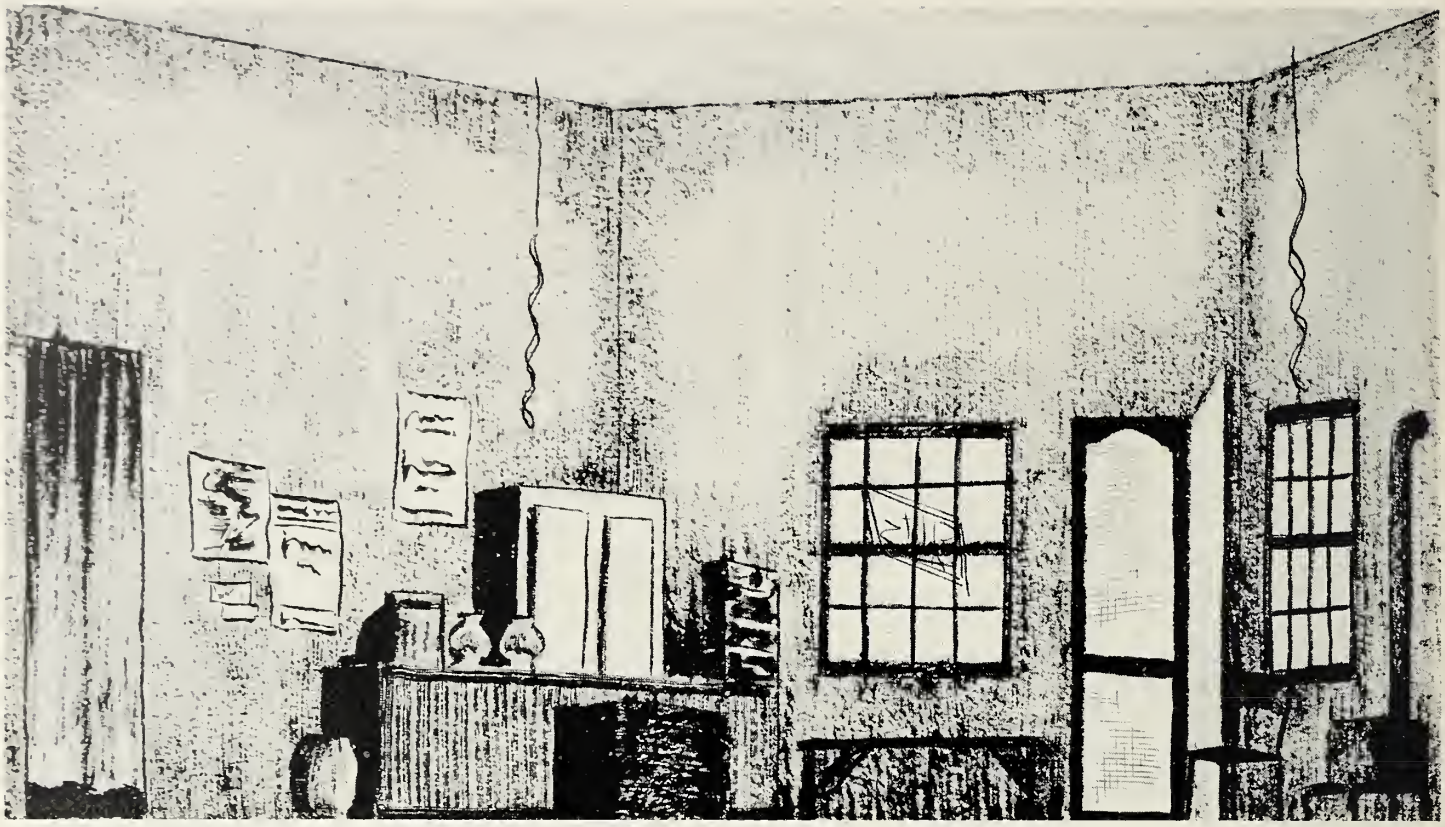
He was running again. The piercing scream of the siren, the shouting, and the blinding lights were in every street, in every alley, at every corner. He was breathing hard through his mouth. Blood streamed from his nostrils. Running, gasping, falling, crawling, running again.

The moon falling through the loft door played with the breeze in his hair. Together they accentuated his contorted, anguished face to a thing of horror. The beads of perspiration glistened. The veins in his temple and neck stood out, strained and throbbing. He began to shake. Then he screamed and sat up. He felt cold. He fumbled for a cigarette, struck a match, looked at the flame, thought of the hay in the barn, laughed, and lit the cigarette. There were different sounds around him now—imperceptible sounds. There was no rhythm to them. They crept into audibility, lingered a moment, and then faded back into the other place. He lay back on the hay thinking that he would like to go with the sounds into the other place. The other place—what was it like? Musing on this, he closed his eyes. The cigarette fell from his hand and dropped over the side of the high mound of hay. It fell between the barley bin and the dry hay which had lain there since last year. The thin line of smoke that twisted and curled up through the crevice was light blue in the moonlight.

The light of the moon had crept down to his feet; the wind had come up strong. The loft door banged against the barn, creaked out into space and banged again. His nostrils stung. Blood, so much blood . . . not blood! Smoke! He jumped up. The loft was dancing with nervous flames of fire, swirling with pungent smoke. He heard the horses stamping and squealing below.

"Oh, Christ," he whispered, "what have I done?" Coughing, he rolled over the side of the hay and stumbled down the stairs. The fire had spread to one of the mangers and he knew that it was hopeless.

The field was bright in the moonlight. He looked back. The fire silhouetted the black structure of the barn. He turned south toward the row of sycamores. He ran. Running, gasping, falling, crawling, running again.



Poor Edna

by PAT WIMBERLY

Illustrated by Bill Wetmore

A ONE ACT PLAY

(The scene is a small general store in a tiny settlement on the main highway between Jacksonville and Starke, Florida. The time is sometime in July of last year, about eleven o'clock in the morning.

Left is the door that opens on to the highway. Throughout the play at scattered intervals automobiles can be heard passing swiftly beyond this door. To the far right is the door that leads to a storeroom and the living quarters behind the store. Up right center stands a large white refrigerator and a bright red soft-drink cooler. From up right to the door extends a wooden counter on which are placed glass jars and boxes, et cetera. Since only one corner of the store is shown, no more shelves or counters are visible. On either side of the door at left are windows with window seats. A small iron stove is in the corner up left. Down right is a nail keg. One rickety wooden chair is down left. From the ceiling in the center dangles a string with a spiral strip of fly-paper.

At the opening of the play, three State Road Department men in dirty working clothes, *Jack, Tom,* and *Don* are getting soft drinks from the cooler. *Joe Peele* is sitting on the nail keg down right. As they speak, the men sit down. *Don* on the chair down left, *Tom* on top of the cooler and *Jack* on a soft-drink crate which he takes out from under the cooler.)

Jack—(Wiping his forehead)—Boy, what a scorcher! Bet it hits a hundred today!

Tom—Hundred hell. It's that now and it ain't but 'leven. Now I've seen some hot days in my life and—

Don—(Interrupting him)—Yeh, you always done somethin' bigger er harder'n anybody else in the

world. C'mon, le's get back to the road. (He rises, crosses up right, puts his bottle under the cooler.)

Jack—Aw ta hell with the road. It'll still be there. (To Joe) Hey, George! Got any beer?

Joe—(Lazily)—Nah. Dry coun'y. You oughta know that. (adds) An' my name's Joe.

Don—(Sarcastically)—Yeh. It's dry awright. (laughs) How 'bout ole Maxie down the road there. He sells bootleg.

Joe—(Same tone)—Not right now he don't. He's over at Raiford. Fer six months.

Tom—(Slides down from the cooler)—Whassamatter with you? You scared a jail, Joe?

Jack—(Finishing his drink and setting it down)—Lay off Joe there. I don' like the idea myself. (adds) Besides he's got a solf job here. Nice set-up. (to Tom) Why should he run the risk of bootleggin'? Boy, wouldn' I ike to set on my can all day and rake in the money—

Tom—(Attempting humor)—Money? What's that?

Don—Don't ask me. I sweat blood on that dann Caterpillar fer nuthin' but sunstroke.

Joe—(Still flatly)—Cain't git sunstroke in Flarada. Too wet.

Don—(Jovially)—Well, sunstroke er not, I ain't gettin' paid enough.

Tom—You're not? What about me? I—

Jack—(Interrupting)—Old Man Foster'll be back from Starke to check on us pretty soon. We better go!

Don—Now who's getting anxious? But you're right. Guess we ought to push off.

Tom—Seems like I jus can't get back out to the road.

(Sound of car outside. *Huey Marr* enters.)

Huey—Joe.

Joe—(Getting up and going behind the counter)—What'n I do fer you, Huey?

Huey—Oh I got to git some feed. Hundred poun's I reckon. I got the Dodge.

Joe—Feed's back in the storeroom. Be right back, Huey. (Goes to door right. Turns) Set down a while.

Huey—Joe. (Goes toward him)—I'll git it. I c'n carry it.

Joe—Edna don't like fer customers to come back there. Ain't private, she says, what with us living back there next it.

Huey—Awright, Joe. (He goes to the nail keg) S' your back it's breakin'.

(He sits, *Joe* exits.)

Jack—(As they are about to leave, turns, says thoughtfully)—Wonder if Joe there's got any hog lard. Promised Dora I'd bring 'er some if I c'd fin' it this trip.

Huey—Don't think Edna 'n' Joe stock it.

Tom—Edna this Joe's wife?

(*Huey* nods. The men put on their caps. As they are in the doorway *Edna Peele* enters from the right.)

Huey—Mornin' Edna. Fine day out.

(*Edna* looks at him without speaking, goes stiffly to the counter, gets a fly-swatter, takes money from her apron pocket to put in the cash drawer, again looks at *Huey* and leaves by the right door.)

Don—Well! Who was that! Joe's wife?

Tom—Kinda snippy little thing ain't she?

Huey—(Laughs)—Boy, she's more'n snippy. Jus ask Joe. He's been married to 'er—Opal's nineteen—guess some twenty odd years. Don't know how he's held up so good all this time. Mus' be stronger'n he looks or else he's just give up.

Tom—(Laughs)—Now wait a minit! You mean to sit there an' tell me— Don't make me laugh. That little ole gal couldn' hurt a flea. Why I know a gal can really—



Jack—(Breaks in)—You always know somethin'. But ya can't ever tell 'bout those little women.

Huey—Not 'bout Edna anyway. She's a little bundle a dynamite. When she 'as only for-teen she hoss-whipped her uncle, old Augie Padgett—an' him a strappin' big fella—six foot.

Don—How cum her to do that?

Huey—Oh she's goin' with ole Joe then. Ole Padgett, he didn't like Joe and tried to keep Edna from seein' 'im. So she whupped 'im and run off with Joe.

Jack—An' her only for-teen?

Huey—Oh, they didn't git married for a couple years. Edna's ole lady died. Edna didn' like her ma much—so Edna went back to live with 'er family. Said she c'd stand it 'thout her ma. So then she talked Joe into buyin' this place an' she's been runnin' it an' him ever since.

Don—Whatta woman! Boy!

Huey—Oh that ain't all. She shot my brother Charley through the lung coupla years ago. He wouldn' vote right for guvner or somethin'. I dunno.

He almost didn't live though.

Jack—All I can say is Joe ain't got the soft spot I thought he had if he's got the kinda wife you say he's got. Give me the road any day. Least I don't have to listen to my wife all *day* too. (Looks out at road as a car is heard to pass, slowly) Hey, ain't that Mr. Foster jus went by? We better get goin'.

Don—I'll say—well.

(*Joe* enters from right dragging a hundred-pound feed sack)

Don—Well, Joe—we gotta push off—how much we owe ya? (to Jack) You gonna ask him about that lard?



Joe—Fifteen-cent each. No hog-lard, jes shortnin'. (they pay him) Huey, had to look all over the place fer yer feed. Do you want any more, how 'bout lettin' me know 'n I c'n git some in. (to *SRD* men) S'long, come back.

(They wave farewell and leave)

Huey—I'll letcha know, Joe. I better hustle here. Gittin' on towards dinner time. M'wife she'll be a-wonderin'. So long, Joe.

Joe—So long, Huey.

(*Huey* leave left. *Joe* goes behind the counter and puts the money away. He picks up a newspaper and crosses down left to chair by door. He pulls out a cigarette and is looking in his pockets for a match when *Opal* enters from right. She is almost center when *Joe* strikes the match and *Opal* sees him.)

Opal—Pa'. I didn't see you. Pa. Mama and I fought again.

Joe—I c'd hear ya back in the storeroom.

Opal—(Suddenly)—I get so damn tired of Mama telling me what to do and what not to do. What does she think I am, anyway?

Joe—Ask her.

Opal—You know what she said? I was no good—sowey—couldn't even keep house or wash dishes right. Me. Who does it all the time, me or her? (Pausing for breath) She said—she said I was shiftless an no 'count. Said I ran around with boys instead of tending to my business. Called me a sneak and a cheat and a liar!

Joe—That's Edna awright.

Opal—(With a self-satisfied expression)—Well, she's not gonna have a chance to call me any more names. I'm sick of her and this old store and everything. I'm not going to stand for it any more. I'm getting out. (She takes a step toward the left door.)

Joe—(Lays down his paper and sits up)—Won't do you any good. Opal, honey, you know you can't fight yer ma. You gotta treat her easy. She'll be twice as mad when ya come back.

Opal—(With adolescent superiority)—Listen, Pa. If I really wanted to I could beat her up. But—it's not worth it. I'd lots rather get out myself. And I'm not coming back. I don't like it here—it's no fun living behind a store—next to fertilizer and feed sacks. Cars always going by—but me with no place to go! (She turns, faces front)

Joe—Now Opal—it ain't all that bad. You got your school. (adds proudly) You'll be out next year.

Opal—Not any school in the summer—*nothing* goes on in the summer! Besides, what's school but a lot of dumb people all cooped up together—just like me here. Mama's going to be sorry she kept me in so much. Never see anybody.

Joe—I don't know. Johnny Barefoot's been around right much.

Opal—Oh. We fought about him, too. Pa. She was trying to make me promise never to see him again—ever. (Laughs a little shrilly) Boy is she going to get a big surprise. Johnny and I (she turns and goes toward her father, straightening proudly) are going to get married.

Joe—(Takes a big drag on his cigarette)—Now Opal, yer ma'll have a fit.

Opal—(Serenely)—I know it and I hope she busts. You'n her didn't know it, but when the man was here to fix the 'frigerator Mond'y, Johnny and I slipped off and got the license down at Starke. We weren't getting married till next week, but I figure I can't stay here with Mama any longer—and you can tell her so for me.

Joe—Opal, I sure wish you'd think this over.

Opal—I'm not. I've don al my thinking and I've made up my mind. It's too late now. I'm meeting Johnny down at the post office.

Joe—Well, Opal—

Opal—Goodbye Pa. (She goes to him, kisses him on the cheek) I'll be coming back one of these days.

Joe—Ain'tcha takin' any clo'es, honey?

Opal—Oh, I been packed for a week, Pa. I put my stuff in Johnny's car Mond'y.

Joe—Well.

(*Opal* goes out left. *Joe* picks up the paper and begins to read. Edna's voice is heard offstage.)

Edna—Joe.

Joe—Yeh? (He continues to read.)

Edna—Joe, come get yer dinner, while it's good.

Joe—Awright.

(He folds the paper, gets up, crosses left, lays the paper on the counter, as *Edna* goes to the refrigerator. As he leaves, *Marcus Brown* enters from left.)

Marcus—Well, Edna—shore is hot out. (He mops hisface) How are you today?

Edna—What do ya want, Marcus? (She slams the refrigerator door and walks to the counter. She turns impatiently.) What can I do fer you?

Marcus—(Moving over toward her)—Oh, I dunno. M'wife sent a list here. (He pulls list from pocket and lays it on the counter, goes to cooler and gets a drink) Drink, Edna?

Edna—(Abruptly)—No. (She begins taking down cans and piling them)

Marcus—Saw Charlie Lawson a little while ago. He said he'd brought you some meat this morning. Got any nice liver?

Edna—No.

Marcus—Now, Edna. I just now saw Charlie—

Edna—I said I don't have any.

Marcus—Looka here, Edna. Charlie said—

Edna—Shut up. I said I don't have any. Here's your stuff.

Marcus—Mind if I have a look? (He goes to the refrigerator and opens the left door) What's this?

Edna—Marcus Brown, git yer stuff and git out.

Marcus—(Holding out a brown-paper wrapped package)—Whatta you mean, telling me you got no liver—here's some. And here's some more.

(Behind him, *Edna* has picked up a large candy jar. As she throws it, he opens the right door of the refrigerator and the jar smashes against the door.)

Edna—Git outa here, you mangy sonova bitch.

Marcus—Edna Peele! By God, you're a—

Edna—If I say somethin' I mean it. Now git out. Next time there won't be any door to pertect ya. (She picks up another jar.)

Marcus—Don't think I'm scared a you, Edna Peele, just 'cause I'm goin'. I feel sorry fer you, Edna. And sorrier fer Joe and Opal—perticaly Opal, 'cause she's jus' like you.

Edna—Hold it Marcus. I ain't kiddin'. (She throws the jar at him, but he ducks) Damn you!

Marcus—Edna. You're gonna do somethin' awful one a these days. Worse'n throwin' things—and the worst thing you've done is to yer kid.

Edna—Marcus Brown. I'll thank you to mind your own business. (She reaches under the counter and pulls out a gun) Now git out. You know I ain't afraid to shoot.



Marcus—Okay, Edna. You win. But you needn't think—

Edna—Git out.

(*Marcus* leave quickly. *Edna* puts the gun back under the counter and goes to the refrigerator. She slams the doors furiously)

Edna—Joe! Joe!

Joe—(Off stage)—Comin'. (He appears in the door. He is still eating and has the appearance of one who has been interrupted but who is not particularly annoyed.) What's the matter? (Lazily, and not too interestedly)

Edna—Clean up this mess.

Joe—(Mildly interested)—Who was it this time? (He goes up left and gets a broom). One a the Marr boys? Er Marcus Brown!

Edna—Goddam that Marcus Brown!

Joe—Oh. (He begins to sweep up the broken glass and the pieces of candy. He is doing this throughout most of the following dialogue.)

Edna—Who's Marcus Brown think he is anyway? Bargin' in here, pokin' roun' in my 'frigerator. Good as called me a liar. Well, I guess I showed him. (She is furiously straightening shelves and banging cans to punctuate her monolog.) Guess he won't be messin' roun' here any more. Better not if he knows what's good fer 'im. (She drops a can) Damn it! Nothin' goin' right today. First Opal actin' up and then that ole Marcus Brown comin' in here. Well, Opal'd better straighten out or I'll take it outa her hide. Takes after my ma. (She turns to Joe) Wonder what ole Marcus meant when he said she was just like me. She ain't one bit. She's the contrariest youngun. She oughta have the tar knocked outa her. Know that Johnny Barefoot useta come roun' here a lot! Well, I sure put a stop that this mornin'. She ain't goin' to see him again. I'll see to it. (Stops, as a new thought begins to dawn on her) Say, you seen 'er?

Joe—(Stands up straight)—Yeh, saw 'er little while ago. Said y'all'd had a fight 'n' she was gittin' out.

Edna—(The idea fades)—Well, when she comes back, she's not gittin' outa the house fer a week. She jus might start gittin' some funny ideas. And she c'n git that Barefoot boy outa her min' right now. I ain't gonna have her wastin' her time with any the trash roun" here. She's gotta finish school, first.

Joe—Whut I tole her—

Edna—Besides—(stops, changes tone) Well, anv way when she gits back from Hattie Mae's—

Joe—Don't think she's at Hattie Mae's.

Edna—Oh—wherever (impatiently) Don't matter. She won't be there even from now on. An' if that Johnny shows up around here it'll be the last time. I got me a gun.

(*Edna* gets out the gun again and shows it to *Joe,* who views it with no interest.)

Joe—(With faint humor)—Don't shoot 'im in here, in the store, Edna. So much cleanin' up an' all. Remember Charley Marr.

Edna—I'll shoot 'im where I damn please. (She aims the gun at the door at right) See? I'm a good shot. I hit what I aim at. I won't be sloppy.



(As she straightens out her arm, *Jimmie Sullivan* comes in, his arms loaded with boxes. When he sees the gun, he stops suddenly, dropping two or three of the boxes. *Edna* laughs shortly and drops the gun on the counter.)

Joe—Come on in Jimmie. Here, I'll help you. (He goes to pick up Jimmie's packages.)

Jimmie—Joe. Mis' Peele. I bought those all-day suckers. (Jimmie is visibly shaken and bewildered all through his appearance on the stage.)

Edna—It's about time you brought 'em.

Joe—Put 'em on the counter. How've you been, Jimmie?

Jimmie—(Nervously)—Fine, fine. You all?

Edna—Jimmie, where's the bubble-gum?

Jimmie—Bubble-gum—oh, it's there (he rushes over to look at the boxes) somewhere.

Edna—Never mind. I found it.

Jimmie—I saw Opal a little while ago. Passed her in fact. Her 'n' that Johnny what's his name.

Edna—Johnny Barefoot? With Opal?

Jimmie—I saw 'em couple three days ago down in Starke. By the courthouse. He's roun' here a lot, isn't he?

Edna—Ohh!

Joe—Edna—take it easy.

Edna—After her an' me fought so, she went right out an'—

Jimmie—I jus saw 'em down the road a little piece, heading this way.

(A car pulls up and stops. The door slams and everything is quiet for a moment. Then *Opal Peele* enters.)

Opal—Hello, Jimmie. (Goes to door) Come on in, Johnny. (turns to her mother) Mama, Johnny an' me are going to get married.

(*Johnny* slides in rather sheepishly. *Opal* grabs his arm.)

Opal—(Openly sarcastic) We were almost down to Starke, but he thought maybe you'd like to know about it so we decided to come back and tell you.

Edna—(Very quiet and under almost sinister self-control) Opal Pelle, come here. Get away from her, you.

Opal—Mama doesn't like it. Well, isn't that just too bad. What do you think about that, Johnny? Mama doesn't like it?

(*Johnny,* not particularly bright, says nothing, but stares rather stupidly at her.)

Edna—(In a commanding tone)—Opal. Come here. (She walks toward the counter) I don't want him here, Opal. Tell him to git out or (she dramatically grabs the gun and turns, holding it out) I will! All right, Johnny Barefoot. Git out and git out fast!

Opal—(Not expecting this) Mama. Mama.

Edna—(Menacingly) Remember Charley Marr, Johnny, and git out!

Opal—(Exasperated) Oh Damn Charley Marr. Johnny and I are getting married and that's that. Now put down that gun.

Joe—Opal, don't talk to yer ma like that.

Edna—Shut up, Joe. Johnny!

(*Johnny* jumps. *Opal* is not so confident now.)

Edna—I'm going to shoot you, if you don't get out right now and stay out. I've warned you before, but I won't any more. (She aims the gun at *Johnny.*)

Opal—Mama. Now listen.

Edna—You shut up, too. Johnny!

Opal—(Losing her temper) Oh hell. You're not going to pull that shooting on me and Johnny. Shoot Johnny, damn it, and you'll have to shoot me too. (She turns and throws her arms around his neck.)

Edna—I warned you.

(She raises the gun and aims it. Everything is extremely quiet. *Opal* stands rigid, waiting. *Jimmie's* mouth is open. *Joe* leans nochalantly against the refrigerator. *Edna* fires, but as she does, she sinks to the floor, dropping the gun. *Opal* stiffens and then relaxes against *Johnny. Joe* looks at *Edna. Opal* turns slowly.)

Opal—(With contempt) Look at her, now. Come on, Johnny, let's go. (She pulls him out the door.)

Joe—(Going over to the door) Opal! Opal honey! (He turns back to *Jimmie* who has rushed over to *Edna* and is kneeling beside her) I guess she ain't comin' back.

Jimmie—(Anxiously) Mis Peele, Mis Peele! Golly, what's happened to her, Joe?

Joe—Well, it looks like she's fainted dead away.

(With a dry smile) If that ain't funny. Edna faintin', I mean. (Musingly) Bet that's the first time she ever did. (With mild surprise) And jus' over a shootin'. I'm kinda glad, in a way, though, even if she will be mad.

Jimmie—I don't get it, Joe. Is she all right?

Joe—(Sound of a car rolling to a stop. Car door slam) Take 'er back to the bedroom will you for me, Jimmie? I see we got a customer.

(*Jimmie* picks up *Edna*, easily, and crosses right to the door)

Joe—Just put 'er in on the bed, there.

(*Jimmie* leaves. *Huey Marr* enters from left door.)

Joe—Oh, Huey. D'you fergit somethin'?

Huey—Yeh, the wife wants some sewin' thread. Number fifty.

Joe—(Reaches down under the counter, pulls out a box) White?

Huey—Yeh, coupla spools she wants. (looks around) Where's Edna?

Joe—(Putting the thread in a bag) Back in the room.

Huey—(Taking the thread) Well, thanks, Joe. Gotta hurry back home. I'll be seeing you.

(*Jimmie* enters. *Huey* is almost at the left door, but he stops, half turns)

Jimmie—(Disregarding *Huey*) Well, Joe, she's still out. Don'tcha wanta get some ammonia or something? She's awful limp.

Joe—(Putting a can back on the shelf) Naw, she'll come out of it purty soon.

(*Huey* scratches his head, shrugs slightly and continues out.)

Jimmie—Joe, I've got to go. Sure hope Mis Peele'll be okay.

Joe—You be back Frid'y?

Jimmie—Yeh, I'll stop by on my way back to see y'all.

Joe—Well, don't worry about Edna. She ain't sick, but she sure will be mad at herself. (laughs softly) She sure will.

Jimmie—So long, Joe. See you Friday.

Joe—So long, Jimmie.

(*Jimmie* goes out the door left and bumps into *Huey*. They speak audibly but unintelligibly. Presently, the sounds of doors slamming and motors starting are heard. As the cars pull off, *Joe* goes over to the chair left, opens up his newspaper, and begins to scan the pages as the curtain falls.)

UTOPIAN AUTOCRAT

by **JOHN CARTER**

Decreed that no one shall be bored
While time on gauzy wings is flitting
By us, Like th' ephemeral mayfly's span
And like the autumn swallows' twitting,
Impatient to be swooping toward
The sultry tropic land.

So take each lithesome hour by,
And cherish it, and hold it fast,
And make it yield before it's passed
Some honey sweeter than the last,
Some laughter, tear, or sigh.

And fools and bores, and those who rob
Us of our minutes, hours, and days;
Who murder art and love and thought;
Who, like a rank and sordid blob,
Hang on our shoes and clog our ways:
Take them, he said, and let them rot
Forever and forever for their crimes
In dungeons dank, sunk deep in brimestone climes.

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Christmas Music

ALMOST since the beginning of time, the most common means of expression for the common man, has been in the realm of music. Prior to the time of Christ, man was writing songs for all sorts of occasions from religious ceremonies to dramatic festivals to everyday expressions of things that had happened to him. In the fifth century, B.C. we find monuments erected to commemorate choral festivals, and references to song contests in many of the plays. If you really want to get nasty about the whole thing, you might notice that our modern word for chorus also had something to do with the Greek drama of Sophocles and his worthy contemporaries. As a point of being equally dull, may I also point out the Song of Solomon and the Psalms of David, et cetera.

Having established my point that music was known in those good old days (although imagine their plight for invention before the chromatic scale was discovered) let us now skip a few centuries. Nothing much happened for a long time. Pope Gregory had something to say about how one should chant a chant, but other than that, times were dark. About the time that the Renaissance came to England, music was enjoying something of a revival among the common man. By this time a number of instruments had been perfected, and a man was considered a nobody unless he could play upon some instrument or at least sing a part in a madrigal.

In order not to get bogged down too much let's say something here about the instruments of the time. Among the more popular instruments were the recorder—a kind of grade school clarinet, the lute—an adolescent double bass—and the virginals—a small sized keyboard instrument. They say Queen Bess was

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quite adept at the virginals, and who could doubt it? Instruments in those days were still undergoing a kind of evolution, but they were pretty much perfected in their own class.

Somewhat contemporary with this, the drama began developing, and had its first origins in the Mass in the Church. In order to emphasize certain points of the Mass at Easter, little dramatic episodes were introduced, and pretty soon, they were added to other holidays, particularly at Christmas time. Shortly afterward, they became more developed and were taken over by the trade guilds. At this time the drama evolved into the Miracle plays, and to add to their pleasure, little musical interludes were presented with them. The music for these was derived mostly from popular folk tunes of the day and soon became known as Carols. One of the most popular Carols today was originally presented in a Christmas Miracle play and became known as the Canterbury Carol, where it was first presented.

In connection with the Christmas holidays, other holidays were also incorporated in the general classification of Christmas Carols. Among these are Twelfth Night, which is celebrated in the Twelve Days of Christmas or the Partridge in a Pear Tree. St. Stephen's day on the twenty-sixth also came in for its own little song and is mentioned in Good King Wenceslas.

Since most of the Carols that are sung today, are integrally connected with the church, it is obvious that a great many of them were written with that specific purpose in mind. Some of them are so old however, that they of necessity grew out of the folk music of the countries from which the Carols came. A case in point is the Carol, What Child Is This? which takes its melody from the time honored folk ballad Greensleeves. For a great many of our Carols, we must also make acknowledgement to the many foreign countries that have contributed to our

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heritage. Germany and France are not the least of these with Silent Night and Jeanette, Isabella.

To get back to the folk song, however, let us not forget the songs which are so typical of Christmas and yet have no obvious connection with the church. For a great many years now, the song that is most evocative of the Christmas spirit, has been that completely secular ditty—Jingle Bells. You might also ad to this little list of Christmas songs The Mill Pond is Frozen, Deck the Halls and The Holly Tree.

It becomes increasingly obvious as the Christmas season draws near, that perhaps the most characteristic external emanation, is the extreme importance which we give to Christmas music. On street corners everywhere we see Salvation Army organs and bands playing Carols, while from practically every shop window, a phonograph blares forth with Adeste Fidelis or Joy to the World. Indeed, it would not seem like Christmas at all if all we heard were songs about rain in Rio or the weather in July. Christmas is not Christmas without its traditional Carols and its traditional expression of folk music.

—Bill Wetmore



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THE WINDOW

by ELINOR DIVINE

Looking through the window of his past
He saw, as now he saw the distant flock
Of fading stars from where he sat upstairs,
His dreams—dead now, and winking weakly
Like stepped-on lightning bugs.
They were the thousand hopes he once had hidden
In the pocket of his heart for safe-keeping;
But light as thistles they had blown away,
Swept by Now-ness into Never.
So suddenly when he saw their faces once again,
Twinkling sadly in his past like feeble stars,
He trembled as he looked, and quickly rose
To pull the gaping window to a close.



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BELL AND BEARD

(Continued from Page 7)

blue blazes out of him."

And so it goes. Every year the decorations go up sooner, and prices go up higher. The carolers sing longer and the realists yell louder, which might have its basis in the fact that they were always told to be good or Santa would pass them by. Then they find out the facts and realize they've been bribed. They can't take it.

There still remains, however and thank heaven, one faction that doesn't fall under either of the two categories heretofore mentioned. There are still those, neither cynics nor perpetual youths, that realize when all the glitter and paint is scraped off, and all the tinsel and tin foil is brushed away, the same old manger lies at the bottom of the whole mad business.

THE FRIDAY TROUBLE

(Continued from Page 10)

The next morning, after the city slickers had departed, it was noticed, but without any regret, that Mr. Masterson and his New York cohorts had unaccountably left town, leaving the printing press behind. Clem came back from his fishing trip and changed the name on the window from "Homeport Free Press" to "Homeport Herald." The men on the Hotel porch resumed their rocking and chewing.

Elmer and Emmy Mae came back from their honeymoon looking very happy.

And the whole town was titillated by the bold advances Patsy Clifton, the minister's daughter, had been making towards Larry Brown, the bartender's son.

HEADIN' WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

lake into a sparkling expanse of green and silver; and overhead in the trees the squirrels had begun their loud morning chatter. Watching the red of a robin flicker across the sky, Johnny started slowly through the field. The stranger, leaning against an oak a short distance back in the woods, smiled as he watched the small boy moving up the slope.

Johnny chewed a stalk of sour grass, savouring the spicy taste; and suddenly his stomach felt very hollow. The sunlit broom-straw swayed before the wind in waves of gleaming yellow, and Johnny began to gallop towards the house at the top of the slope, bending low in his saddle and firing away at the Cherokees behind.

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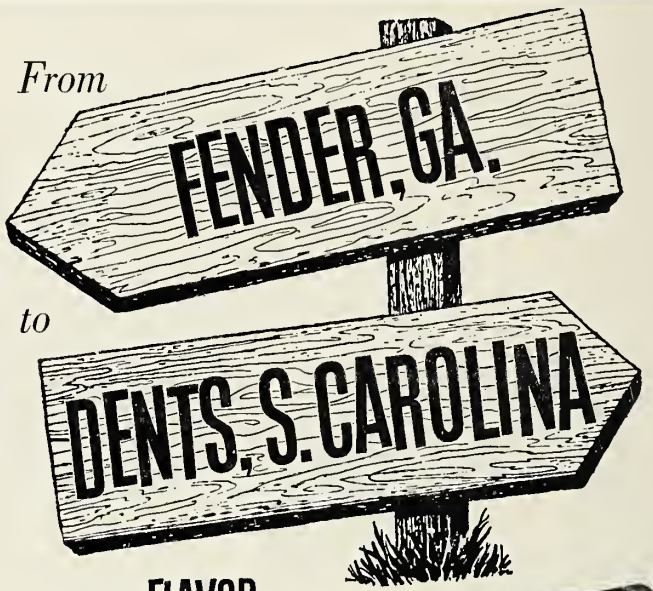
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A Literary Periodical Published By The Students Of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

VOL. 65 FEBRUARY, 1952 NO. 3

Contents

• ARTICLES

CINEMA 25
by Buck Roberts

• STORIES

SAFARI AMONG THE SCRAMBLED EGGS 5
by Nancy Waters
WILL OF THE WISP 9
by Bill Louis-Dreyfus
THE TINSEL LINE 14
by John Carter
PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE 19
by Milo Magaw
WE PIPED AND YE DID NOT DANCE 20
by Ted Stewart

• POEMS

SUBWAY CAR 6
by John Carter
THE SEA GULL 7
by Ted Morse
A LESSON IN GEOMETRY 8
by John Carter
BURST OF BLOOM 11
by Francis Fike
LIFE 13
by George Grune
F. W. N. 16
by Ted Morse
TILL MORNING LIGHT 17
by Ted Morse
ECCE HOMO 18
by John Carter
SONNET 21
by John Carter
THE SQUIRREL 23
by Thomas Jordan
GOTHIC TWILIGHT 24
by Thomas Jordan
UNIFORM FOR PARADE 30
by William Michaux
TWO POEMS 31
by Bettie Anne Young

NOTICE OF ENTRY: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

Published 4 times a year, October, December, February, and April by the students of Duke University.

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

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DEDICATION

IT HAS BEEN said that no man is irreplaceable: had their been no Shakespeare, a genius equally brilliant would have taken his place in the annals of poetry and drama. We of the *Archive,* however, feel that one of our staff has been, if not irreplaceable, certainly the next best thing to it. We feel that he has been responsible for a great proportion of the success we have enjoyed this past season. As art editor, he has carried, almost by himself, the brunt of the illustration and has designed three of the last four covers, this one being a composite of the art work of the last three issues. For his invaluable service to the magazine, we sincerely dedicate to Bill Wetmore this issue of the *Archive.*



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Index to Advertisers

	Page
Baldwin's	Inside Back Cover
Balfours	3
Book Exchange	28
Camel	Back Cover
Capital Airlines	33
Carolina Theatre	28
Christian Printing Co.	27
City Sandwich Co.	4
Cosmopolitan Barber Shop	29
Curvin	26
Depositor's National Bank	3
Duke Dining Halls	26
Duke Power Co.	33
Duke University Stores	29
Durham Drug Co.	28
Ellis-Stone	Inside Front Cover
Fidelity Bank	34
Five Points Loan	4
Harvey's Cafeteria	3
Herald-Sun	34
Home Insurance Co.	29
Ingold Tire Co.	26
J. Southgate & Son	28
Life Savers	34
Little Acorn Restaurant	4
Miles Drive-In	32
Peoples Fruit & Vegetable Market	32
Seven-Up Bottling Co.	32
Sher's Shoe Shop	4
Toddle House	28
TWA	32
Variety Restaurant	29
Weldon's Jewelers	27

EDITORIAL

THERE is no sense in trying to avoid the cold and irritating fact that *The Archive* wasn't and still isn't being read by the students on this campus. When I took over the limp and somewhat weary reins from the past editor of *The Archive* I thought, in a egotistical manner, that my ideas, my eagerness, and my desire to succeed could place the magazine on the respected and best read list of all my contemporaries. But then, Quixotic-like, I found that as I grew older in my endeavor I became more disillusioned and less eager to shape the future of the literary movement on this campus. Now, all or almost all literary magazines are, have, and probably will continue to grapple with the problem of general campus disinterest in their activity. So, in true tradition of the disillusioned and bespectacled editor, I offer my suggestion for a future of this magazine. I have no doubt that my suggestion will gather dust in *The Archive* office but maybe, in later years, I'll be able to look back and say, with creaking and hardened voice, "It should have been".

To my mind *The Archive* should only be printed twice a year. There is not enough material, good material, created on this campus to publish four magazines of quality that could compare with the best of other colleges. I'm afraid that too often the desire to compete and to be outstanding forces the editor to rely on methods to disguise the fallacies and the poor quality of the writing which he is forced to publish. At present there is only one fiction writing course on campus and that is limited to fifteen members. Therefore, I think you can see the basis for my suggestion. With limited budget, limited amount of student interest, and limited contributions from the limited c r e a t i v e courses how is an editor to gather enough material to represent work which in reality isn't being produced

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in abundance? If this suggestion were adopted the editor would have the material of an entire semester from which to choose his quality work and to plan his magazine. He could publish a magazine of eighty or so pages with a few appropriate illustrations. Those who were interested in the magazine, in literature and college productivity of that literature would still read the magazine. Those of the student body who are not interested would not be plagued by having to dispose of the little package which is pushed disdainfully under the door, left on the desk in the parlor, or mailed home for their unsuspecting parents to read and to ponder over. Furthermore, I am not in favor of too many illustrations. They take away too much space from the publication of actual student writing. Thus, this issue, at least in part, is an example of the type of magazine I think *The Archive* should be. Ready, aim—Fire!—G.G.

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SAFARI AMONG THE SCRAMBLED EGGS

by NANCY WINTERS

Miss Florence Farragut opened her eyes, as was her habit, at approximately seven o'clock. The first thing she noticed was the sun, which filtered its annoyingly bright way through the lace curtains. This was not in accordance with her plans, but she did not allow it to upset her unduly. "After all, the sun must be extremely radiant in Africa," she decided. "And I can sit with my back to the window during breakfast." She arose with an agility unusual for Saturday morning and stood barefoot on the persian rug as she critically surveyed her face in the mirror. There were those two over her nose, and a few more around her eyes . . . but really, not very many. After all, she was only thirty-four. Not a wrinkled old woman yet, who must hide from the sun. Nevertheless, she would sit with her back to that spotlight—like bay window in the college dining room. And perhaps she would let her hair fall to her shoulders—eliminate the bun for today. Her best feature, her mother had always said, was her thick black hair. "You may not be as pretty as your sister, Florrie, but you have your hair and your intelligence, and if you use them rightly —there's nothing you can't do." She glanced absentmindedly at the miniature of her sister with her pudgy, burpy, gurgling babies. As usual, she experienced a faint disgust at the memory of her last visit—diapers and bottles and a baby-smelling house which had made her sterling silver teething ring seem, somehow, out of place.

She tentatively fingered her brush, and with an inquisitive hand began to remove the pins from her hair. It was really rather difficult trying to figure out what type to be. . . . A calm, capable companion who could go with him into the depths of the jungle, withstanding heat and hardship—She tried to picture herself, rifle in hand, trudging cheerfully at his side, perhaps warning him of a nearby tiger . . . (or didn't they have tigers in Africa? She knew it was either Africa or India that didn't have the tigers. People in books were always getting themselves caught in lies or discovered as the murderer, or something, because they didn't know about this. Better just leave tigers out of the conversation.) But perhaps he was weary of the jungle life . . . wanted to settle down and write his memoirs. "Safari in Africa, the life story of a big game hunter. Dedicated to my beloved wife, whose soothing presence and beautiful black hair have been my constant inspiration." That would be better, much better. The problem was—which woman was he looking for? It had been impossible to discover this in the short time she had spoken with him last night. Well, she would just have to incorporate herself into both personalities for breakfast.

The hair was loose. She gave it a few reverent strokes and proceeded to dress, sporadically halting to read a few more lines from the **Time** article about the panther which had escaped from the zoo out west, the only thing she had been able to find that was even remotely connected with Safaris and/or Africa.

At 7:58 a door opened and Miss Farragut emerged, like a butterfly from its cocoon, resplendent in pale blue linen. Although the bell was scheduled to make its sleepy, Saturday morning "only call to breakfast" in precisely two minutes, Miss Farragut was the only representative of Briarwood College yet to be seen in the hall. She surveyed the faculty bulletin board with synthetic casualness, and was surprised to see that the announcement of Miss Crane's death was still posted. Miss Crane, a frail fish-like woman, completely immersed in Dewey's Decimal System, had died uneventfully a few weeks ago. (Bulletin board announcements, however, were often blessed with almost the longevity which Miss Crane herself had enjoyed.) Her death, though it had left no discernible mark upon the college, was, as far as it concerned Miss Farragut, indeed an important occurrence. This importance had been brought up by Miss Butler, the Dean, at a recent faculty meeting.

"Miss Crane devoted her life to Briarwood, and may she rest in peace. However, for quite some time we have felt that someone with Younger Ideas should be put in charge of our library. Miss Farragut, as assistant to Miss Crane for these past years you have exhibited a remarkable Ability, and it is with pleasure that we offer you the position of Head Librarian here at Briarwood." And Miss Butler had tipped her tightly curled, blue-tinted head ever so little, as she awaited the inevitable answer. The answer, however, had surprised everyone, most of all Miss Farragut, herself, by not falling into that inevitable category. For at that moment, a revelation had been made unto Miss Farragut—a revelation of herself evolving rapid-

ly into a second, near-sighted, fragile Miss Crane. And so she had replied "Thank you, Miss Butler. I appreciate your offer, but at the present moment, I am not quite certain of my plans. Would it be possible for me to inform you of my decision at the next meeting?" To the accompaniment of startled coughs and eyebrow-raisings, permission was granted and the meeting adjourned.

And Miss Farragut had remained uncertain in her plans until last night, when a strong, browned, tuxedoed, thirty-sixish Prince Charming strode majestically onto the stage and announced, in a booming voice that must have awed even a few lions at one time, that he had some movies to show the assembly which concerned his recent safari in Africa.

"Good morning, uh, Miss Farragut?" muttered two grotesquely clad collegians who were no doubt a bit perplexed by the late blossoming of Miss Farragut who, in honor of this occasion, had even indulged in a bit of lip rouge. Miss Farragut nodded, and almost simultaneously the bell discharged its onerous duty.

Miss Farragut was the first faculty member to reach the bay window area, and this facilitated her choice of seating position. Her position, in turn, afforded the student body present an excellent, if incredulous view of the radiant Miss Farragut.

After a respectful, thanksgiving silence, Miss Butler lightly tinkled a little bell and the congregation was seated. Prince Charming took a seat once removed from his anxious Cinderella. However, as in the case of the sun, this was not so much of a problem as it might have been. The intruder turned out to be a meek, silent little mouse who spoke very little English (he was the German teacher) and seemed to understand even less.

Miss Farragut. (between gentle, soothing sips of defrozen orange juice) We certainly enjoyed your (swallow) lecture last night, Mister Hamilton.

Prince Charming. Well thank you, Miss—uh—

Miss Farragut. (swallow) Farragut. Florence Farragut. I'm the Librarian—uh—Assistant Librarian. I met you last night, just after the lecture. I suppose you didn't recognize me this morning because I've let my hair down since then.

Prince Charming. Thank you, I'm glad you did. (in response to statement made by Miss Butler)

Silence while the waitress deposits scrambled eggs.

Miss Farragut. Isn't it a lovely day, Mister Hamilton? I suppose there are many lovely days like this in Africa? Don't the eggs look wonderful? Do they have scrambled eggs in Africa?

At this point, the Meek German Mouse interrupts with what is finally interpreted as a request for the salt.

Prince Charming discussing African primitive tribes with the Sociology teacher. Meek German Mouse eating eggs, with salt. Miss Farragut eating eggs, without salt; frantically trying to recall whether Keats or Shelley ever said anything about Africa which would apply, or, for that matter, whether they ever said **anything** about Africa, applicable or not. She is having trouble, also, with her hair—it keeps falling into her eyes. Things continue in this vein for some time. Suddenly, a lull in conversation! Miss Farragut spots it, takes aim, and fires.

Miss Farragut. And how long are you going to be with us, Mister Hamilton?

Prince Charming. Well, Miss—uh—uh, I wish I could stay here at your beautiful school longer, but I have business in New York and I'm afraid I'll have to take the 9:00 train.

Miss Farragut. (hastily consulting watch) You really shouldn't leave until you come up and browse around our library a bit. We have many books on Africa which would interest you, I'm sure.

Prince Charming. Yes, I'm awfully sorry, Ma'am, but I'm afraid I'll only have time to pack and rush down to the station.

SUBWAY CAR

by JOHN DOEBLER

Mighty, great elephants in thick black ooze
Wallowed in the mud of the Daily News,
Flipped through the pages with the utmost speed,
Bellowed out the love life of Lila Leed,
Burst with amusement as they slapped their sides,
Out came their laughter in sensual tides.
Rollicking serpents covered with slime,
You too shall die in this very same grime.

Miss Farragut. (pouting prettily and blowing hair out of her face) That's not very sporting of you, Mister Hamilton! Well, at least before you go you must tell me all about Africa.

The Meek German Monkey again. This time he wants the pepper.

Prince Charming. (abruptly draining cup) If you will excuse me, I'd better go finish packing if I plan on catching that train. It's been very nice meeting you all and I enjoyed my stay very much. Good-bye. I'll drop in at your office before I leave, Miss Butler.

Muffled farewells.
Miss Farragut. Silence.

That afternoon, Miss Farragut, sensibly clad in a grey pinstriped suit, her hair familiarly back in its bun, arrived a bit early for the faculty meeting. The others present were discussing their departed breakfast guest.

"I found him absolutely fascinating, didn't you, Miss Farragut?"

"Well, Miss Butler, to be perfectly frank, I thought him rather uneducated. Something of the savage about him—and he seemed crude. I suppose it comes from associating with all those natives and wild animals. Really a terrible life for anyone to lead.

"And, now that everyone is here, Miss Butler, I'd like to tell you that I have come to a decision with regard to that other matter. . . ."

THE SEA-GULL

by TED MORSE

I stood up tall in the wild sea wind
Waiting for things that might have been,
While night slipped in with the silent tide
And over the reef a sea-gull cried.
The ocean rose like a tide of life
That knew no end of a losing strife.
I smiled at a moon rising anew
From the growing mist of the evening dew.
Subtle moon, do you stare at me?
(With your laughing light on the silent sea)
Are you mocking life, or a sea-bird's cry
That crudely tears the ashen sky?

A LESSON IN GEOMETRY

by JOHN CARTER

Many times the child had seen these stars,
And once he wondered what could be beyond
And still beyond—beyond, and a new consciousness
Filled him—Infinity, and close behind
Her twin, Eternity. The child knew fear
And hurried to his mother, where he heard
Of Eden's sin, the Father's gift, and faith.
But still the fear was there; it wouldn't rest
And still the stars were there, and still beyond—
Something—perhaps a wall, a great brick wall,
That's it! And what's beyond the wall? O God!
O good Lord God, what torture! It's not fair.
What have I done to writhe for Adam's guilt?
The child became a man—and saw the sea,
Stretched out before him like a massive deck.
He smiled, and thought how right the ancients were
To fear its edge, the secret table ledge
From which fell ships and sailors lost at sea.
And if the sea were straight, and never stopped,
Outstripped the planets and the farthest stars,
Would what we call "horizons" be no more?
It must be, for the waters would drink up
And up the skys and lick with watery tongues
The heavens, till they be a globe of sea.
But here a paradox: Infinity
Must never stop and, striving past the point
Infinitely above, where our plane meets itself,
Swings back around again until it meets
Infinitely below. And so it goes,
On and on and up and down, Infinitely,
Making the straight line a mockery.
And still the fear is there, and shall remain
As long as man, the sovereign beast of reason,
Shall watch the stars and wonder what's beyond
The farthest.

WILL OF THE WISP

by BILL LOUIS-DREYFUS

THE BOY was seven years old although to look at him one might have thought him younger. He was neither tall nor short. He might have been small-boned. There was an air of fragility and of tranquil and manly and even brutal daintiness about him. The blue dungarees which the boy wore quite regularly were not faded where one might have expected them to be. They hung on him as if by magic. The creases and ripples that the blue pants made, by their very presence, were incredible and insulting to anyone's imagination. They gave no hint of body or form. Instead they seemed to move along with the boy as if by some unnatural agreement. It seemed quite likely that if anyone pulled at the loose end of the belt around the boy's waist there would be absolutely no resistance. It could have been that the boy wore the blue dungarees because it was easier that way. But there might have been no need for the pants at all.

The boy's skin was a light olive color. It was smooth without having any physical texture of softness. It was very unlike skin. It seemed like some fine clay which had been slowly baked and carefully moulded and then made to seem inconspicuous and natural.

The boy's hands were startling. People were always a little shocked at them. They would sit and watch and admire the boy and be light-hearted at his presence. Then they would notice his hands and not know exactly what to do, for the hands did not seem young and enchanting. They were long and had a sort of feminine thinness. Yet they had strength and there was immense power and dominance in the fingers. They were sensitive and seemed to have a kind of emotion all their own. There was a prophetic quality about them, and there seemed to be in the soft sharpness of the thumb and in the line that the wrist made something not quite known and some sort of inspired knowledge. It could have all been perfection although no one could tell.

The secret of the boy's youthful appearance might have been in his mouth or in his eyes. His mouth was soft but not that same softness which sometimes comes with age. His lips were firm and had the sweet abstract freshness of youth. The boy's teeth were tiny and very white and pointed with their newness. His eyes were very large and had long and broad golden-brown lashes. The eyes themselves were a little golden-brown and a little green. It was hard to tell exactly what color they were. They seemed like the skin of a green over-ripe fruit with all sorts of shades. They had that same look of unquestioning faith and fairy-like enchantment of the very young. Yet there seemed to be an oldness which didn't belong. They had a look of wit and creation and wise acceptance of things. They had an unfaltering capricious stubborness and sometimes showed a negation of whatever was said or shown to the boy.

The boy was very much looked at and very much hugged and kissed. And through everybody's surprise and exclamations at his enchanting beauty he would smile and be more lovable and beautiful. There seemed to be something productive about his smile, something bewitching and enchanting, like the sound of music in a dark forest. It would last in his mouth or in his eyes, but it was sometimes hard to tell where his smile was or if it was a smile at all. In any case it was something very much like it and could have been coming from the air around him.

No one could really say whether the boy looked young or not. He was enchanting and had a loveliness which wasn't at all baby-like. He seemed to represent freshness, or a sort of unrealistic breathing which people found themselves charmed and fascinated by. He might have suggested something which no one could remember ever having known about. He was a beautiful boy but with beauty that seemed to move about with him. His appearance mightn't have been one of youth at all.

The mother, the father, and the son were at dinner when Mr. Carl rang the front doorbell and then used the the knocker. It wasn't quite dark outside and the smell of the two giant hedge trees filled the whole room. The curtains moved about a little although there was no apparent breeze.

The colored maid went up the stairs and switched on the light in the hall. She opened the door and showed Mr. Carl into the living room.

"Is Mrs. Davis in?" he said.

"Yes, sir. I'll tell her you're here," the maid said.

Mr. Carl was standing in the hall when the mother came up the stairs. He wore no coat. He had on a

brown vest with a gold chain hanging from two of the pockets. He was a tall man with bony stooped shoulders and large wrists that came too far out of his short-cuffs. He had a lot of graying hair which seemed as crisp as straw and a large rounded nose. He kept adjusting his rimless glasses.

"Good evening, Mr. Carl," the mother said, "Won't you sit down?"

The man followed the mother into the living room and sat down in a white satin-covered chair. He sat on the edge of the chair and folded his hands between his knees.

"Could I get you a drink?" the mother asked.

"No, no, Thank you," the man said. He straightened his shoulders and started talking. "Mrs. Davis your son has been throwing his balls into my garden. Now I've already spoken to the maid about it and she assured me that she would let you know. I've been throwing them back over the fence but. . . ."

"She did let me know and I told David about it but you see. . . ."

". . . just this morning I found two of the boy's balls in the flower bed and one of my geranium stems was broken off." Mr. Carl stopped talking and looked directly at the mother. His shoulders were very straight, his eyes very big, and he was breathing a little quickly. Mrs. Davis reached to her left and picked up a small brown shell cigarette case. She offered one to the man. Mr. Carl cocked his head and put up a restraining hand. The mother lit a cigarette and put the box back on the table.

"Well, I'm terribly sorry Mr. Carl," she said, "but I'm quite sure David doesn't throw the balls over the fence on purpose. You see he . . ."

"Whether the boy does it purposely or not I would appreciate it if you could make sure that it doesn't happen again."

"Oh yes, I will certainly," the mother said, "but you see David bounces the balls off the wall and sometimes they go over the fence and into your garden, but I'll tell him Mr. Carl. I'll certainly tell him."

"Well, please do," the man said. "Mrs. Carl and I take a lot of trouble keeping the garden growing. It's quite a job in the city even for a small garden and it's quite . . ."

"Well, I'll make sure it doesn't happen again and I'm terribly sorry, please excuse us to Mrs. Carl," the mother said.

The man rose and stood halfway turned towards the door hesitating and watching the mother to his left. Mrs. Davis got up and walked out in the hall. She stood watching the man with a pleasant half-smile on her face. The man followed her to the front door. He did not look at her but simply turned his head around a little. His glasses kept slipping off his nose.

"Well, goodnight, Mr. Carl," the mother said, "and please excuse David. I'll tell him about it tonight."

"Yes, good night," the man said.

The mother closed the front door and went back downstairs into the dining room. It was quite dark now and it had gotten a little cooler. The father and the son were still at the table. David was swinging his legs and half whistling and blowing a tune he couldn't remember having heard before.

"That was Mr. Carl," the mother said. "He complained about the balls in his garden." She stopped and looked at the boy who was still whistling a little.

"David, I'm talking to you," she said.

"Yes mama," the boy said.

"He's very angry because your balls are spoiling his flowers. This is the second time he's complained and I don't want it to happen again."

"I don't do it on purpose. They bounce off the wall," the boy said.

"I know, I know," the mother said, "but still that's no excuse. Can't you find another game or just play at the other end of the garden."

"Whenever he waters his garden, he wets all our garden," the boy said.

"That doesn't matter David," the mother said. "Next time it happens I'll forbid you to play in the garden at all."

"Okay," David said.

The colored maid came into the dining room with her hat on and carrying her handbag.

"I'm going now Mr. Davis," she said, "and if it's all right I'll be a little late in the morning."

"That's fine Elsie," the mother said. "Good night."

"Good night all," Elsie said.

"Good night, Elsie," David said.

The father rose from the table and went over to the garden door and locked it. The mother picked up her coffee cup and brought it upstairs with her. David went upstairs and into his parents' room. The lights in the room made it seem warm and happy. It faced the street and there was always wind coming in the window and moving the curtains about. The walls of the room were white and the light from the two bed lamps made them seem lighted also. There was a velvet chair in the far corner which was a dark, dull, and antique green. A brown screen with painted flowers and large birds on it concealed a steel filing cabinet next to a window. The screen had a

tear in it at the bottom. It was an old Japanese screen. The mother went into the bathroom and started running the bath water. David sat on her bed and bounced up and down a little. He heard the noise of the running water and it sounded like hushed voices in a very warm room. He felt sleepy and lay down on the bed. The father came over to him and picked him up. He carried the boy over to his mother. David kissed his mother a long time and she held him and smiled and almost laughed.

David's room faced the garden and the smell of the two giant hedge trees was so intense that it seemed to be the smell of air itself. The father sat in a small blue chair by the window and watched his son get undressed. He carried the boy in his grey pajamas over to bed and playfully dropped him on it. David smiled up at his father. He smiled a smile that could have been noiseless laughter.

"Good night Angel," the father said.

"Good night, Pops," David said.

The father turned the light off and closed the door gently. The room was a mixture of shadows. The two white curtains at each window blew back and forth. They looked like delicate wet-like gowns made of mist. The smell of the two giant hedges was all over the room. It was a smell of nature of something more unknown. It was a suggestive peacefully wierd smell. It seemed to be a living smell which seeped into the walls and into everything in the room. One might have imagined that there were fairy-like flowers growing on the floor.

Mr. Carl was in his garden the next afternoon. He had on a dark brown apron which looped around his neck and a pair of heavy black gloves. He was bent down over the flowers and the small shrubs and the ivy and seemed to be moving the earth around. Mr. Carl could smell the earth as he moved it and an intent and careful look came on his face. It was a small garden which had really been a small yard before earth had been put in along its sides. But now it was a very neat garden. There wasn't a leaf or speck of dirt on the concrete floor. A hose was rolled up tidily in a corner and a broom and rake stood next to it. There was a large white bag of fertilizer leaning against the door to the house. It had been opened and then squeezed shut again.

Mr. Carl heard David playing ball next door. He heard the ball hit the brick wall at the end of the garden. He heard it bounce off and hit the flagstone, then a little later he heard it hit again. He winced (although he wasn't aware of it) each time he heard the sound. But he crouched down and dug up the earth with a little red handled garden spade and cut off dead leaves and pulled the ivy higher up on the fence. Mr. Carl was a little embarrassed and a little angry. He didn't know exactly what to feel although he didn't realize that he felt anything. He kept digging up the dirt and lightly touching the flowers and the plants.

David hadn't thought of Mr. Carl at all. He stood first outside the house and aimed his ball at the far end of the garden. He aimed it between the two giant hedge trees and watched it bounce off and roll back towards him. He wound up each time a little like a baseball pitcher. Once he had thrown the ball and it had gotten stuck in the small twigs at the bottom of one of the giant hedges. He had gone over to it and walked back with his head down and rolling the ball in his hands. Then he had started all over again.

Now he threw the ball and it hit a branch of one of the giant hedge trees and bounded on the fence, rolled a little then fell over into Mr. Carl's garden. Mr. Carl had heard the ball hit queerly. He had stopped what he was doing and without knowing it had been surprised and had listened to it. Now he watched it bounce off the fence and fall a few feet to his right. He remained crouched and followed it with his eyes. The ball had fallen on a string of

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BURST OF BLOOM

by FRANCIS FIKE

Like when the unopened flower trembles with desire
To be afresh unlocked, to pour upon the summer air
Its distilled perfumes, to release its hidden fire
And shame the blushing sun with new-born glare,
So does the poet, in the surge of bloom within
Find mind and body trembling with the rush of power
The subtle Muse instills; and knowing it is sin
To withhold beauty, trembles like that flower,
Fearful lest the burst not meet the hour.

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ivy, and bounced on a small privet then brushed by a geranium whose flower looked a little bleached and then rolled out in circles on the concrete floor of the garden. It seemed like a light-hearted foot, stepping on the glasses of straight-backed gentlemen.

Mr. Carl climbed on a ladder and looked over the fence at David. There was a small smudge of dirt on his cheekbone. His hair looked very much like straw. David stood looking at him.

"Hasn't your mother told you not to play ball out here?" Mr. Carl said.

"Yes, Mister Carl," David said.

"Everytime one of your balls gets into my garden. Now I've told your mother twice and I'm going to tell Mr. Jones if it doesn't stop." Mr. Carl stopped and looked at David.

"Now go on in the house and don't play out here anymore. Do you understand?"

"Yes," David said.

Mr. Carl waited watching David. He had gotten a little red in the face and had taken hold of the top of the fence with his dirt-covered gloves. The loop of the apron around his neck had stuck on a nail in the fence and it tugged at him. His glasses had slipped far down on his nose. David went back into the house and Mr. Carl disappeared clumsily behind the fence.

David could see into Mr. Carl's garden from his window. He would sit on the white encasement of the radiator and looked from behind the curtains. Mr. Carl was always there. At night David looked and saw the man watering his garden. Mr. Carl kept the hose going for what seemed a very long time. The man was still there when David went to bed. In the afternoon David went out into the garden and listened close to the fence. He could hear Mr. Carl's clipping scissors or the scratching of the broom or the man swiftly walking around. David didn't quite understand what the man could have been doing. But Mr. Carl was always there and David didn't play in the garden anymore.

Once David had gone out into the garden and stood just outside the dining room door. Mr. Carl was up on his ladder clipping the ivy in one of the window boxes. He had surprised David.

"Now don't play ball here," the man had said.

David had wanted to tell him that he wasn't going to play ball, but had not known how or had time to do so. Mr. Carl had turned away from the boy and gone back to his work, then quickly looked back at him without saying a word. David had gone back into the house and waited with Elsie for dinner.

The mother led David by the hand into his room. She undressed him and helped him wash his face and hands and teeth then tucked him lightly and neatly in bed. She kissed the boy for a long time but hardly touching his cheek and she smoothed his hair.

"Good night Davey," the mother said.

"Good night mama," David said.

David fell asleep quickly. He slept quietly and gently. It seemed more like floating than sleep. He slept with a lightness that seemed unnatural. The sheets were hardly wrinkled and didn't move at all. The boy woke up as if he hadn't been asleep at all. There was no change. He rose from the bed and stood on the carpet in his bare feet. He opened the door and went down the stairs and into the kitchen. He opened a cupboard under the sink and took out a white bottle of ammonia and went out into the garden. He moved like a still wind. There was no moon but the night was clear. There seemed to be no air. There was nothing one might have been conscious of except for the smell of the two giant hedge trees. David climbed softly over the fence and dropped into Mr. Carl's garden. He walked around a little and looked about him. Then he crouched down near the flowers and ivy and shrubs and poured a little ammonia on each one. He poured some on the leaves and on the stems and into the earth where the plants grew.

David didn't see Mr. Carl for the next few days. He didn't even go out into the garden nor look from his window at the man. But at night he would go downstairs and climb over the fence into Mr. Carl's garden. He would hold the ammonia bottle and pour it very quietly over each plant.

It was a very hot summer evening. There was no wind and the heat seemed to hang over and surround everything. It seemed to be floating and breeding by its thickness. The smell of the two giant hedges was all over the side of the house facing the garden. The smell had also gotten thicker. It was swollen. Standing in the middle of the garden or in the dining room or in David's room one mightn't have been able to tell what exactly filled the air or if there was any air at all.

After dinner David went upstairs with his mother and father. He sat on the carpet in their room and listened while his father read to him. The mother lay on her bed and listened and thought.

The mother put her son to bed and kissed him as she always did. David fell asleep quickly.

The night had become windy with an unfamiliar sort of wind that is soft. It seemed as if space and

time had loosened. The heat had perhaps loosened into wind that seemed also to hang a little. The smell of the two giant hedges was just as strong but lighter, somewhat unburdened. The room was full of indefinite streaks of light. One couldn't tell whether the shadows moved or not.

David slept as he always did, floating a little. And he woke up without seeming to stop anything. He got up and went downstairs into the garden. He took hold of the branches of the giant hedge tree next to the fence and climbed over the fence into Mr. Carl's garden. He looked in his grey colorless pajamas, like a small mist. There was noise in the garden. The wind moved the branches and the leaves and the dust. It was a blending noise. The smell of the giant hedge trees seemed to envelope the noise and the whole night.

David crouched by the plants and flowers and poured the ammonia over each one. He poured some on the leaves and into the earth. He did it quickly and carefully and then climbed back over the fence.

The next morning Mr. Carl came out into his garden and gasped. He looked around him and then sat down on the steps leading into the house. The whole garden had turned a dull greenish-yellow. The ivy had fallen off the fence and the flowers of the geraniums drooped and nearly touched the ground. Mr. Carl sat on the steps and looked around him and adjusted his glasses which had fallen far down on his nose.

LIFE

by GEORGE GRUNE

The seed of life is only sown
Upon the vast and unwatered fields
Where men in toil are heard to moan
While striving to create abundant meals.

The seed attempts to grow, to thrive
Upon fertile and irrigated land
On which wretched animals half alive
Are cut to death by human hand.

The plant itself is cut to size
And half is cast away to blow
Where human ashes also lie
And more seeds are set to hoe.

It is sad that human hand can kill
At each bidding of the intellectual will.
It is sad, but it must be.

THE TINSEL LINE

by JOHN CARTER

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The Gospel According to Saint John, chapter 15, verse 13.

But what of the man who lays down his life for that which he hates; how great is his love? Or is it love or a meer extension of hate carried to a point where it escapes from under the will of its possessor and makes him its tool? Perhaps they are right who tell us that the line between love and hate is only a glistening thread of tinsel, ready to snap under the slightest strain.

RICHARD LOWELL, our host in this outpost of old Bohemia, had been sitting cross-legged on the carpet, indistinct through a curling blue haze blending from the smoke of our cigarettes and the incense burning in a small idol. He arose and ended *Madame Butterfly's* tenure on the phonograph, somewhere in the middle of the third act, and replaced it with Mozart's *Requiem*. Ours was a loquacious host, and this was his story, told against a background, pressing and throbbing, of the eerie soul-rending sounds of many voices, blended to speed some departed spirit over the barrier between Hell and Paradise.

"You remember, of course, the great circus fire in Hartford—summer of '44. I believe there were about a hundred and fifty deaths, and one of them was a midget—Willie Hill—a bitter, stunted halfman, ugly in mind and appearance. Willie Hill wasn't his original name; that was Abraham Hillman, but it was changed in time. His early childhood was uneventful —except that he didn't grow. He was born in Boston of respectable parents—jewelry business—and went to school in Roxbury. That's where it all started—the torment, the Hell. Perhaps you forget your days in the grades. Maybe you don't remember what little monsters you were, how you mercilessly taunted and teased those with physical or mental deformities, and how you were often brutally treated in the same manner and flew to the soft, warm refuge of your mothers' skirts. No—the years have softened the bitter-sweet memories of childhood—the anguish, the pathos have long since evaporated into a dreamy, drowsy mist, through which passes much more of the sunshine than of the rain.

"But little Abe Hillman couldn't forget; he had a constant reminder in his tiny, stunted body. As it was, he might have weathered it, but he had never had in his personality that honey of sweet, smiling submission. He displayed none of the conviviality that often made other distorted figures socially acceptable.

"At the age of fifteen he had completed nine years of school and was an inch over three feet tall. He had stopped growing. It was during the big splurge following the first World War, and there were opportunities for a sensitive, intelligent boy—in art, music, writing. The boy began to dream big dreams—look at Irving Berlin, the rising young song-writer. He was ugly—uglier than he—and wasn't very big either; he had found success, wealth, love. Yes, this weird, ludicrous, homely little manikin had been so bold as to believe that someday, some woman would take it into her head to love him! Why, boy, they just don't come that small—if a woman were to sit on your lap she'd smother you with one buttock—you audacious little mite! But hadn't his parents said he would grow—sure, 'eat your liver and drink your milk, you'll grow, Abie.'

"First stop—the land of opportunity, of milk and honey, of Segram's and Nedicks, of bright, flashing lights, of vice, sin, corruption, dirt—and of broken hearts, smashed dreams—New York. Yes, New York —and Greenwich Village and its rotten, dissolute, immoral baseness—and its genius. Friends, this kid learned fast, damned fast. He learned lots of things about people—how stinking lousy they can be—like the time he applied for a measly office boy job with one of the great, conservative morning papers. He had signed his name—big and strong as he had always been proud to sign it—and the man, he must have been a managing editor or something, the man looked at him and spat—spat right on the boy's shoes, 'Get the Hell out of here, you little bastard. I don't want any little kikes sneaking around in my office.'

The next Sunday this editor would go to church, and he would hear the priest or pastor talking about a Man—a Man who might have signed His name *Abe Hillman* had He been born two-thousand years later. Maybe the editor would pray to this Man to keep the sanctuary of his office free from this Man's race? Yes, the kid learned something—he learned to sign his name *Willie Hill*—scrawlingly, lightly, and ashamedly, for pride can die; it can be killed."

Richard, flushed by this display of passion, walked to the window and flicked his cigarette butt out into the rain. Just then, a flash of lightning illuminated his face: the intelligent intentness of his expression, his finely shaped features, his thinning black hair, combed carefully away from a high forehead, and, of course, the omnipresent bow-tie. He lit another cigarette, crossed his long, thin legs, and delicately descended to the carpet. The *Requiem* had reached a crescendo, but now was soft, lulling, but sad and mournful.

"The kid bounced around in the city for quite a while, trying to live on his talents which were not nearly as vast as he had imagined them. Finally, he was forced to succumb to what had been, at first, merely as the faint memory of a second-rate nightmare, but which, with each setback, became a more loathesome, terrible, and imminent fear. He accepted a job as midget with a cheap revue running in a dirty Village dive. It's hard to explain just how he felt—that first time on the stage—how choked with emotion, bitterness, and especially shame: shame for his own self, like a girl who takes a job with a burlesque show. What are her feelings as, blushing to the navel, she senses the hungry, lecherous eyes of the bestial audience creeping and pawing over her naked body? At night, its vile, lusty wolf-cries ring in her ears, and she awakes, wild-eyed and perspiring. But soon she becomes used to it; she even derives an animal pleasure in teasing the half-witted, debauched fools stretched out in front of her. She is their queen. So with Willie after a few performances, he acquired a bitter feeling of superiority over the cheap people that laughed at his stupid, obscene jokes. He saw them groveling, straining to catch his meaningless words, and he mocked them, playing hard-to-get with his voice.

"Then the show folded, and the kid—only he wasn't a kid any more; at seventeen, he had the voice, the expressions, the habits, and the experience of a man—then the man took the final step in irretrievably prostituting his pride. He hooked up with a Jersey City freak show; he was now a full-fledged freak! Then the road—Allentown, Trenton, Wilmington, the oddly rural-urban communities of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia—and fabled Charleston, sordid Savannah, Augusta, and westward through Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas—and a gust of western air sifted through the mountains and into Willie's heart, kindling the faint, lukewarm spark of hope that yet lay there into a flame, and he dreamt again of living as a man, toiling as a human rather than as a caged animal.

"He jumped the show in Fort Worth and hopped a freight to Los Angeles. Here was the new young country—fast, growing, stressing its fresh, rippling muscles to show all the world that it was here, and that all the world had better watch because it was going to do big things. Surely, if anyone had talents, the magic West could have found them, would have used them. Apparently, however, it did not overtax its powers of perception to discover the one talent of Willie's which it used—that he was more than a little below normal size. There were a few bit parts in Hollywood—mean midget roles, of course—then the circus offer: not an admirable occupation to be sure, but the spark had not long been quenched by rivers of adversity, and besides, one must eat.

"So a bitter, bewildered man left that winter for Sarasota, teeming with a growing frustrated hate potential, groping to find some great object upon which to manifest itself. Sure, there were individuals here and there, but nothing concrete, nothing lasting: no, nothing big and everlasting.

"Then the circus broke winter quarters, and they played up the Atlantic seaboard, in all sorts of cities and in the slums of almost every one—along the tracks and on their wrong side. And he saw them—great trooping herds of them, their scrawny limbs; begrimed faces; stupid, gaping mouths showing uneven rows of scraggly teeth: the future America—our hope and Mama's little darlings all. Spoiled, doted upon because they were strong and healthy and alike, and because they were capable of doing violence—physical or mental—to those who were different. At night he saw them—armies of them—tramping over his soul, and he writhed in anguish under their cruel, pricking footsteps. He saw them, night and day, with their open, dirty mouths sucking on candy, ice cream, or their vilely filthy fingers, gawking at him, pointing at him, and mocking him. He hated those stupid, bestial mouths; he wished to spit in them.

"So twenty years, and the great hate, with something to attach itself to and to grow on, had taken root and flourished. It flourished in Sarasota, Rich-

mond, Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Hartford. It flourished under the hot, July sixth, Connecticut sun—the sun that drew the great stench of sweat out of the ten thousand human beings that packed into the huge tent, watching the show, and that swarmed over the grounds, looking at the freaks and animals—of which Willie Hill and Gargantua were two."

There was a pause as the phonograph arm swung back, and the last record of the album dropped into place. The voices were swelling into a last great crescendo. Rita sighed and rolled over on Richard's bed. Her long, coppery-gold hair, like a lowering sunset, tumbled over onto pale, blue-netted eyelids and rouged cheeks and lips. She was asleep.

"Rarely, maybe once or twice a year, Willie would avail himself of the few minutes between his side show appearances—the cigar puffing, the idiotic jokes intended to amuse on the animal intelligence level of a six-year-old to steal into the big tent and just wander around, looking at the show and the people and absorbing a bitter, sardonic acidity of soul, which his being craved, from the witnessing of the absurdity and the vanity of the whole thing. It so happened this day, during the afternoon show. Alfred Court, the trainer, was herding his covey of quadrupeds—lions, tigers, leopards—through the runs that led to their cages in the menagerie, and, etched in black against the rich gold of sunlight glowing through the great canvas top, the flying Wallendas were adjusting the props for their high-wire act.

"The last animal disappeared, and Willie stood, transfixed, curiously watching a tiny wisp of flame that was creeping up the sidewall, near the entrance. It seemed so out of place, and yet, strangely, so in keeping with the hot, arid orangeness of the afternoon. Suddenly it exploded into a surging geyser of fire racing to the top, forty feet overhead, then climbing obliquely upward toward the pinnacle. The very explosiveness of the thing seemed to invade every heart simultaneously, and a great roar went up from every throat, like the ovation for one of the big acts—only this was *the* big act. Like tumbling grains of sand that ominously presage a coming landslide, live bodies started dropping from the stands—seconds later the avalanche had started. The flames raced overhead toward the back of the tent, lapping down with great, hissing tongues at the hordes fleeing before them. Huge fragments of the burning top, like blazing curtains of Hell, tore loose and fell onto the crowds below enveloping two or three hundred at once. Many were able to struggle free; others perished, as the hungry heat seared the flesh from their bones. And, as a background to it all was the combined chattering, bellowing, and trumpeting of the several hundred frightened animals from their cages outside the tent—that and the shrieking of dying people and the roaring of the conflagration.

"The metal caged run by which the animals had left formed a barrier across a good part of the tent. Many, running blindly, crashed into it, spilling their brains onto the ground. A pregnant woman was among those that tried to climb it; she never made it—fainting, she slumped back and was crushed and mutiliated under the stampede of sharp, heavy footsteps, like the hoofbeats of a herd of buffaloes run amuck.

"Willie had just stood and watched, dazzled, till the flames were nearly overhead, then glanced, wild-eyed, about him. A woman was sitting nearby in the almost deserted stands, weeping hysterically, and the midget bolted toward her and leaped onto her lap, croaking, 'Help! Help!' in his coarse, choked voice. She embraced the small body, crying softly, 'Tommy, Tommy'; then raised her reddened eyes to his face—that face, so glutted with ugliness, with wrinkled-parchment skin, misshapen nose, heavy, dirty-black beard, and thinned hair exposing a yellowed scalp, and she smelled his foul, putrid breath, reeking of cheap cigars, cheap whiskey, and an abused stomach,

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F. W. N.

by TED MORSE

Footsteps down a long hall.
Footsteps over dusty memory.
Broken glass and a paper flower
On the path that leads back.
Take me where the wind is high
Covering glass with a cleansing
Sand, and sweeping petals to a scentless heap.
Yes, take me where the wind is high
Burying life and memory beneath a senseless time.

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and she screamed and threw him to the ground, and a fiery staff, a tent-pole, fell and clove her skull. Willie wondered at the redness of brain framed by yellow, peroxided hair, then ran before the blaze.

"Here was a pallid-faced nun, helplessly fingering her rosary and muttering soundless i n t o n a t i o n s through constricted purple lips, as several whimpering, poorly-clad children clung to her raven skirts. A portion of the fevered ceiling descended, and Willie remembered the smell when his mother had burned a roast. And over there was a mass of blazing canvas, straw, and manure—it was the ring where the elephants had performed—and in the midst of it all lay a child. Clearly, very clearly, Willie saw the dirty hands and face, the uneven teeth, but the mouth was not limply gaping; it was taut, twisting, writhing, screaming—and the body was twisting, writhing. He rushed through the flames and seized the child in the straw. He strained as he dragged on its dead weight and was only vaguely aware of the great heat. So incidentally it seemed, as if it hardly mattered, he smelled the loathsome stench of burning wool, and he looked down. His clothes were gone, and where his body hair had been, only blackened, smoldering patches remained. But still he strained, as the skin of his legs cracked free from the flesh, curled, then shrivelled into nothing, and great drops of sweat rolled down from his face and shoulders, basting his torso. With one last effort, he tugged the body from the fire, stared at it with sightless eyes, and crumpled to the ground, dead. Later, they showed the two small, distorted bodies, reverently covered with a sheet, to a pale, thin, disheveled woman. 'They're mine, they're mine,' she piped in a thin, cracking voice, 'my Freddie and my Abie.' The woman was delirious—her Abie had died six years before."

The last wailing of the *Requiem* had died away, and Richard removed the record.

'TIL MORNING LIGHT

by TED MORSE

The hall is long and dark is the night
That glides like a soul until my sight
Can know the eyes that gleam and say
The light is not yet on its way
To birth
The hours long, the minutes slow
The hand can't move and we must know
How fixed in transient state we sin
Like silken moths upon a pin
Of despair
Could I but move and lift my head
And turn to face what other's dread
Would then I feel a sterner hand
Upon the fevered brow of man
In death
Night death leaves with morning light
And earthly clay is ever bright
With remnants of a living thought
Forged with burning metal wrought
Of hope

ECCE HOMO

by JOHN CARTER

Behold the man:
Writhing forms leering in through bloodshot eyes
Belching down huge gulps of smoke dyeing red the roof of the mouth
Tottering
Sustained only by the lust for flesh

Watch the species originate, as with each drink the veins stand out farther on the forehead.
It was born in woman's pain
Raised with a father's drudgery
    Toil
    Sweat
    Bleed
    Sacrifice
    Cry out
For such is the law of the species—Reproduce in kind
And wait, wait for the happy mutation that advances.

(One, two, three, four stools down is the prostitute
Business is bad—supply and demand—drink up drink down the profits)

My father was a poet
My mother was a queen
The old gal died in childbirth
The old man's a machine

Original sin? Yes. The unforgiveable sin was being born
When three lives dripped away into the kitchen sink.

You can weep
  You can wail
    You can cry your goddam eyes out
i am of the lost

"Scotch and water for the young lady."

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

by MILO MAGAW

THE CORN was a thing of great beauty with him, he having had occasion to look at it under the softness of the moon at night returning from work, and in the afternoon going to work under the sun and the expansive white clouds stretched across the rolling hills to the dark rain clouds on the horizon. It was quiet and montonous in the day, peaceful and stalwart in symmetrical perfection. And at night he drove through it catching its faint sweet smell and waited until he might coast down into the valley where the heat was more oppressive and the air pregnant with moisture, the heat lightning flashing, illuminating the dark green sea of it, his sight, smell and feeling in its medium, his senses mixed into one mystic sensation of its power and beauty.

He scarcely knew what the sensation really was—maybe something like Wordsworth's romanticism or Melville's love for the expansive seas. He only knew that whenever the rain had stopped and the sun had come out, he threw down his book and said to his brother, "Let's take a drive." Then they drove out into the glistening corn, the younger brother having said, "This is a pretty road"; the older brother smiling half whimsically, half seriously. Then the younger talked nonsense—"This is a pretty road," and the older taking up the simplicity and humor of the words said, 'This is a pretty road," looking whistfully over the tassels. Then the younger, "Why is this a pretty road?" and the older, "I don't know; it's just a pretty road. There are the trees and the corn and the river. It's just a pretty road."

When the younger one had been quite small, he had wanted to get very close to the river, even get under the limbs of the trees that hung over the water over on the island. It must be mysterious there. So he had bailed out the old leaky row boat no one ever used. There weren't any oars. He just took a wide board. The Moose, that was the old man, used a wider board on him afterwards.

That was all long ago. Even driving through the corn with his brother seemed like a long time ago now. But he would be going back before long, back to that old castle some millionaire built up on the river bluff in the days when capitalism was going wild. Back to the quietude of the place where he would pull the burrs out of the hair of the collie and lead the old, worn out horse in from the pasture and watch it drink a bucket or pail, whatever the thing was, full of water; there he would be with the sun on his back, his eyes gazing up the river and his ears tuned to the splashing of the spawning carp down below over in the shallows, the hum of some tractor churning up the black soil mingled with the droning of the bugs. No books, no nothing. None of Toynbee's challenges and societies; no more of Darwin's one-toed horses; no Einstein's EmC^2; nothing, nothing but pure quietude and beauty.

The people would be simple too. It didn't make any difference if they were Republicans. McCormick's *Chicago Daily Tribune* would at least give the correct baseball scores. He could take their political conversation too. He would be a beautiful guest, the perfect liar. It would be easy while stuffing Swiss steak and strawberry shortcake away. She at least knew how to cook.

Then if the elder man became too much, he could always leave. That was the beautiful part about it. He didn't have to stay. He could go on out across the plains, across the Rockies, out to one of those nameless silent plateaus in Washington. There would be a horse there. He and the horse could drift out across the stretches, fade into the valleys and hills like the dusk fades into the night. He would let himself go all the way this time; it didn't make any difference anymore; silhouetted against the sky in the dusk; vanishing into the mountains with the darkness; rest; sleep; mutation.

He needn't worry—the north winds would come and resuscitate him, jolt him into reality, drive him southward and across the continent, back to be civilized and cultured and educated again—a whole host of new problems with no answers, frantic searching and studying, cursing and praying, boasting, bustling civilization, universal wisdom—and confusion.

WE PIPED, AND YE DID NOT DANCE . . . .

by TED STEWART

EACH quick step added to his determination. He was going away; a tangled Gordian knot of time had in a sudden second fallen apart and clear reality added haste to his departure. Fleeing? Perhaps. But what does a man fly from: his scabby soul unbared before his unbelieving eyes? the awareness of waste, of wasted motion, wasted thought, wasted love? a realization of manhood trickling, floating ephemerally from his grasp as smoke diffuses itself within a room to choke, to stifle, to hide? The sharp incisive pain of ending is sometimes lost to senses deadened by a never ending throb.

O clean joy of beginning! An ocean of emotion relentlessly sucked back and crashed again with immense force upon the narrow peninsula of his resolution. It was November, a wintry November 21. His breath streamed out white behind him a silent mockery of the trails left by swift vehicles hung on heaven's pendulum; yet, is all swiftness born only to the race of miles per hour?

A pale courage comforted him: had he not recognized his identity commingled, confused, absorbed, and lost? Now was he not hammering the fatal stake toward this vague vampire's heart? Pity's tears, indistinguishable from their wind-born sisters, flowed in benediction. Eleven years of love were now at end. Eleven years of repetitive love; of passionate docility; of trembling and tears and laughter and sleep. How many days did it total? His mind numbed by sudden action and cold could not respond the answer. How many twenty-four hour slices of love abed, love across the breakfast table, love on Sunday afternoon with the shades pulled down, love on deserted summer evening beaches, and later, love after the children were asleep, had he been part-instigator, part-partner, part-beast in? Love, love, love, the swirling, medmeric maelstrom flicking us downward to dark, senile oblivion.

The train's swaying as it crossed a switch awakened him. He looked about the dimly lighted car at people wretchedly sleeping in their seats. An occasional puff of smoke marked a whispered conversation. A loneliness walled him in shell-like. He shivered; then, wiping the steamy window, surveyed the darkness for many hours.

It was Monday. A fickle, woodsmoke sky held snowflakes to her bosom in a lover's clasp; soon, however, she would tire of them and cast them away as frozen tears. In every yard sturdy women labored behind high board fences with the freezing family wash. Occasionally they relieved the tedium by shouting little puff balls of speech to one another, cursing always—silently or otherwise—the omnipresent cold.

. . . . . .

"It certainly is a god-forsaken shame," puffed Mrs. Caudle, who was nearing the bottom of her second basket.

"What? What's that?" Mrs. Myering took the clothespin from her mouth and moved closer to the fence.

"I said that it certainly was a shame," repeated Mrs. Caudle, "About poor Louise Rogers; her husband running off like he did." Both pressed against the fence, thankful of a momentary lull in the wind.

"How long has it been now?" Mrs. Myering thrust her reddening hands into the pockets of her jacket.

"A little over two months if I remember right. What a vile thing he turned out to be, leaving a wife and two children practically penniless, and in the dead of winter at that! Why, if I'd had to pick the most devoted couple in this town six months ago, I'd have said without thinking that they were. It must have been some woman for him to have gone off so suddenlike. Sometimes I wonder what kind of men are left in the world today."

"I know, I know. Just the other night I was telling John that we should do something about it but he didn't seem upset or anxious to help at all. I called her pastor right after it happened and he said that he'd try to get some community relief, but even that's not much. Do you know what she's doing? She's working nights at Caster's Drug Store so she can leave her baby with Sharon after Sharon gets in from school. I was talking to her the other afternoon when I took over some rolls, and she's thinking of leaving!" Mrs. Myering paused to let the import of the statement register while she looked enviously at Mrs. Caudle's nearly finished wash.

"Where in the world would she go this time of year?" Mrs. Caudle was becoming impatient. Mrs. Myering sensed it.

"She said something about a friend owning a jew-

elry shop somewhere down South. I actually don't blame her, though. Could you live in a house like that?" A shutter slapped a house across the street viciously, a gate creaked, and by mutual assent both hastily turned away.

. . . . . .

"Lord, I thought lunch time was never coming. Let's go eat, Jim." Andy picked up his dinner bucket and moved toward the shed entrance.

"Where are you going?" Jim was hesitant for he had been on the packing crew less than two weeks.

"Hell man! Spring only comes once a year and I intend to make the most of it. We'll eat outside where any man in his right mind would on a day like this. That sunshine'll make those weary bones of yours perk up." He was sorry he ended it up that way, but, what the hell, Jim didn't even notice it.

"Sure, wait till I remember where I put my thermos."

Walking through the wide shed doors, they were pleasantly blinded by an April sun. It had warmed the concrete loading yard which radiated a pleasant, suffuse warmth. An exhilarating sense of freedom washed through them both as they realized they were freed from the duties of the mill for 40 minutes. Turning aside at the edge of the shed, they seated themselves on some boards laying on cinder block supports.

"When did they put this up?" Jim asked. "I can't remember seeing it around before."

"We put it up every Spring and Whitey and his crew get a cleaning bug every fall around contract time and take it down. It's been going on like that for years."

Facing the road they looked upon, and were stared at in turn, by people fortunate enough to drive home to lunch. They ate their lunch in near-silence, Andy obviously enjoying his food. He filled the top of his thermos with coffee and set it aside to cool.

"Care for a cigarette, Jim?" Andy extended the pack.

"No thanks," though he had never smoked, feeling some explanation was necessary, "I quit a couple of months ago."

"Jeez, I wish I could. Guess I really haven't got the guts to; matter of fact, I reckon it's because I can't think of too many reasons for quitting. Still I wish I could. Tell me something, Jim: Am I all wrong in guessing that you haven't done work like this before?"

"If you mean packing those bottles, no. You know how long I've been here. I was working over on printing before they wanted me to come here."

"You're sorta missing what I mean. I was at the union meeting when you joined about four months ago. What I meant was that you hadn't done this kind of work before that. What did you do, or am I getting too nosey?"

"I'd tell you if you were, Andy." He was pleased to talk for just a little for it seemed that all the other men were wrapped up in some personal, intangible cloak. "I was a bank teller before I came here. I worked my way up to second teller, but it took me fourteen years."

"Christ, I'd be damned if I'd quit something like that for this. I keep on seeing bottles, bottles, bottles until I want to blow my stack. I reckon a job like that could get tiring though, hearing people bitch all day long. Yet, I think it would be mighty hard to get me to complain about a job where you handled money. I've sorta developed a love for the stuff myself."

SONNET

by JOHN CARTER

When I, dejected, weep into my wine,
And clouded tears defile its saffron glow—
In bitter blood the seeds of sorrow sow—
It's then, my Queen, I wish you ever mine.
Ye massing starlings, O eternal sign
Of fall, I'll follow you, though not to go
Midst hyacinths, through realms of life aglow,
But conscience-chilled, to stony tombs malign.
You, goddess, make the senile winter warm
To lust again, and drown his priestly vow
In burning beds of spring. The seasons swarm
Contending for the touch that you endow.

But this was in the past: another you
Is nigh to free me from the old you's due.

"You would probably get as tired of a teller's job as this one. They're both work and both monotonous. Now you tell me something, Andy: Are you married?"

"Am I married, the man asks! Christ. I've got three of the damndest little brats you've ever seen. Johnny's the only one old enough to go to school but the other two can keep the Old Lady busy. I thought you knew I was married?" Andy waved as the city bus passed. "That's my brother-in-law driving. He's a smart one. Sometime soon we're going to go into business for ourselves. We haven't decided exactly what yet, maybe a garage. but neither of us favor this crap of working for someone else all the time. Well, what about my being married?" He sipped his coffee.

"Nothing actually. I more or less wanted to know a couple of things. Don't you ever get tired doing the same thing over and over again, like working here only on a family scale? Didn't you ever wish that you could just throw it all down and walk away from it?"

"Hell, I haven't ever had time to stop and think about it. When I get up I have to go to work and when I go home May's dreamed up more things than three men could do, or I have to run somewhere to pick up something she forgot for supper, or one of the kids banged himself and I have to play everlovin' poppa. I can't see where that would leave room for getting bored. After all, having a family is a responsibility this day and time, but those kids are worth it." He poured the remainder of the coffee into his cup, stoppered his thermos, and grinned. "I guess you really couldn't appreciate it until you've gone through it. I diapered their little fannies many a time, and if you think that's boring you ought to try it some time."

"You're probably right about that part of it, but what about your wife. Don't you ever get tired of seeing the same woman day in and day out. It would seem to me it would get on your nerves after a while."

"Same woman? Man, it's easy to see you ain't ever been married. Christ! One day she gets breakfast in her bathrobe and looks like six of the devil's playmates and a couple of days later she'll beat me up and you'd think the Queen of Sheba was serving that meal. A man doesn't marry a woman, he latches onto about five dozen of the damndest personalities you ever saw. You can't say the same thing twice and please'em; one day they like it and the next they'll yell like all get-out about the same thing. I haven't figured that woman of mine out yet and I wouldn't take bets that I ever will. Jim, you're a case. You oughta be married and find out what it's like. There's one thing for sure, nobody's made anything in the hot water bottle line that'll keep you half as happy in the winter time." He threw the rest of the coffee out and lit another cigarette. "We'd better be getting in, Jim, those other guys'll want some dinner too."

Somehow cooking his own supper seemed wrong. He sat down but couldn't eat. He got up and walked to the street window in the other room. People, people, people walking, running, loving, dying. Ever since he and Andy had talked at noon he had felt uneasy. Why? Louise, Sharon, Bobby, how long had it been? A barren, dream-like desertedness of the two rooms forced him deeper into melancholia. A self-effacing nostalgia waved its colorful imprint full blown. Was his leaving the true decision or was this moment a mirror to his face that God provided for men, such as he, who run from a seemingly impossible situation?

"O dear God, my very dear God . . ." The prayer eluded him, ". . . what right have I, Dear Lord, to ask you for assistance? What can make sense and order from all the time of my life? What, Lord, have I done to be so insignificant, so alone? Why was I born with all the incompleteness of birth: the lack of understanding, of permanence, bearing upon these too-weak shoulders of mine? Why, Lord, am I so alone now with tears, unbefitting a man, being freed. Dear God, can any man regain what is lost? Can any man reach back into his memory and say: 'I won't make this mistake' and by that take each step back to your punishment for blind groping? I'm blind, O Lord, I'm blind and in my blindness I run to each tinsel-spot of light that punctures the periphery of my vision. Can I be punished for searching? Am I destined to suffocate and die in a sea of loneliness and be cast and tossed by a bitter tide until nothing of me remains? How, Lord, may I stop this accelerating race down a navenue that must at some unreckoned moment precipitate me into nothingness? How, how, may I regain competent manhood? What must I do to look once more into a mirror and smile a real smile and be proud and assured? How can I say again: 'I am strong, I am real', and know it is not an assuaging fiction of my mind?"

I can see it, the decision is at the fulcrum point; now the lever shall follow me and I shall not be able to rescind any action or expiate myself from an unwise thought. For months I have lived a lonely fool: deserted for I had run away, lost because I found a tangent path, weak for I had deserted myself titanic. This shall be my rebirth: I am the Fool to become a Man.

How swiftly we can return to a slow-departed point, or have the hours more significance when we look upon them as a link to an increasingly bright vista? The train ride, cushioned by his thoughts, was a smooth flight.

"Taxi, mister?" The town had not changed other than to bathe itself in March waters and pull on a spring dress.

Why, yes. 1017 Rawlings, please." The streets offered neither acceptance nor rejection. They existed for all emotions to speed upon, dramatic recognition being immolated to service.

"That will be all, thank you." As the cab left he picked up his bags and walked quickly to the doorway.

He could hear the chime sound twice in the dining room. He rang again, and waited.

THE SQUIRREL

by THOMAS JORDAN

Squirrel, don't hesitate
Don't wait and falter, confused—scamper now!
Go on, I see you, I will wait;
The other driver also saw him in the road, too late.
Thick rubber-treaded wheel of fate.

GOTHIC TWILIGHT

by THOMAS JORDAN

Behind the hunched grotesque a turquoise rift
Separates the dark clouds from the dark.
Three stars, a trident of the heavens, suspend in it
Three steady points of light,
Their feeble rays penetrate from infinity the branches of the pine
And the lead-bound panes and the dusk of the room
Even to my eye.

From my dark, twilit corner
I peer out through this window of the universe.
I see three points of light.

The gargoyle knows these three as well
When his throat is choked with rain
As when the oval moon reveals the chisled features
Of that ancient drain.
But I know not so well, nor understand as he.
Rock is but rock, cold stone is stone
And carved or chipped or chisled
Still must earth remain.
I too am earth, shaped by hands, like he
And his crouched friend upon the roof.

But now beyond that ugly silhouette
Gray darkness knows the turquoise
The unfelt wind that piles up those clouds
Obscures glimpsed wonder with the colorless monotony,
And wraps brief insight in muffling cloak of deeper thought.

Cinema

by BUCK ROBERTS

THROUGH THE YEARS

I AM WHAT is commonly called a "movie hound." I go whenever the doors open, live through every moment of the picture, and come out thinking about the scenes long after many have forgotten. Since I have been from the age of four such an avid fan, and since I am finishing a phase of my life here at school in which motion pictures have given me many pleasurable moments, I would like to review some memorable pictures and performers. Possibly from my recalling these memories, I may remind you of a similar experience, and together we may share the same opinion of the true cinema greats. But whether we agree or not, here are my views of motion pictures as one small spectator in an audience that encompasses millions.

I start with the year 1934 for a definite reason. No list of experiences would be complete without mentioning the memorable comedy that won for itself, its director, and its two leading stars an Academy Award each. The picture was *It Happened One Night,* the director was Frank Capra, and the stars, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. At the time the picture was made, Frank Capra was an unknown director, Claudette Colbert was definitely on her way out as a star in Hollywood, and Clark Gable complained and complained about being cast in such a role. Ironically, the picture brought all three lasting fame, and remains a classic among romantic comedies. I also start with the year 1934 because it brought to the foreground one of the screen's truly great actresses. Bette Davis started her long line of unforgettable dramatic portrayals as the tragic little prostitute, Mildred, in *Of Human Bondage.* Since then, she has skillfully played everything from Queen Elizabeth and Jezabel to her "Tallulah Bankheadish" role in *All About Eve.*

1935 was unforgettable because it was in that year I saw *Mutiny on the Bounty,* and though I was only five at the time, and though I have never seen it again, its impact remains very vivid. Charles Laughton as the sadistic Captain Blye was superb. Laughton did other wonderful things during that time such as *Les Miserables* and *Henry VIII,* but poor man! everything he has done since, though rich in characterization, has been marred by "hammy tendencies."

1936 brought forth *A Tale of Two Cities,* another movie which has left an indelible impression. Ronald Coleman has never surpassed his role as Sydney Carton, nor have motion pictures ever created a more poignant scene than the final guillotine scene in which Sydney Carton and the little seamstress go hand in hand to the execution. Also, this same year gave to the cinema an unknown little Viennese actress by the name of Luise Rainer. Miss Rainer had the particular distinction of winning an Academy Award almost on the merits of a single scene —the one in *The Great Zeigfeld* in which she tearfully over the telephone says goodbye to her husband Zeigfeld as he leaves on his honeymoon with his second wife, Billie Burke.

Two very memorable performances I recall from 1937. There was Spencer Tracy, who has never done better acting than as the simple fisherman in *Captain Courageous,* and there was Garbo as *Camille.* This was possibly her greatest role; and though she has not made a movie since 1941, she is still a legend. And not to be omitted is the picture, *Lost Horizon* by the incomparable director Frank Capra. No one who saw that picture can forget the sublimity and peace that was the Tibetian retreat of Shangri-La, nor the two hundred year old High Lama, nor the little Chinese girl who turned into an old woman when taken from Shangri-La back to civilization.

You Can't Take It With You from the Broadway hit of the same title was a riot the next year. It boasted Jean Arthur, James Stewart, and Lionel Barrymore at their best comedy. The year's extravanganza was *Marie Antoinette,* which starred the very regal Norma Shearer and cost an "unheard-of" price of $2,500,000. The year's best acting was contributed by Margaret Sullavan in a now forgotten picture called *Three Comrades.* It is a pity that Miss Sullavan has since ruined her career by persistently keeping off the screen.

In 1939, Paul Muni played the Mexican revolutionist Juarez in the picture of the same name. As in his other great biographical roles of Louis Pasteur and Emile Zola, Mr. Muni portrayed the character to historical perfection, spending months on detailed research. Along with Laughton, he has never again achieved anything to rank with these early performances if his role in *A Song to Remember,* the life of Chopin (1945), is any indication.

Wuthering Heights was presented that year, and to me it was the greatest love story ever filmed. The acting of Lawrence Olivier, Merle

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Oberon, and Geraldine Fitzgerald, the musical score, and the photography were all beautiful, and most of all, the direction of William Wyler made the picture so unforgettable. Mr. Wyler demanded such perfection and made so many re-takes of scenes that poor Lawrence Olivier wondered upon the picture's completion whether or not he could act at all!

A whole book could be written on the merits of *Gone With the Wind*, but in such limited space I will say that it is the greatest motion picture ever filmed. I thrill to it even now, to the performances of Vivian Leigh, Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, and Hattie McDaniel, after having seen it six times. My only regret is that I wish the sheer power that director Victor Fleming caught in the first half could have been sustained in the second half, but possibly this was as much the novel's fault as the motion picture's. One thing is evident; as long as the picture depicted the dying South, it was magnificient; when it focused on the private life of Scarlett and Rhett, it lost much of its power.

The things that were truly memorable about 1940 were *Rebecca* and *The Great Dictator*. In regard to *Rebecca,* which gave Joan Fontaine her biggest chance, Alfred Hitchcock was at his suspenseful best with this one exception, nothing he has directed in America compares with his British-made *The Thirty-Nine Steps* or *The Lady Vanishes*. Charlie Chaplin made cinema history with *The Great Dictator,* playing the role of the little barber who is mistakenly identified as Adolf Hitler. Chaplain belongs in the legendary ranks with Garbo, and it is very gratifying to hear that he is now making another movie.

One postscript should be added to 1940. Supporting performances were kept on a high plane in Walter Brennen's third Academy Award role as the outlaw judge in *The Westerner,* and Jane Darwell's touching performance as one of the

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Oakies in John Ford's realistic version of *The Grapes of Wrath.*

1941 was significant in that "Wonder Boy" Orsen Welles, who has not always lived up to his boastings, hit the artistic "jack-pot" with *Citizen Kane,* and was thus presented with a special award, a "pint-sized" Oscar.

During the war years, there were many memorable war pictures. I recall *Mrs. Miniver, Casablanca,* and *Watch on the Rhine,* to be three of the best. It was during these years that Hollywood lost Carole Lombard and Leslie Howard, two stars who can never be replaced. The highest tribute ever paid to Carole Lombard was made by John Barrymore who said that no one ever stole a picture from her. And for Leslie Howard, it may be said that he always gave integrity to his profession whether playing drama as in *The Petrified Forest* or comedy as in *Pygmalion.*

It was also during these critical years that I remember what a dandy performance James Cagney gave as George M. Cohan in *Yankee Doodle Dandy,* what a thoroughly detestable dame Barbara Stanwyck played in *Double Indemnity,* and what an intensely dramatic part Ingrid Bergman had in *Gaslight.*

It was at this time that I lived through every moment of the politically significant picture, *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* This Ernest Hemingway epic of the Spanish Civil War was over-long in places, but the blowing of the bridge sequence at the end was the most climatic scene I have ever seen.

I cannot pass by these years without mentioning Bing Crosby, who, along with Clark Gable and Judy Garland, is possibly the biggest name motion pictures has produced, and his most successful movie, *Going My Way.* His and Barry Fitzgerald's roles were so rich in characterization, and the direction of Leo McCarey, so inspired, that the picture had a wonderful, heart-warming, spiritual appeal.



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1945 brought an end to the war and two acting memories. Joan Crawford, who had for twenty years been a star and who had just two years before been considered "washed up" in Hollywood, returned to the screen and gave her very best performance as the long-suffering mother in *Mildred Pierce*. The same year Ray Milland played with stark realism the role of the alcoholic in *The Lost Weekend*. Following in the line set a few years before by *The Grapes of Wrath, The Lost Weekend* emphasized the developing trend toward social message pictures.

In this same tradition, *The Best Years of Our Lives* continued the socially significant picture in 1946 depicting the problems of veterans' readjustment to civilian life. It was directed by William Wyler, and was the finest picture of that year. Also, I mention the picture *The Razor's Edge*. Though it received both favorable and unfavorable comments, still it remains one of my favorites. It had such a beautiful theme—the search of a young man for spiritual truth.

1947 was not a very distinguished year. There was a continuation of the social message picture in *Gentleman's Agreement*, an exposé of anti-Semitism in the United States, but the most remembered event was the British-made version of Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*.

In 1948, Lawrence Olivier presented his interpretation of *Hamlet*. Some argued with his interpretation of the Shakesperian tragedy; I agree with many that it was a faithful and splendid translation. I disagree that it was the best picture of the year. My vote went to *The Treasure of Sierre Madre*, John Huston's tale of greed among mining prospectors in Mexico.

Without doubt, the best acting of the year was done by Olivia de Havilland as the asylum inmate in *The Snake Pit*. Her characterization of an insane woman was not the traditional type of one groping about in darkness, but rather of a person

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blinded by too much light. Her scenes while taking shock treatments, while being put under the narco-synthesis drug or being relaxed in the tub wards, were enough to shock any one out of their complacency about mental illness.

All the King's Men, the biography, in fact if not in name, of the rise and fall of Huey Long, was the most memorable picture of 1949, as were the performances of Kirk Douglas in *Champion,* Ralph Richardson and Olivia de Havilland in *The Heiress,* and Gene Kelly in that wonderful musical *On The Town.*

1950 was a very unusual year in that it brought out of a fifteen-year obscurity the silent screen star Gloria Swanson, who, from the moment she appeared in dark glasses until she walked down the stairs at the end as Salome, was magnificent in *Sunset Boulevard.* Billy Wilder directed the picture, and for my money he and William Wyler, Elia Kazan, Frank Capra, George Stevens, John Houston and John Ford (not judging his recent work) are the best directors in the business. And don't let me forget in 1950 Judy Holiday in *Born Yesterday,* who did the best job of comedy I have ever seen.

Though I have not seen all the big movies made this past year, I cannot forget Jane Wyman in *The Blue Veil,* Marlon Brando and Vivian Leigh in *A Streetcar Named Desire, Detective Story* or *A Place in the Sun.* You can say what you want about how excellent Shelley Winters and Montgomery Clift were in this last picture. In my estimation, George Stevens, the director, was the star, for from start to finish he made the pictorial translation of the novei everything Theodore Dreiser intended it to be.

Well, this brings me to the present in my fondest memories of motion pictures through the past eighteen years. As I look forward though to seeing such movies as *Quo Vadis, African Queen, Death of a Salesman,* and *Sister Carrie,* I realize my memories have only begun.

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UNIFORM FOR PARADE

by WILLIAM MICHAUX

Only the bugle sounds; only the flag
Is moving, as our mustered, ranked attention
Combines us in our comradeship-at-arms—
Unity poised between two enmities.

Civilian enmity, which dissipated
Self-singleness in cross-negotiations,
We have forsaken, gained the brotherhood
Peculiar to all men who thus are held
In the high moment of our readiness.

Let the eyes-right, that waits upon the loosing
Of utmost wrath, confirm our new consensus.
Soon crossfire will corrode this unity:
Bugle and flag will yield to noise and smoke.
(At "Ready—front!" we turn to face again
Townspeople scattered, standing watching us.)
Pride is enough for now—without foreseeing
Ourselves long afterwards, reduced from battle
To primal civil enmity again—
Whence, recollecting, we shall, man to man,
Regenerate the gusto for parades.

ROCKING

by BETTIE ANNE YOUNG

The withered husks are clinging to the stalk,
As shriveled women cling to faded dreams.
And I am frightened, trembling, as I walk,
Now tripping over Times unraveled seams.
For all is age and death and no light gleams
To conquer shadows of my weary soul—
The spreading shadows of my weary soul.

I did not wish to grow so old, and now
I hate to smell the stench of aging flesh,
To watch the netlike wrinkles crease my brow,
The brow once smoothly white and youngly fresh.
I want to rip away the tightened mesh
Of years, and taste the bitter tang of youth—
The aching sharpness of my painful youth.

When I was young my eyes were opened wide
In awe at God and vastness of the earth;
But now they focus on the dark inside
My narrow, squeamish world devoid of mirth.
For all my soul is dullness, numbness, dearth,
Confined to rocking, shrunken, in a chair—
To narrow, endless rocking in my chair.

ALONE

by BETTIE ANNE YOUNG

I wish that I were God as here
I stand and watch the souls slip by,
Alone, afraid, and stumbling on
The beasts of squirming, sniveling self.
With measly human sympathy
I lay my hand upon their sleeves.
But they, with insight born of pain,
Shriek out that I am weak like them—
That God is very far away.



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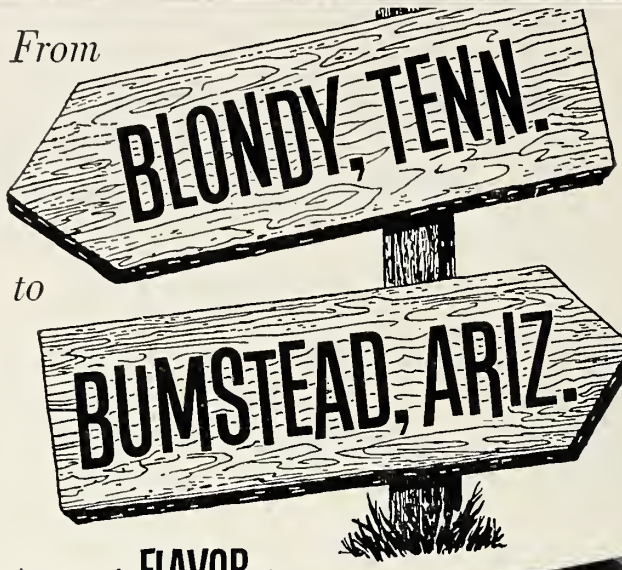
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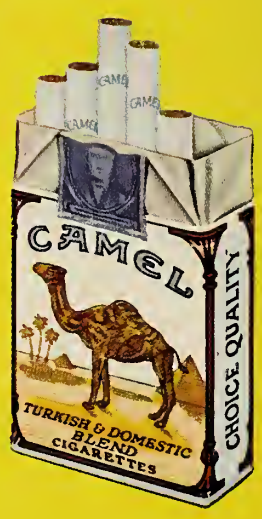
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contents

articles

PARADE FOR MRS. PATTON — *Virginia Roseborough* 5
A TRIBUTE — *Bill Louis-Dreyfus* 7
INK AND PAPER — *Thomas Jordan* 15

stories

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN — *C. Morgan Bissette* 8
GOLD BONE — *Ruth Rae* 12
THE ONLOOKER — *Elinor Divine* 16
PITY THE FISHES — *Sue McMullen* 19

poems

AFTERTHOUGHTS — *Thomas Jordan* 11
CONVERSATION — *Nancy DePass* 14
TRANSIENCE — *Joan Hill* 21

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spring, 1952

NOTICE OF ENTRY: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C.

Published 4 times a year, October, December, February, and April by the students of Duke University.

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

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editorial

SUE McMULLEN, explaining the creation of the cover for this isue, said, "I was struggling around with all sorts of springy things when all of a sudden this little creature appeared in the middle of the page. Nothing around her—just her." Sue is a graduating senior and has done much for Duke through the art medium. She has worked for the *Chronicle*, the *Chanticleer*, Duke Players and Hoof 'n' Horn. This is the second piece of work she has done for the ARCHIVE, the first being the insert in the Fall, 1951 issue characaturing Duke life. Sue had the distinction this winter of being the first person at Duke to have a one-man art show in the library of the Woman's College, and this spring she captured the Arts Council prize with her "Interior". Many of the paintings which hung in her show are now to be seen in the main corridor of Asbury.

In this issue we are fortunate to be able to present another aspect of Sue's artistic abilities. The verbal portrait of Miss Lovell in "Pity the Fishes" shows an artistic use of color and composition in words, as does the rest of the story. Sue McMullen is one of those rare students to whom Duke is the debtor.

★ ★ ★

It is the intent of the ARCHIVE staff to bring outstanding local personalities to the attention of its readers. In this issue we present an article on Mrs. Francis Gray Patton, a woman perhaps too little known as a personality in her own back yard. Although Mrs. Patton is nationally known for her tongue-in-cheek short stories appearing in the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, *Collier's*, and so forth, we



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at Duke are inclined to say, "Oh she's Dr. Patton's wife." "Parade for Mrs. Patton" by Virginia Roseborough brings a nice woman a little closer to home.

★ ★ ★

Every year the *Corradi*, literary magazine of the Woman's College in Greensboro, puts out a special issue during their Arts Forum. In the Arts Forum issue W. C. prints the best of many stories submitted by undergraduates of several Eastern colleges. During the Forum a prominent author is invited to come to a session at which the printed stories are discussed and criticized. This year their guest critic was Miss Cathrine Anne Porter, author of "Pale Horse, Pale Rider", "Old Mortality", and other short stories. Duke was fortunate in having two stories accepted by *Corradi* this year, both of which are reprinted in this issue of the ARCHIVE. "The Onlooker" by Elinor Divine, and "Look to the Mountain" by C. Morgan Bissette are two stories far above the average college writing, and, needless to say, we are very proud of them.

★ ★ ★

We would also like to bring to the attention of our readers the "document", as he calls it, by Bill Louis-Dreyfus to George Grune. The entire staff would also like to extend their appreciation to George for his consideration, and his willingness to help us in this our first issue.

★ ★ ★

Many people have asked us if we were going to print any humor in the ARCHIVE this year. Our answer is, "Yes, if it's good." Humor is a very hard thing to write and write well, and we would be more than pleased to be able to print something that is really humorous and good.—rr

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Index to Advertisers

	Page
Balfour's	22
Camel	Back Cover
Christian Printing Co.	2
Cosmopolitan Barber	2
Depositor's National Bank	26
Duke Power Company	2
Duke University Dining Halls	24
Duke University Stores	25
Duke University La'dry	Inside Back Cover
Durham Morning Herald	1
Ellis-Stone	Inside Front Cover
Fidelity Bank	1
Five Points Loan	22
Home Insurance Agency	4
Ingold Tire Company	23
J. Southgate and Son Insurance	23
Levy's Delicatessen	31
Life Savers	1
Little Acorn Restaurant	28
Mile's Drive-In	29
Nelson Electric	32
People's Fruit and Produce Market	28
Rinaldi's Grill	30
Seven-Up Bottling Co.	26
Sher's Shoe Shop	27
Variety Restaurant	27
Weldon's Jewelers	4

PARADE FOR MRS. PATTON

by VIRGINIA ROSEBOROUGH



"WHAT'S T. S. ELIOT got that I ain't got?" was the sole query that Frances Gray Patton used in replying to a certain Georgia critic who accused her of quoting Shakespeare four times in one story without a trace of the quotation marks necessary to legalize her larceny. Not only has Mrs. Patton lifted shamelessly from the long-dead Shakespeare, but with equal bravado she reports that she has often sneaked in bits of T. S. Eliot himself, enjoying the irony of giving the devil his due. The wheel is come full circle, perhaps.

The genuine pleasure which Mrs. Patton gleans from her writing career is readily evident in her short stories. Anyone who has lived in Durham for any length of time cannot fail to be highly amused at her accounts of life in Durham and activities at Duke. The half-whimsical air with which she has treated subjects which have a deep, underlying seriousness is perhaps the key to her astounding success.

A rundown on Mrs. Patton's rapidly rising literary career will help to accredit some of the opinions which she has expressed about creative writing in relation to Duke. Mrs. Patton's first concrete evidence of her impending career as a writer is a small notebook which she still treasurer, entitled "The Early Poems of Frances Gray." She was only nine years old; therefore the output was hardly copious, but the spirit was willing. Considering that a certain amount of egocentricity is one of the prime requisites of the creative writer (since one obviously has to feel that what one has to say is worth the bother of recording for the benefit of the present and the future), Mrs. Patton's spark of ability and ambition can really be traced to the day on which she turned three years old. She remembers having stood for hours on the curb in front of her home, hopefully but fruitlessly waiting for a parade to pass in honor of her birthday. Fortunately, this early neglect has been ameliorated by the honors which have since been accorded Mrs. Patton.

Illustrated by WILLIAM WETMORE

At Trinity College as a Freshman, Mrs. Patton continued the writing which she had pursued in high school. She wrote poems and stories for the ARCHIVE, winning the local literary prize for her achievement. Later, when she attended school in Chapel Hill, Mrs. Patton did not write at all, except for two plays, one of which gained for her a play-writing fellowship. This particular play, said Mrs. Patton, will probably be remembered only by association. It was printed in a volume which included the first published work of Thomas Wolfe, who preceded Mrs. Patton at Chapel Hill. Then Tom Wolfe was remembered as a student with noticeable talent, but was not generally expected to evolve into a mature and expert artist.

After Mrs. Patton's marriage in 1927, she did only pleasure-writing with no serious thought of publishing. Her husband, Dr. Lewis Patton of the English Department, whose literary taste, remarked Mrs. Patton, is unerringly good, advised her in the spring of 1944 to "stop worrying about dusting and that sort of thing," and to start writing seriously. She sold poems in that year to the New York *Herald-Tribune* and to *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and began laboriously revising an old short story for entry in the Kenyon Review Contest. Through the slow sentence-by-sentence construction of that story, Mrs. Patton learned "a great many tricks of the trade." The story,

"A Piece of Bread," won the second prize out of 1100 entries. Not until 1946 did Mrs. Patton sell anything else. Since then, she has published short stories in *Harper's Magazine, Collier's M,cCall's, The Ladies' Home Journal,* and the *New Yorker.* Anyone familiar with the standards of the *New Yorker* is immediately aware of the esteem in which Mrs. Patton's work is held.

Mrs. Patton, in commenting upon the various tastes of her magazine readers, made some interesting observations on them. "People tend to dismiss stories in the slick magazines," she said, although her personal experience furnished examples which should discredit that particular bias. "The Terrible Miss Dove," one of her all-time favorites, was first published in the *Journal.*

Even the response which Mrs. Patton gets from different magazines varies widely. From the *Ladies' Home Journal* her first story brought droves of mail from people who related their personal problems to her for solution. Since the publication of her very popular book, *The Finer Things of Life,* letters from "intellectuals," who had missed the same stories when printed in the slicks, because they automatically underrate anything appearing in a popular magazine, have since been frequently commendatory.

Just this April, Mrs. Patton published two widely divergent stories, one for the *New Yorker* and one for *Collier's.* The story for the *New Yorker* was serious, although amusing, but the one for *Collier's* was intended merely to entertain. The author does not feel that she "stepped down" in the latter. Entertainment is to her a "perfectly legitimate function" of art, as long as one takes no false attitudes.

While Mrs. Patton was discussing entertainment as a function of art, the subject of the *Duke 'n' Duchess* was introduced. She remarked that successful humor is very difficult for anyone to produce, and that she does not believe that Duke should have an exclusive humor magazine, but rather that the college literary magazine should print the best in every category of literature. There is an extreme danger in the humor magazine on the college level; Mrs. Patton spoke of the enduring success of the *New Yorker,* and attributed its longevity to Editor Ross, who kept it free of the smut which characterized the interred *D 'n' D.*

Because Mrs. Patton is now teaching a course in creative writing at the Woman's College in Greensboro, quite naturally she had some advice to offer aspiring writers. Atlhough she fears that some students write not for themselves, but too early write merely with an eye for publication, she does not advise against rushing into print right away; she believes it a "sad commentary on our times that we think it amazing for a young man of 25 to produce a good novel. A novel of the caliber of Bill Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness* is always unusual," she said, but there is no reason why the collective eyebrow of the public should be raised merely because of a novelist's youth.

Mrs. Patton herself loves to use the medium of the short story. Her memory has often driven her into some tight spots with her own family. At first, before she began to write, members of her family accused her of being "a terrific liar"; now they discredit her imagination and in a complete turnabout degrade her for being a mere recorder! She remembers dates and conversations with amazing facility, but she is no slave to fact. Allowing herself a mixture of fact and fiction as a matter of creative license, she also semi-fictionalizes herself. Some of her first-person narrative is factual reality; but some of her remarks about herself are out-and-out lies. Daringly Mrs. Patton confided, "In my stories I have said that I can drive a car. I cannot. I imply that I am a great gardener. I am not. I lie." These fateful admissions are not very damaging in the light of the delightful results of slight prevarications such as those which she recounted.

Mrs. Patton tries in general to give her work a certain unity of satire, which she considers more successful when it is very gentle (excluding the type of invective which Swift used to combat hideous social evil), treating people "as if everybody is slightly ridiculous, and nobody is very mean." She seeks to satirize "the pompous, the doctrinaire, and the complacent." When writing a humorous story, Mrs. Patton begins with a very serious, philosophical idea, but proceeds to treat that idea lightly, cleverly hiding it. But the idea remains, and is re-introduced where least expected. Mrs. Patton enjoys the fluidity of the short story form, particularly the familiar essay, best illustrated by the master craftsmanship of E. B. White.

Having spoken about her own methods and individual likes, Mrs. Patton mentioned the perennial favorite book of those who try to expound upon the art of the novelist. Admitting that her opinions are in this field far from original, she named Flaubert's classic, *Madame Bovary,* as the book which had influenced her most. After she read it, she said, it seemed that she "knew how to write." She has found that her taste in literature has changed immensely since her college days; now she likes the formerly detested Jane Austen very much, and has become an *Alice in Wonderland* fan. Mrs. Patton met *Alice* when she was

eighteen; she carried the book with her on a train trip, because she thought it was "cute" and would favorably impress her male fellow-travellers. She thinks it unfortunate that "too often the classics are wasted on very young people." Now, she likes the nineteenth century romantic poets, Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge, and is "mad over Yeats and Eliot. I just like poets," she confessed.

On Duke campus, Mrs. Patton sees signs of life which are encouraging. She has the highest respect for Dr. Blackburn's classes in creative writing. She feels that he has a sensitive regard for the individual student, and that he holds up a very high standard of excellence to challenge his students. She advanced a theory that perhaps the good writers do run in cycles in a university, but she does not understand why this should be so.

Mrs. Patton sincerely believes in the integrity of the artist, citing the poetry of Duke's Helen Bevington as an example of that integrity. The high standards set by the artist guarantee the internal sincerity which is evident throughout Mrs. Bevington's work. These ideally lofty criteria are closely related to Mrs. Patton's views on the main function of art, which she considers to be "illumination." True art creates "an awareness"-of the reality. It does not alter truth, but reveals its full meaning, "as if the sun is shining against a leaf at the window, and you see all the little veins just as they are, not changed, but more significant."

A TRIBUTE

by BILL LOUIS-DREYFUS

THIS IS not really a dedication. It is perhaps a tribute. It is in any case an attempt at truth and sincerity. Truth is indefinite and unrecognizable, and sincerity is embarrassing. Nevertheless with the possible threat of being indefinite and embarassing I shall try at both. The following then is a document, simply.

Approximately a year ago this spring the ARCHIVE editorship changed hands. Up to that point our magzine had been seeped in an atmosphere of mirrors. It seemed to revolve around itself, write for itself, print for itself and be read by itself.

George Grune was chosen to edit the ARCHIVE of the 1951-52 publication year. To those who read the ARCHIVE not too carefully no really noticeable all-over change took place. But change there was. The windows were opened, the atmosphere of mirrors left. George Grune, quite by his presence, made it very clear that little intellectuals had gone out of style. George's following four issues were not startlingly original. They caused perhaps not very much more comment than their predecessors. But it is the sad truth that people don't know, perhaps simply because they are disinterested. The ARCHIVE under George Grune became a very worthwhile endeavor. Only few of us know this. None of us can prove it wholly. None of us, also, have set up or will set up George Grune's four magazines as shining examples of what the ARCHIVE should be. I am pleased to believe that there is too much fight in us to do so. Most of us will forget George and his issues. But something will remain. Perhaps even subconciously we will remember the man simply, or even the flap on the inside page of his ARCHIVES. In any case his influence has been felt. His editorship took the ARCHIVE out of the airless hole and brought it up to sea-level.

The ARCHIVE has been for a long time labeled a dying magazine. But there has been hope in the fact that it hasn't died yet. Now there is much more than hope. There is belief. George Grune is very much responsible for that belief. Even in his mistakes he has given the ARCHIVE life, for we revolted at what we knew of his mistakes when we saw them. We fought with him and he fought back, and we felt very good about it all. George Grune found the ARCHIVE hard up for breath and he leaves it in a very healthy state.

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN

by C. MORGAN BISSETTE

JAMES PUSHED open the heavy oaken door and walked out onto the porch of the hospital. Blinded by the glare from the snow, he shut his eyes for a moment. Then he opened them and let his gaze wander to the fog enshrouded mountains—to the solitary white house that perched on the side of one of them as if it were a top, glued in space, hanging there crazily in space.

He watched the blue-clad inmates march quickly over the frozen earth in front of the porch. He could hear the brittle noise of their feet on the occasional icy puddles. The sound cracked against the solitary stillness of the early morning.

Far down the road that led away from the hospital, he could see the blue sign. He had only to close his eyes to see the gold letters printed on it:

U. S. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL

He could hear the yells, the screams, coming across the snow grey lawn from ward 10.

"This place is enough to drive you nuts," a voice said from behind him.

He turned around quickly and pressed his back against the heavy steel wire that enclosed the porch. He turned to the man, standing there behind him, emaciated in the blue hospital uniform, looking like a scarecrow.

Damn, damn, I ought to know better than to turn my back on these nuts.

"Yeah, it sure is," he answered. 'What time is it?"

"I guess it's about seven. You know, there's hydrocarbons at ten thousand feet. No milk run for us today. Have the boys load her easy like and stand by the belly gun."

James saluted. The man turned away and moved mechanically from the porch.

Someone had turned the radio on and it was now going full blast. He heard the attendant yelling over the noise from the radio, 'O. K., line up for breakfast."

James left the porch. He could hear the heavy thud of oaken doors opening on the floors beneath him.

He dreaded the long march to the dining room. He could see the attendants, standing at each door, counting the blue-clad figures as they filed by. He could smell the sickening odor as the insulin patients shuffled by, vomiting up their watery breakfast of powdered eggs. Bleary eyed. It was their eyes that told on them. He had gotten so that he could spot one as soon as he looked at him. They all had that vacant stare, as if they were penetrating infinity with their gaze.

Infinity, God all is infin'ty here. There is no idea of time. Time had ben lost among the endless miles of brick corridors. Lost and forgotten.

Even he had begun to forget since they had taken his watch away.

His watch:

Watch, watch, that's all they did here. Watched you brush your teeth, watched your stool, watched you shower, watched you even as you slept.

He remembered last night. He too had watched. Watched while beams from the cold silver moon, like great white arrows from the hills beyond, shone through the bars on the window, making a crazy pattern on the wall. All circles and squares like the test that they had given him. He had lain there, trying to put them together while he watched for the sudden movement and the quick scream of terror, the rush of attendants with the restraining jacket.

I'll run away one of these days.

He now touched the edge of the icy cement columns as they marched on down the corridor. One. Two. Three. He knew there were sixteen. Sixteen was a solid number, real. You had sixteen missions over Germany. That meant that there were nine more to do before you got to go home. You had sixteen dollars. That was enough for all night with a woman in London. Sixteen, that was a real number. But when he tried counting the days since he had come to the hospital, he lost touch.

How strange:

Like the fields in front of the hospital, ploughed and symmetrical, with their ordered pattern, their straight appointed lines, dotted in precise places with hay stacks. Placed there by Dr. Llewelyn. Put there to fool me into thinking that there is an ordered reality.

Strange:

Like almost everything else in the hospital. Like the world after the quick blinding flash of the shock machine—distorted and confused into quick blinding flashes of forgotten terrors.

Illustrated by RON UNDERWOOD

Yet, James knew that there were clear moments—his thoughts when he was feeling best, his real self as Dr. Llewelyn called it.

He touched the last of the columns and walked up the stairs and into the dining hall. As he waited in line, he looked at the menu. The "s" in the eggs was backwards.



How odd.

Yet there *was* the little man with the red nose that reminded him of his father. He smiled at him now as he passed by in the opposite line. He liked the little man with his huge red nose, had talked with him, made friends with him. He remembered their first conversation. They had been talking about Pearl Harbor, and he had asked the little man how he had gotten home.

"Oh, I floated home on a cake of Ivory soap," he had said.

James remembered laughing. Laughing until he thought that his sides would pop wide open.

He grinned as he saw the boy before him slip an extra bottle of milk in his pocket. The man behind the counter grinned back at him.

When he sat down at the table, he saw Dr. Llewelyn talking to one of the nurses. He made an elaborate show of enjoying his breakfast. He downed his cereal as if he were starving. He sighed over each bite of watery scrambled eggs.

Dr. Llewelyn was the one who signed your privilege card. It was peculiar, almost magic, the way you could do things with Dr. Llewelyn's signature on the card.

You could shoot pool with the other fellows simply by showing it to the attendant at the pool room. You could even go into town with it. That is if there was a special attraction to go to and you signed the list.

Dr. Llewelyn is like my father too. He acts like a father. Like a father to his son.

If he caught you crying over a letter from home or if you didn't eat properly he would call you in and talk to you. *Like a father to his son.* If he thought you were disturbed, he would call for Tuck. Tuck would put on the bus with iron bars at the window and take you to ward 10. Then when you got better Dr. Llewelyn would bring you back to your home ward and give you your privilege card back.

Nothing peculiar about that. He was like a father. That's all there was to it.

James finished breakfast. He zipped his drab blue coat together and showed his privilege card to the attendant at the door.

It was cold outside and James turned his collar up as he started down the path that led to the library. He walked past the administration building.

The snow was heavy on the branches of the pine trees but it was beginning to melt. He watched as the snow fell with a soft plop to the ground and the branches of the trees sprang up.

He had felt like the pine trees, burdened and heavy, when he first came to the hospital. He remembered the clerk asking him questions.

"How old is your father?"

"Where was he born?"

Then when he asked, "What is your religion?", James remembered that he had answered, "Atheist!" He had felt something rush from him. He had felt even more burdened after that. As if someone had filled his chest with lead.

But now he felt differently about it. He had told his best friend, Bill, how he had answered the clerk. Bill had said that if anyone else had something strange to believe in then he could believe in God. They had talked more about it for two days, and then they had gone over together to get the clerk to change the *Atheist* to *Protestant.*

He was glad it had been Bill:

Bill is most of all like my father. He looks as if I should be his son, as if of all the strangeness that is in this place, the strangest thing of all would be the fact that he was not like my father.

Bill had taught him to see things, to paint. Bill had helped him paint the moonlight streaming in

through the windows of his room. He had shown him how to paint the little white house that perched on the side of the mountain. They had hung the picture of the moonlight in the pool room.

James turned as he heard the door to the administration building slam. Bill was coming down the steps.

"Boy, have I got good news for us," Bill said as he grabbed him around the shoulder. "Come on. Let's find a place where we can talk privately."

James felt better. Maybe Bill was going to show him how to paint the trees in front of the administration building.

They walked together over to the library, brushed the snow off the bench in front of it and sat down.

"Listen, late yesterday a friend of mine was up to see me. You see that haystack over there?" Bill said, pointing to the field in front of the hospital. 'The second one from the end. Well, right now that's the most beautiful haystack in the world."

"Oh!" James said, feeling slightly disappointed, knowing that Dr. Llewelyn had fooled Bill too.

"My friend," Bill went on, "put two suits of clothes and a hundred dollars in that haystack just this morning. You know what that means? It means that we're leaving this hole tonight. Leaving for good. This time tomorrow we'll be well on our way to New Orleans and away from this place forever. Just think of it, Jimmy. No more lousy chow, no more attendants watching you. We'll live the life of Reilly, just like the old days in the Air Corps. Now, what do you think of that?"

James sat still, stunned by the import of the words.

Then the fields were real. That meant that the world was real and time was real. It meant that the little man with the red nose was not real and God and Dr. Llewelyn were not real either.

He felt heavy and burdened inside again.

Unable to speak, he sat there a few moments, and then he turned to Bill.

"Let me think about it for a little while, Bill. I'll let you know about it at lunch."



He left Bill sitting there on the bench and walked over to the pool room. When he got there, he sat down in one of the leather chairs.

He touched the side of the chair lovingly. He smiled as the little man with the red nose passed by. The little man turned to him and said, "You know, I'm awful forgetful. I left my brains out in San Francisco on a blank sheet of paper underneath the three balls of a pawn shop on Market Street."

James laughed until he thought his sides would pop.

He listened to the familiar click of the pool balls. The Red Cross aide had lit the fire in the big fireplace. The light from it flickered up and down over his picture—the one he and Bill had hung there.

He began to grow drowsy as the warmth from the fire began to steam up the windows and hide the outside from view.

Over in the corner, a group of patients was playing *bingo*. The little man was preaching to one of the Red Cross aides.

Preaching!

Last Sunday he had gone to Church, had heard the minister.

Preaching:

We are our Father's children and the sheep of His pastures. Whither He goest, so shall I. Verily to the ends of the earth will I follow him. Yea, into the valley of death. My cup runneth over and I shall dwell in the house of my Father forever.

He got up from the chair and walked over to the window. He wiped the steam away and looked out at the field.

Yea, into the valley of death will I follow him.

Into the valley of death.

The leaden sky made the distant horizon seem heavy and cumbersome. The haystacks looked frail against the background of the sky. The wire fence around the hospital grounds seemed to James to stretch from the sky to the ground. Like a great wall, a dividing line.

The valley of death.

When the bell rang for lunch, he turned away from the window and went outside. The wind was cold. It had started snowing again and the flakes blew into his eyes and blinded him. He put his head down and hurried over to the dining room.

Bill was waiting for him at the entrance.

He looked around carefully and then whispered to Bill, "O. K., I'm willing. Where do we meet?"

"Meet me down by the South gate. As soon as it gets dark. We'll slip through when the guard has gone to check the fence."

When James had got his lunch and sat down at the table, he felt like crying. But he held the tears back.

Continued on Page 22

Afterthoughts

Your lip rouge still denotes my mouth
The scent of you remains among my fingers,
My hand's back makes shift for your cheek—
Lacking the smoothness of you
Yet answering my nostrils' quest for a reminder.
A remembrance embraced when arms cannot
encircle,
A thought of beauty grasped when fingers
clench nought
But clutch despite.

So run my thoughts in chase of fading details,
Stretching out, my mind extends to engulf you
It swirls, with you its vortex
Sucking you back and in and down
To the core of me, to all I am,
Which all I give to you.

My being throbs in your cupped hand
Carress it, shield it, learn it.
Press it to your breast, that it may rush to yours
Child-like, blindly seeking out your self-un-
known self
To intertwine with it, be one with it
Containing and contained by it;
Then only will I be an entity.

—Thomas Jordan

Gold Bone

by RUTH RAE

EVERYONE was glad when Mart got to be president of the house. It was a warm windy night about two weeks after we first arrived at Ceder Hill School for Young Ladies. The wind made the windows of the old brown-stone house we lived in rumble so much that Mrs. Barry, our house mother, had to raise her cracky little voice when she told us the results of the election. We were all sitting around the parlor—mostly on the floor because the gold French chairs were too uncomfortable to sit in. Mrs. Barry was standing right in front of me and I could see the light through the straggling hair sticking out from her net. It looked fuzzy and very white. She asked Mart to stand up because she was the new president of Cecil Hall, and everybody squealed and clapped and I was very proud because Mart was my roommate. Jeanie Pillsbury kept pounding me and Henny Martin on our backs because she was so happy, and I was glad of that because Jeanie had been nominated too and she had wanted to get it real bad. Jeanie and Henny were my roommates too, but I liked Mart the best. Jeanie was fun to kid around with, but she never would get serious—at least not with me because I was two years younger than the rest of them. Henny was too serious, and I didn't think she was much of anything at first. Mart was real smart and lots of fun, and she was nice to me even though I was younger. Everyone liked Mart.

After we had all quieted down, Mrs. Barry started telling Mart how happy we all were that she was president and what a fine year this was going to be for Cecil Hall. Then she started talking about "assuming responsibility" and about doing things for the "good of the whole", but I wasn't listening too hard because Jeanie and I were craning around Mrs. Barry's scrawny legs and making faces at Mart, but she wouldn't look at us. She kept looking at Mrs. Barry very seriously, so we gave it up and Jeanie tied my shoe strings together instead.

I kept watching Mart. Mrs. Barry gave her the president's book, shook her hand, told her how fine she thought it was, and Mart went over and sat on the other side of the room in one of those awful gold chairs. The kids over there patted her on the knee and the shoulder and said they thought it was swell, and Mrs. Barry started talking about fire regulations. I thought it was funny that Mart didn't come over and sit with us.

After the meeting was over practically all the kids came up to our room and we had a party with some brownies that Henny's mother had sent her. Everyone was laughing and talking and Jeanie kept bowing to Mart and calling her "Madam President" and asking her, "Won't you have another brownie, Madam President?" and "Is there anything your humble servant can do for you, Madam?" Mart laughed and got a little red at all the ribbing she was getting from Jeanie. I was very happy and ate four brownies which made my pajamas feel as if they were too tight.

The room we lived in was pretty big, but not big enough for four prep school girls. The beds were lined up against one wall with Henny's off in the corner, slightly away from the rest of them—the same way Henny was always slightly away from Mart, Jeanie and me. There were only two dressers in the room because four wouldn't fit. The top of Jeanie's and mine was cluttered with everything from books to socks. Mart's and Henny's was always neat because Mart didn't like things to be messy. I wish I could be neat like that.

There was a small alcove with windows on all sides at the end of the room, and we kept two of the desks out there—Mart's and mine. Jeanie's desk was beside her bed, which was next to the door, and Henny's was between her own bed and mine.

The kids were scattered all around the room. Some of them were still just faces to me, but they all seemed like good kids, and I had a good feeling about them. Mart knew them all, and was talking and joking with them as if she had known them a lot longer than two weeks. Henny was the only one that didn't really join in. She sat on Mart's bed and fiddled with the ears of a floppy brown dog that belonged to Mart. She sat there with a quiet smile on her small, quiet face, and listened. It sort of made me mad because she wouldn't laugh like the rest of us—as if she thought she was above us.

About ten-fifteen the party started to break up. Jeanie got up, went to the dresser to get something, and then went to the alcove and started to open a window. The wind wasn't howling any more.

"What are you going to do, Jeanie?" Mart asked, and started to get off the bed.

Jeanie turned around. "I'm going out to have a wee bit of a ciggy on the veranda. Care to join me, anyone?" Two of the kids that had stayed said, "yeh", and started to follow Jeanie out onto the fire escape.

Illustrated by BILL RUBENCAMP

"Do you really think you should, Jeanie? I mean, it's so late and everything — Mrs. Barry will be around for house check soon." Jeanie ducked her head in the window again. She looked puzzled.

"We have time, Mart," she said. "You and I didn't go out till this time last night."

Mart didn't say anything else, but she kept looking toward the window whenever the soft voices of the three girls on the fire escape came into the room, and she kept twisting a lock of her black hair nervously. I didn't know why it should bother her so, but I wished Jeanie and the other two would come in. I looked out and saw the glowing and fading of three little round beads like little red bugs. They finally came in, and we got to bed before Mrs. Barry came around to say god night and tell Mart how nice it was she was house president and how much time they were going to spend together now. I didn't get much sleep that night because Mart kept twisting around which made her bed squeak, and I'm a very light sleeper.

Mart was spending more and more time with Mrs. Barry talking about student government stuff. We didn't see too much of her now, and whenever Jeanie and I would go out for a cigarette, she would leave the room. She never smoked with us any more, but we didn't mind because being president of the house she couldn't do that. We thought it was nice of her to leave the room like that.

The week after Mart was elected, the house council was appointed, and Jeanie, Henny and I were asked to be on it. Jeanie and I thought it would be neat having all of us on house council, but Henny said she'd rather not be on it because she had to spend all of her time studying. That hurt Mart because she thought an awful lot of Henny—she was so quiet and serious and smart, and she would do anything for us, but I didn't think she had any personality then.

After Henny said she didn't want to be on house council, Mart stood there tapping a pencil against her leg and staring at Henny. Henny was lying on her bed in her blue jeans with a book in her hand. She was chewing on the end of her glasses and staring back at Mart.

"It's quite an honor, you know, Hen," Mart finally said. "Besides, you can't spend all your time studying. You'll get one-sided."

"I'm sorry, Mart," Henny said after she had taken the glasses out of her mouth. "I'm not interested, that's all. I like to study."

Everything was quiet for a while, and I looked at Jeanie who had been jouncing up and down on her bed trying to touch the ceiling with her left hand. She stopped now, and made a face at Henny. I bit my lip to keep from laughing. Jeanie and I thought Henny was a real bird Mart didn't, but Mart was nice to everyone.

Mart stopped staring at Henny, turned around, told Jeanie to stop being a jerk, and said we had to go down to a house meeting to swear in the new council. It was the first time I had ever seen Mart irritated with anyone like she was irritated with Henny. Henny knew it, too, because she tried to smooth it over and she said she was sorry again.

That night after the meeting Jeanie wanted me to go out and have a cigarette with her. I started to get up off the bed where I had been studying when Mart slammed her book down on her desk and said, "No!" It sounded awfully loud, and I jumped about three feet off the floor. Jeanie stopped in her tracks and her mouth dropped open and she stayed there like she was frozen solid. Henny even looked up from her book.

"Don't you have any sense of responsibility?" Mart asked. "The only reason you go out there to smoke is because you like to feel you're getting away with something. It's all very childish. Mrs. Barry trusts you or you wouldn't be on house council. And when someone trusts you, it isn't fair to—to do things like that."

Jeanie closed her mouth into a tight smile which really wasn't a smile, and then went out to have her cigarette anyway. I was glad she didn't ask me to go with her again because I was scared. I lay back down on the bed and put my book in front of my face, which felt very hot and red. I figured Mart must be right about what she said. Mart got up and left the room.



For a little while after that things could be awfully quiet when Mart and Jeanie were in the room. It was like nobody knew anyone else. But Jeanie got over it pretty fast because Jeanie was like that. We never went out to smoke any more—except every once in a while when Mart wasn't there, and I always felt very bad about it afterwards. Pretty soon I stopped altogether, which made Jeanie kind of mad.

It looked like everything was going to be all right again until one night about three weeks later. I was helping Jeanie with a math problem, and she started cutting up like she usually does—tying the ears of Mart's floppy dog in a bow and squishing up his face so that he looked drunk. I guess we were being kind of loud because Mart turned around and asked us if we couldn't be more quiet because there were other people in the room trying to study. Jeanie dropped the dog on my desk, stood up straight, said, "Pardon me, God!", and walked out of the room. They never spoke to each other after that, which was kind of hard on Henny and me.

Things got worse. Jeanie and Mart both acted as if the other one didn't exist. They could step on each other's feet and neither one of them would even flinch. I began to feel like you feel when you're swimming and some goop starts getting funny and holds your head under water and you feel like your brains are going to pop right out of your ears and the air is going to wheeze out of your lungs and they are going to fold up. It must have bothered Henny too because every time the two of them were in the room—Jeanie and Mart, I mean—Henny would always find an excuse to leave.

It was about this time that Jeanie started meeting this boy Brad every afternoon. He lived in town and worked at Green Street Drugs—that's where she met him. I used to see him at the drugstore and he looked all right to me—just like anybody else—except he was a little older than the boys I have gone with. But we weren't supposed to talk to the boys in town, and we weren't supposed to talk to any boys during the week—just on Sundays between two and four. Anyway,

CONVERSATION

In separate boxes placed apart
We sit and talk. You think my heart
Peeled fruit, and I suspect
You are not toothless. In effect,
I am afraid. Peeled fruit, having
Propensity to rot, needs shade.

—Nancy DePass

Jeanie would walk out to the old Sleepy Hollow Road, and Brad would pick her up in his car and they would go off some place until he had to be at work at four o'clock.

I found out about Jeanie and Brad one day when I walked into the room and Jeanie and Henny were talking very seriously about something. I tried not to listen or pretend that I was interested, but I kept looking over at them, and everytime I looked over there they would stop talking, but I couldn't help it. Finally Jeanie said, "Oh, tell her." So Henny told me, and she told me that Jeanie was afraid one of the teachers had seen them together, but she couldn't stop seeing him because she loved him desperately. I guess she did, too, because she used to keep the wrapper of a candy bar he had given her under her pillow. I saw it one morning when she was late for school and I made her bed for her. Nothing was ever said about the teacher seeing Jeanie.

Henny and Jeanie got real friendly after that, and they used to talk together a lot. Henny would try to tell her not to see Brad because even if she did think it was a silly rule about not seeing boys, she still could be thrown out of school for it. I didn't understand too well about Jeanie and Henny getting so friendly, but I guess it was because Jeanie couldn't talk to Mart any more and she never would talk to me.

One Saturday afternoon, about a month after I had found out about Jeanie and Brad, I came into the room and saw Henny looking out of the window as if she were waiting for someone. She jumped when she heard me.

"Have you seen Jeanie?" she asked. I told her I hadn't, and asked her if anything was wrong. She said that nothing was wrong except that Jeanie had promised to go to the show with her that afternoon and she hadn't shown up.

After supper that night a whole bunch of us decided to go to the movies. There were about twenty of us and two chaperones. We saw "An American in Paris" with Gene Kelley. I like Gene Kelley, but I didn't think the girl was too hot. Henny didn't go with us; she said she had a headache. Jeanie hadn't got back when we left.

We got back from the show about nine-thirty, and when we got to the room Henny was walking around as if she were trying to remember where she had put something. She jumped when Mart and I walked in the same way she had jumped that afternoon. I had never seen Henny upset like that.

"Mrs. Barry wants to see you, Mart," she said. Mart left, and Henny told me that Jeanie hadn't come in and that Mrs. Barry had come up looking for her. When she found out she wasn't in, she went down to the principal's house and had been there until just before we came in. Mart came in then and told me to come down stairs.

The rest of the house council

Continued on Page 23

INK AND PAPER

by THOMAS JORDAN

Literature is not only for the literary, nor writing for the author and poet.

WHEN THE ancient Greek sculptor took up his chisel he gave little thought to how many or what kind of people would evaluate his work. Virtually all intelligent men of that time appreciated symmetry and agreed that the purest development of the conventionalized style deserved the highest praise. His task, therefore, was relatively simple. The medieval artist faced no great obstacle here either, because his subjects were generally religious and omnipresent in men's minds.

However, as the intricacies of modern civilization emerged from the feudal pattern, it became clear that people of many different occupations and interests must be considered as viewers of the artist's efforts.



In answering the question of what sorts of art these various new groups would most enjoy, the production of art became, in many instances, an end in itself, with a corresponding increase in popularity and decline in value.

Nowhere, perhaps, more than in the field of writing has this compromise affected the artist. The writer of modern fiction prose and poetry has found himself, by his necessary reclusion from the distracting influences of present-day society, increasingly alienated from the harsher world of reality in which most people exist. He has tended to become, like all modern creative artists, a class in himself, and consequently his work must reflect many of the traits and feelings of this class rather than those of the larger group for whom he is writing. The apparent answer to this dilemma is the writer who lives and works among other men not primarily interested in art; in other words, a man engaged in some normal occupation, writing 'free-lance' on the side. This combination rarely works out to the greatest advantage of the writer when serious fiction is involved, chiefly because the farther he develops his style and perception the more unlike other average people he becomes. Who can say at what point a person becomes a member of the 'artist' group? It has been for only the great writers of history to maintain intimate contact with the world of reality from their own diverging spheres of mental effort.

For some people it is not necessary to write even a single word to feel the compatability of the printed page, while others strive continually and progress slowly. However, progress they do, one and all who make the effort. The reader must endeavor to raise his intellectual level, while the writer should try to tone down his imagination to a point where it can be absorbed and appreciated by more than only a particular element of the general reading public. Literature, thus, is a two-way proposition.

Unfortunately, though I should say fortunately, it has been traditionally the habit of the writer to develop his literary talents, or, in some cases shortcomings, to the utmost degree. Such progress leads him constantly farther from the realm of his usual reader's struggle, either consciously or unknowingly, to achieve the author's plane of thought. The writer has the advantage, but must exercise considerable judgement if he is hopeful of becoming a popular author without descending to the well-known sensationalistic methods of less skillful writers. In their defense, however, it will be owned that the mental calibre of the reader

Continued on Page 24



The Onlooker

by ELINOR DIVINE

WHEN THEY first heard shouts up the valley, Ben was twining around one of the shabby grey posts by the front steps, while his grandmother—Ganna, they called her—sat behind him in her cane-bottom chair peeling the apples she had gathered early that morning. It was now late afternoon, and the boy had been settling his gaze as usual over the soft slopes and shallow ravines below, where the woolly blue trees covered the mountain like a blanket thrown over someone's knees. The whole valley seemed to be taking a nap.

For until the shouting began, the only sounds had been the still rush of the river from a long, crooked part in the trees below and the noises of his grandmother behind him. He had heard her knife cutting sturdily into the apples and slicing them around and around, and he had heard the bouncy peelings finally fall into her lap with a splat. Then came the twisting creak of her cane-bottom chair and thumps rolling across the hollow boards of the porch as she reached for another apple. It was a sort of ritual she went through.

But Ben tried not to pay much attention to her. Those sounds were behind him and belonged to Ganna. The stillness of the calm, familiar valley out there belonged to him; and perhaps that was why he, instead of his grandmother, was the first to hear the sharp, uncertain echoes from somewhere up the river in the lap of the mountains. They came quickly, and as quickly went away with the tide of the new October wind which had started to spring up with the promise of a chilly evening.

When the cries shifted away so suddenly, Ben began to think he had only heard a flock of crows as they rustled up from a brown cornfield somewhere. With their harsh and urgent voices, crows in the fall had a way of sounding frantic like someone in trouble. Maybe they dreaded flying away for the winter. There was something sad about that, but surely it was only the crows. Soon he noticed his grandmother had stopped squeaking in her chair.

"Did I hear something up the river?"

Ben decided not to answer. She wouldn't understand about the crows. He kept on leaning against the splintery post, watching the yellow leaves fan in the big sycamore tree on the other bank of the river.

She only half-waited for him to reply, then went on peeling apples. She was crisply slicing boat-shaped quarters now and tossing them with a pulpy sound into a saucepan. Ben's mouth began to water. He loved to chew winesap apple peels, but he knew Ganna always saved them for his older brother Roby, who went to school and for some reason had not come home yet. She and Roby stuck together. Above the sluggish blue valley in the house on the hill—tall and shambling and streaked with white paint—Ganna and Roby Wardison were the only ones who were ever very busy, or seemed busy. The mother and father were always waiting around, while Ganna sat in her cane-bottom chair as though it were a throne and told the others what to do. She had been a Robwood, that's why, and in her youth had lived on an avenue called Magnolia somewhere far away. And now in a way Roby was a Robwood too, mostly because of his name.

Maybe Ganna and Roby were like the hurrying rapids in the river down there. That would make his mother, a kind of slow and stringy-looking woman, and his father, Big



Rob Wardison, who this time of evening was still over the Virginia line getting a load of coal to sell—that would make them like the slapping pools near the banks, full of logs and brush and thick foam. But neither the rapids nor the pools ever got anywhere. They were always out in front of the house. For the river never changed much, except from brown to green, now that there was a dam upstream.

As for Ben, he always seemed to be standing on the rickety iron bridge or on the porch overlooking the North Fork, never saying anything about what he saw because he didn't go to school yet, although he was old enough, and because nobody paid him any mind anyhow. Except his mother sometimes said to him: "What you settin' there so wise for? Ain't you got nothing to do?" And his grandmother would sniff scornfully behind her and say in her prissy voice: "It's *s'tting*, Sarah. And there's no such thing as ain't." Then the two women would stare at each other and forget all about him. They could both stare a long time.

His father, if he was at home, kept on twisting the knobs of the battered radio and growled—and stayed out of it. After a while his mother would turn her back on the old woman as if it hurt her bones to turn, and she would rattle the dishes. "If I wasn't a religious woman . . ." she used to say. That was her only comeback, because everybody knew Ganna was not a religious woman. It was part of the lore of the valley. They all seemed to know why too—except Ben, who never asked anybody about anything. It was something he would have to find out, he would decide, as he slipped out on the dark front porch, leaving them inside to stare and mutter and growl. He would have to find out why nobody liked anybody else at his house.

That is, nobody liked anybody except for Roby; and they all liked him because he promised them things. Ben liked Roby too, but because he had warm red hair that looked like copper leaves in the fall and because his brown eyes reminded him of someone else's, maybe his own. It was good to hear him tell about school after dinner in the warm, steamy kitchen. But Ben listened quietly, not gloating like his mother. She used to say, "Roby's a smart boy and a good boy. You just see if my boy don't make good. He goes to Sunday School every Sunday, he does."

Listening also was Ganna, who smiled in a secret way. "No, he's Ganna's boy." She felt Roby's rich hair while his father, still black and dirty from handling coal all day, heaved himself around in the next room and spun the radio dial to another station. "By God, Roby, you'll make those stuck-up Robwoods sit up and take notice. They're gonna be glad you've got their name one of these days. You'll get us out of this fix." His voice, as if muffled by coal dust, seemed far away.

Ever since Ben could remember, a day hadn't passed that his father didn't say something about this fix they were in and frown so that his dark eyebrows went together. The family had always been in that fix, but exactly what it was Ben didn't know. He had thought of asking Roby about it on those wet and pale summer mornings when they slipped out of the house together to go blackberry picking. Those would have been the best times to ask, because both boys felt free and excited and close, their bare feet drumming together and their breath frosting the air in front of them. He was sure if anyone could explain it would be Roby, since it was his job to make everything that was wrong with the Wardison family turn right again. Ben thought that sort of job was a very vague and complicated one for Roby to have to manage. He was glad he didn't have to worry about such things himself. Just thinking of it made him want to turn back to the house and get into the dark, warm bed again; but he kept following Roby, winding down to the blackberry patch which tangled along the river bank grey with dew.

Roby stopped at the first big cluster of berries. Ben kept burrowing into the jungle, shattering silver drops into the spiderweb nets and prickling his feet with briers. When he came to a hollow in the bushes, he knelt down and looked up into the network of light green leaves. The wet berries hung like tiny bunches of grapes, black and shiny. He began to fill his quart basket, planning what he would say to Roby about the family. He was wondering if he should offer to help him, when suddenly he looked up and glimpsed Roby through a circle of green. He saw him eating the berries as soon as he picked them. Going from branch to branch he ate the biggest berries on top and dropped very few in the basket.

Illustrated by LEONE OTIS



It was then that Ben decided not to say anything about the family after all. He didn't see how Roby was going to get the family out of the fix if he ate up the blackberriees like that. Not talking much they had started back to the house. Sunlight had begun to glisten on the blackberry patch and they saw thin smoke twitching like a squirrel's tail over the house on the hill. It meant Mama was cooking breakfast. Ben poured some of his berries into Roby's. When they came in, she looked up from the stove and in her pale way smiled at Roby: "Did Ben help you like a nice boy, or did you do it all by yourself?"

Roby didn't answer, so neither did Ben. It was better not to say anything. It was better to go outside on the porch and twine on the post, and watch the white lake of morning mist that lay in the valley ebb and thin until he could see the soft line of the mountain. By then it was time for breakfast.

Or he would go out there until time for lunch or time for supper, or time for someone to come home as it was now. The school bus had already rumbled by, but Roby didn't get off. In fact the bus didn't even stop. Pretty soon his father's truck would come rattling across the bridge and bumping down the river road from the other direction. The truck would slide up on the grass in front of the house making ugly noises as it stopped.

Ben knew just how the door would slam and how his father would pull himself up the hill to the house, walking slow and looking down as if counting the stones. When he reached the porch he would ask, looking at neither Ben nor Ganna: "Where's Roby?" Ben hoped his grandmother would do the answering. At least she would tell him about Mama being down at the church. That would make him mad, and he would go into the darkening house and soon the radio would be whining and yammering.

While he was thinking about his father coming, the sounds he had heard before came sweeping up the valley again. They were louder and the wind was stronger.

"I do hear noises up at the lake," Ganna said behind him suddenly. "It's like someone shouting."

Ben heard them too, and knew for sure this time they weren't the crows.

"What do you reckon is going on?" she asked.

"I don't know," he finally said. "But here comes somebody down the road." He listened to the drum of bare feet. At first he thought somebody was coming from the direction of the lake. Instead he saw Nova Godsey, who was about his age and lived even further down the river than the Wardisons. She was running and her plump red cheeks and whitish hair were jogging as she ran.

"Where are you going?" he called.

"To the drownin'," Nova panted and kept on running. Ganna started from her cane-bottom chair and bent out over the porch railing.

"You come back here. You stop! What do you mean, to the drowning?"

"Ain't you heer'd the hollerin'?" Her whole face was red now as she half-turned, hesitating in the road with one foot over the other. She only stopped because she was afraid not to mind Ganna Wardison.

"Where's your mother, Nova Godsey?"

"With his Ma," she said pointing at Ben, "down at the church. I heer'd the noise up to the lake and I took out."

They heard a clatter on the bridge and Nova looked around. "Law!" she cried. "Yonder comes Big Rob."

The Wardison's truck was coming. Nova started hammering up the road again, while Ganna hurried down the steps to meet the truck. She couldn't run very well. When she ran she looked like a scrawny chicken jerking along, but her voice was still steady when Ben's father stuck his dirty face out the window.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Let me in. We're going to the lake. Hear that? There's been a drowning."

The wind washed in the noises of shouts and voices again. Ben's father heard. "Who is it this time?" he said.

"Never mind, hurry up." She climbed in the front of the truck, not seeming to care that the tops of her stockings showed. Big Rob gunned the motor.

"Wait for me," Ben wailed. Something felt big and heavy in his stomach. He clambered on the back of the empty truck as it rolled slantwise off the turf. They started grinding up the hill, slowly at first, then gathering speed until they came in sight of Nova bobbing along the road. She spurted ahead when she saw them, looking over her shoulder. As they skidded past she jogged to a halt and dropped behind. The truck stopped. Ben was thrown against one of the sides and smeared with coal dust.

"Do you know any more about this?" Ganna asked Nova fiercely. The idling motor shuddered and died.

Continued on Page 26



Pity The Fishes

by SUE McMULLEN

THIS WAS the kind of morning that reminded him of Miss Lovell. He could almost see her in the stiff yellow mackintosh, whaler's hat, and high buckle boots. She had dressed like that for self-protection, she said. And she had seemed so strong. "Blow, blow, blow the wind blow," it hadn't mattered how hard. Miss Lovell would throw her head back and laugh at the wind. She would stand proudly erect in the gale, and when she moved she would always seem to him to be like a colossus stepping from world to world, or a picture of a giant that she had shown him in the big book with the yellow cover in the nnrsery.. True, Miss Lovell was a woman, he knew that, but just the same she seemed like a kindly giant as she strode forward into the wind. It was as if she could do anything, conquer anybody.

When snow gave new force to the wind, like it did this morning, Miss Lovell would add a funny old brown scarf to her costume, which she would wrap around and around her neck. The lose ends would fly behind her in the wind, as if they were wings. The scarf was for self-protection, she said. How funny and at the same time how strong and wonderful she was, striding fiercely forward with long, positive, masculine steps, her breath forming long plumes in the air.

He could hardly ever keep up with her when they had walked and the wind and snow were blowing. He remembered it had seemed as if she had completely forgotten him, as if she were having her own personal battle with God, and Nature, and the elements. On calm days they would walk slowly together, and she would tell him about life and God, and he would nod and say, yes, Miss Lovell. She had always smiled at him as if they had found a little secret together with their new knowledge, but now he wondered if maybe she had really known that he hadn't completely understood, hadn't known what she had meant.

It was funny but even when the wind and snow stung Miss Lovell's wrinkle-lined face, and lashed fiercely at her thin body, she had never seemed cold. Of course, she was dressed for self-protection, as she said, but he could never understand why she hadn't complained about the weather, why the flecks of snow that whirled around her face and rested on her features had never seemed to bother her. She had said the snow was kissing her, that it would never hurt you if you were dressed for self-protection.

But the snow and wind had always tormented his mother. He couldn't understand this. She said she hated the snow, she hated bad weather. Much nicer to stay inside and be glad you're not out in the horrible, filthy snow, she would say. On days like today, she would spend the whole day in bed, as she said, curled up with a good book. She would smoke and turn the radio up loud to blot out the noise of the wind about the house and of the tapping of the tree branches pressing against the house as if they were trying to protect themselves.

His mother had seemed all pink on days like this. The bedroom was pink, the sheets and blankets were pink, her silk negligee with the funny feathers that wiggled when she breathed was all pink. Even her skin and lips were pink. But just the same, how cold she seemed in that warm, rosy room. Many times he had wanted to say mama, you're not dressed for self-protection, but that would have been silly, especially in that room. But he knew she was cold.

How upset she would become if he would rush into the room to tell her something that he had just seen outside. She would stop him sharply, and he would look down to see that he had forgotten to take off his boots and that he had tracked in a path of dirty snow across the spotless pink rug. It was in moments

Illustrated by CAROLYN CATHER

like these that this room had seemed colder than the coldest, coldest place outside. He would slowly turn around and retrace his steps through the path of greyish snow that spread and melted on the rug. Then when he reached the door he would rush to the nursery to Miss Lovell. He remembered asking her on one of these occasions why the snow was so white, clean, and beautiful outside and why it was so ugly and mean when he brought it inside on the pink rug. She had said that was because the snow belonged outside, nothing would make the pink rug nicer, but that they could go outside again and watch the snow come and become and know that the snow was cleverer and nicer than the pink rug because snow could do wonderful things while the pink rug could never blow in the wind or make trees and buildings transform to new beauties. And although he hadn't really quite understood what she had meant, he had pushed the tears away from his eyes with his fists, looked up, smiled, and said, yes, Miss Lovell. And on had gone the yellow mackintosh, hat, boots, and brown scarf around her neck, and out the two figures went, out to the snow.

Yes, this was really a day for Miss Lovell. The gusts of wind pushed the snow from one drift to the next, uncovering steely dark grey ice on the sidewalk as the whiteness moved with the wind in little, swift rivers. And for some reason in spite of the wind, he didn't feel at all cold, in fact the school books that he pressed against his body made him warm and happy. He almost felt as if Miss Lovell were with him, surging forward with him with her powerful, relentless stride. In a way he knew that she was with him on his way to school, for it was she who had started his education.

Started the everlasting lessons that went on in spite of everything. Who was the inventor of the electric light? What is the highest mountain in the world? Where is the North Pole? Where is the Big Dipper? Not that she cared much for the answers. The questions were more important. To question, to desire, to know. Who was William Shakespeare? He was the Immortal Bard, he had replied obediently, and Miss Lovell had smiled. She did so admire the poets.

On stormy nights when even the stars were blotted out she had asked him to locate India, or Iceland, or England. And as if thinking of these faraway places, she would say, it is a bad night, a bad night for sailors, and I pity them, and I pity the fishes, and I almost pity the stars. There will be, tomorrow morning, many drowned things on the beaches, for nature is truly unkind to its weak creatures.

But she seemed so strong, walking back and forth in the warm nursery, telling him for the hundredth time about George Washington or Babe Ruth. And he had loved her for the wonderful things she knew and told him, for her warmth, and her strength. Solid strength, with a loving heart, for she pitied the fishes. He had thought she was immovable, that she could never be uprooted.

But, he reflected now, how wrong this had been. You must go to school now with the other little boys and girls, his mother had said. He winced and shivered when he remembered that painful scene. He had screamed hateful words at his mother and rushed crying to Miss Lovell, who put her thin bony arms around him and cried too.

He had never thought that Miss Lovell could cry. She seemed so thin, so dry, as if there was no wetness in her, only warmth. So unlike his mother who would trickle down tears at will, sniffing into a lacy handkerchief whenever she was upset. His mother would become all splotchy, pink, and ugly, but the tears had just slid noiselessly down Miss Lovell's creased cheeks, quiet waterfalls. He had always known that Miss Lovell loved and pitied, and now she could cry. She wasn't like his mother who cried for things, for she cried for people, God, and fishes.

He remembered now that she would never eat salmon, for salmon, she had explained, swim upstream and it is quite a climb, and so I think they should be respected. That was why, all in all, she would not eat them or anything that came out of the salty waters. The fish were so courageous, she could not disturb them.

He thought he hadn't understood her then, and he wondered if he was beginning to discover her secret now, now on his way to school to what his mother had said he must have, a fitting education. Even then he guessed that that must mean proper, ordinary. His mother had said Miss Lovell didn't give it to him and that was why he was being sent away to school. Away from the nursery and lessons that went on always, even Sunday. We work on Sunday, Miss Lovell had explained, because that was the day God began the creation of the world, and we work on Saturday too, because although that was the day God rested, it was a hard day for the human race. He guessed that this was what his mother was opposed to, but he couldn't understand why this had bothered her because she didn't work on any day.

Even now he couldn't unmix himself about his mother and Miss Lovell. Sometimes in a dream Miss Lovell was his mother, but that wasn't right. But why wasn't it right when he loved Miss Lovell and merely tolerated his mother? He had told Miss Lovell, so long ago it seemed, just how he felt about his

mother, but she had replied that he mustn't hate, but pity her. We all have weaknesses, she had said, and we must feel sorry for those things and love the good things. But for the life of him he hadn't been able to figure out anything that could be wrong with Miss Lovell.

He didn't like going to school with the other little boys and girls, even though his mother had said he would. He had told his mother, but she had said he would grow to like it when he knew the other children. He knew he never would. There was only one boy that he even halfway liked, a thin boy with a thin smile who liked books and reading as much as he did. It didn't seem to him that any of the others liked to read and learn. He couldn't understand why because the books were so beautiful and in them you could find again the answers to Miss Lovell's questions. The others just liked their silly games in which they hurt each other and themselves. In gym period he would hate school most of all and would always try to find new excuses so that he might leave the class. He would go to the boys' room and aimlessly count the tiles on the floor, hoping that no one would find him loitering there and take him back to the games and the hurting.

But he was happy and warm this morning. Yesterday his homeroom teacher had praised him for his good work and he was proud. He knew Miss Lovell would have been proud of him too. He was anxious to get to class again and do more good work so he could receive more praise, and he smiled to himself thinking of this as he turned the corner into the school yard.

He walked slowly, knowing that he was early, that the first bell hadn't even rung yet. He absentmindly kicked a clod of snow, that had become icy and hard, up the clean sidewalk, up toward the entrance of the school building. He didn't see his friend, or anybody that he liked—just a group of boys from his class who were gaily throwing snowballs at each other. He walked even more slowly, so as not to catch up with them, so they wouldn't notice him before the bell rang and he could escape into the building. He gave the piece of snow at his feet an extra hard kick. It broke and three pieces now scudded along the pavement. He kept his head bowed against the wind and snow. Why didn't the bell ring?

Boys and snow flew past him. They went like the wind. He stood alone on the sidewalk with his school books and wished that he might enter the warm building. Dimly, through the wind, he heard one say, there he is, teacher's pet, and he shivered. Yeah, yeah, yeah, there he is, let's get him. He couldn't move. The first snowball hit the back of his neck and knocked his hat with the red plaid earmuffs off. He bent down to pick it up and felt snowballs hitting him from every side. Hard and hurting. He was cold now, and he hated them. Yet he couldn't move. Let's wash his face, let's make him real clean 'n' nice for teacher. He waited and they crowded around him, holding his arms and pushing the white, cold snow onto his face. The wetness trickled down his neck under his clothes. Sissy, he won't even fight back. Yeah, sissy, wonder what makes him like that? They left him alone.

An echo. Miss Lovell had said, self-protection, that's what's important. No matter how cold the wind, dress for self-protection. Cold snow melted inside his boots and down his neck and he shivered. He guessed now she hadn't meant that he should wear lots and lots of clothes to keep away the cold and the hurt. She had said pity his mother, pity the fishes, but don't ever pity yourself. But just the same he remembered the day Miss Lovell had left the nursery and the house, for always. So thin, slightly bent, carrying her two worn brown suitcases. And so she had gone away, disappeared as if into a mist. How many times had she said she felt sorry for the fishes in the sea and particularly for the old, the old poor fish? But he knew now that she was just a poor old fish herself. She had to be if she could be sent into the cold while his mother could sit in her pink bed day after day, content with the world and pleased with herself. He felt sorry for Miss Lovell and for himself. We are poor fishes together, he thought. He shivered again and walked quickly, quickly out of the cold.

TRANSIENCE

You—are all bodies, pressed into one.
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Look to the Mountain

Continued from Page 10

Dr. Llewelyn was watching him.

He ate lunch in silence. When he had finished, he walked through the passageways over to the library. As soon as he got there, he lay down on a couch. Someone was playing records in the music room. He could just make out the murmur of the record.

He reached over and picked up a magazine from the table next to him, the Thanksgiving edition of "The Saturday Digest."

Thanksgiving. Church. Faith:

In our world today so much of our vital energy is being exerted on the business of life alone that there is very little left over for the process of living, of overcoming the hand of the clock that hourly tolls out the realistic victory of its seconds and minutes. Grasping at the eternal in the desperately flowing tide of time is the great magic of human existence. There is no other way to beat the business of mortality versus immortality. And so we must turn to our Father and have faith.

There it was, the whole solution. I must have faith.

James put the magazine down tenderly. The music from the record player was coming through clearer now. He turned over and listened. Then he went to sleep.

At dinner time, the librarian shook him.

"What do you want to do, sleep your life away?"

He looked sheepishly at her as he left the library. He hummed softly through the passageways to the dining hall. All through the dinner he joked with the boys at the table. Dr. Llewelyn smiled at him.

Whither he goest so shall I.

After dinner he went outside and watched as it began to grow darker. The lights began to go on one by one in the buildings. He could no longer see the snow on the pine trees. The soft plop sounded louder, like the thud of an attendant's boot. Then it was dark. He walked down toward the South gate. He could just make out Bill's outline.

"Shh," cautioned Bill from the bushes. "He's just about ready to leave."

They waited, crouched in the bushes, watching the guard exhale little clouds of steam that looked like the devil's breath. Then the guard started walking along the fence that led to the West gate. They waited until they could no longer hear the crunching of his boots on the frozen earth. Then they made a quick dash.

"Up and over," whispered Bill, holding his hands together stirrup fashion. "When you get to the top, give me your hand."

Paused there on the top of the fence, James felt as if time had suddenly begun again. He felt trapped and hopeless, knowing that it had begun.

Then they were on the other side of the fence, running stealthily, commando fashion. They came to the haystack.

"Here, hold the money while I get the clothes," said Bill, feeling in the haystack. James took the money.

Then Bill found the clothes and quickly put on a coat and a pair of trousers. As he turned around, James threw the roll of money to the ground and started running back across the field.

"Hey, you crazy nut. Come back here," yelled Bill.

James did not stop running. He scrambled wildly over the fence, past the lighted buildings, past the pool room. He stopped only when he had reached the porch of his ward. Gasping for air, he looked to the mountains. The little house, all lit up now, hung there crazily in space.

GOLD BONE

Continued from Page 14

were in the parlor — everyone but Jeanie. They were sitting around very quiet, and Mrs. Barry was sitting in one of the gold French chairs by the fire place. Mart went over and sat in one next to her. I hated those chairs.

Nobody said anything; we sat there and waited. Nobody would look at anyone else. I looked at the fire place, and I tried to count the bricks, but I kept losing count. I looked at Mart. She was sitting up very straight in that horrible chair as if it were connected to her back bone. I wondered if she could ever stand up again, or if she had to sit there all the rest of her life in that gold chair that was part of her back bone. We must have sat like that for an hour. I was thinking that it was pretty awful to make us all sit there like that, not being able to look at each other and not saying anything, when I heard the front door click. Everybody started, but nobody moved to get up—we all looked at Mrs. Barry. I was sitting next to the hall door, and I would have been able to see who it was if I had turned my head, but I didn't feel much like it.

"Hi!" It sounded like a door slamming in the wind. I turned around and saw Jeanie looking at me. Her eyes looked funny and smooth. Everyone jumped up and ran at her. I ran too.

"Jean Pillsbury, you're drunk!" Mrs. Barry had grabbed her by the arm — hard. Jeanie tried to pull away, but Mart had her other arm now, and Jeanie's eyes weren't smooth any more—they were poppy. I had never seen anyone I knew real well drunk before; only she wasn't drunk — just high, Henny told me later. I felt sick.

Jeanie pulled and tugged and finally got away from Mart and Mrs. Barry. She screamed a high, queer scream that didn't sound as if it came from her at all, but from way up above us some place. She got away from all the people who were reaching out and grabbing for her, and she ran up the stairs. She stumbled near the top and fell smack into Henny who was standing there. Henny took her by the arm and led her towards our room.

"Go up and get her, Mart, and bring her back down here," said Mrs. Barry. "I'm going to call Miss Pringle." Miss Pringle was the principal.

I followed Mart upstairs and so did everyone else. Henny was sitting cross-legged on the bed with Jeanie's head in her lap. Jeanie was crying and coughing and gasping all at once, and her body was shaking. Henny was patting her on the shoulder and telling her over and over that it was all right. The back of my neck felt all prickly.

"Mrs. Barry wants you to come back down stairs, Jean," Mart said.

Henny stopped patting Jeanie's shoulder and looked at Mart for a long time. "No," she said in a very quiet voice.

"Look, Hen," Mart said, "she's been constantly breaking rules. If she kept everything above board this wouldn't have happened. She knows she's been wrong—look at her." I looked at her. She was still sobbing and shaking. It was very creepy.

"I don't care if she's right or wrong, Mart," Henny said calmly.

"It's your responsibility to. . . ."

"No," Henny said again. "You're not going to scare her like that any more tonight. You can wait, and you can take your lousey student government and send it merrily to hell." This surprised me coming from Henny, and especially since Mrs. Barry had come in just before she told Mart where she could send her student government.

"Henny, you let Jean get up this minute," said Mrs. Barry, and she was very mad, and the white hair was straggling out of her net more than usual.

"No," said Henny.

Mrs. Barry stared at her, and I



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could feel my face getting hot and red and I couldn't figure out who I was embarrassed for. I didn't care though, I couldn't take my eyes off Henny — sitting there cross-legged and talking back to Mrs. Barry.

"Well, we'll see about this," said Mrs. Barry, grabbing Mart by the arm and pulling her out of the room after her. I closed the door after them because all the kids were standing outside and gaping in and I didn't like them doing that, although they didn't mean anything.

Mrs. Barry and Mart didn't come back that night, and Henny sat cross-legged like that with Jeanie's head in her lap all night. I sat there and watched them. Jeanie fell asleep after a while, but Henny didn't.

Of course Jeanie was expelled from school the next day, and Henny was suspended for being fresh to Mrs. Barry and telling Mart where she could send her student government. Mart said it was too bad that they had to leave, and that they couldn't see where they were wrong, but that was the price they had to pay.

We got two new roommates who I thought were real nice, but Mart didn't get very friendly with them. Mart didn't get very friendly with anyone any more.

Henny wrote and told me she wasn't coming back, but that she was going to Europe with her parents. I'm sorry about that because I would have liked to know her better. But she said she would write to me from Europe, and it will be neat to get letters from Paris and places like that.

INK AND PAPER

Continued from Page 15

must be calculated, in as much as it can, and the resulting work geared to that speed. The reader, though, must not feel slighted, for there is nothing more harmful for a writer to do than to underestimate his reader.

From the reader's point of view, it is important to understand something about the background of the work which is being read. With most of the major authors this is an easy thing to do, yet how many even widely-read people bother to look up the basic facts which are the very foundation of good literature? Interest, the most important contributing factor to enjoying a piece of writing, increases tremendously with even the barest knowledge of the author's life, work, and influence. For this reason I do not feel that pure literature is the best way for the average reader to increase his reading interest and capacity. One stimulant is the method of simply picking up a book and thumbing through it until some passage catches the eye, and reading such snatches here and there throughout the volume. One has an odd and delicious feeling of guilt when doing this of knowing things he shouldn't, for he has not gained the knowledge fairly by reading the whole book. Such piecemeal reading, while not a thorough or fully beneficial practice, is quite interesting and broadening. It also develops a curiosity for knowing what the rest of the book contains and inclines one to read the whole thing.

All of this depends, naturally, upon a basic desire to read. Such steps are merely aids and cannot create a want or hunger for literature, however great the potentialities. Many people would read more except that they feel there is little or nothing personally applicable in most of the 'better works'; a completely false idea. It is not good for one to force himself to read some-

thing he doesn't like, but this is no excuse for not looking farther. On the contrary, it should be all the more stimulating, for there is reading for every taste if it will only be sought out. It must be remembered that there is a definite effort involved on the part of the reader as well as the author. The beauty of literature is this: one doesn't have to make himself fit in, there's ample room for everyone just as he is.

A great many people are so unaware of the beauty and strength of fine literature that they actually avoid reading anything other than newspapers and magazines whenever possible, which is practically always. Such an attitude is deplorable anywhere, but in a college or university it is almost pitiable. If among the leaders of this generation there are so few who are aware of the personal and everyday value, as well as the mental stimulation, of good literature, how many can there be among the public as a whole? Thinking and reading go together; one must open his mind to the thoughts of others in order to understand the proper relationship of his own ideas. We must look to our writers to simplify and interpret the vast confusion of our lives. Some we will not understand, others we will not agree with; but a few, those who have managed to bridge the gap between their retreating worlds and our particular modes of thought, will paint for us the intricate coloration of our reflections and point out to us the strange truth of our own individual feelings. You don't 'realize' that a poem or story is good, you feel it. And what is clear to you may be meaningless to me, that's why there are so many writers in the world.

But some writers are outstanding. Not necessarily because they represent the most profound insight, but because they reflect the feelings of the group that was influential enough to make them outstanding. These must be particularly scrutinized if one is to understand the odd likes and dislikes of the group with which he must deal if he is to get ahead in the intellectual world, regardless of his own opinions. It will probably be found, however, that the acknowledged authors have a great deal to say that is of value.

The closing observation of this article will deal with the position which we of Duke hold in this ambiguous world of ink and paper. Most of us are primarily concerned with writing, many having completed only the basic college English course. In pursuing our numerous scientific studies we get almost no opportunities to express ourselves creatively in writing and little spare time during which to do serious reading. As a result, the student body as a whole has become definitely nonartistic and even, in many quarters, anti-intellectual. This is unfortunate, for the facilities of this university offer us opportunities for intellectual development which we most probably will never enjoy again. It is our duty to ourselves to take advantage of as many of these expediences as possible. Many such functions as lectures and discussions are withering on the vine from sheer lack of interest. The magazine you now hold, which is the mouthpiece of the school's creative writing activities, is read by a relatively small percentage of the undergraduates, and frequently a real search must be made to find material for its pages. This situation is lamentable in a private endowed institution such as Duke. The cultural level of the student body will rise in time, to be sure, but we must do all that we can now to help the process along. Our strongest ally is good reading let us cultivate this friend as a permanent member of our mental circle.

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THE ONLOOKER

Continued from Page 18

Nova blinked and stared. "No," she said, looking bleak.

"Well, get in."

The girl reluctantly clutched the wobbly side and swung up with Ben's help. They started up again. She squatted in one of the corners looking at her hands, now black with coal. Ben was standing in the other corner, his head sticking over the top and his hair ruffling in the chill wind. Nova was looking at him with her mouth open and her blue eyes were like dark holes in the twilight.

"There were some boys swimming up there," she said loud enough for him to hear over the truck's roar.

He could say nothing.

"I was on the school bus," she added. Her voice quavered with the jolting of the wheels. She wiped a string of white hair out of her face and left a dirty place on her cheek. She kept squatting dumbly the rest of the way. Ben turned his back to her and saw as he turned the heads of his father and grandmother through the back window. They were stiff and staring. He looked off the side of the truck, watching the river make flashes of silver between the black legs of the trees and noticing how the flashes made the trees look as if they were running. He remembered when he and Roby had ridden to Gap City this way together —his father, Ma, and Ganna in the front seat and they two laughing and yelling and peering over the rail in the back of the truck. They sang so that their voices would jiggle with the bumps in the road, and sometimes they even mooed like cows being taken to market.

But Ben felt like doing none of these things now. He had already seen the lights of the dam wink on, and he knew the lake was just ahead. The truck rocked further along. They saw the shiny grey water behind the woods and heard, as they coasted down a slope, the voices again. But this time they were low voices with chunking sounds and deep ripplings and splashes from the water. His father slowed down. There was a pick-up truck ahead, parked in the weeds not far away and Ben recognized the place where he and Roby used to go in swimming in the summer. A grassy bank led down to a wide cove. It was a good place to swim if you didn't get out too far. But it was cold in the fall.

Big Rob got out of the truck and so did Ganna. They tramped through the swishing goldenrod and rye grass without saying a word, not seeming to make up their minds whether or not they wanted to walk fast. All was very quiet out there except for the chunking and splashing. Ben got out then, leaving Nova still crouched in the back. He saw his grandmother pause to look at something dark in the grass. It turned out to be some school books, but they all looked alike. You couldn't tell whose they were.

They went over the rise in the bank and neared the shore where a sparse line of people looked out on the water, watching a boat pivot around and around. A paddle sucked in and out. The only voices now were from the men in the boat, but Ben couldn't hear what they said. The people on the shore—some men from the dam and three boys hovering together, wet and shivering—had seen who was coming down the hill. The men shifted and looked at each other. The boys, still wearing nothing but clinging shorts, were shaking harder as a breeze whipped up from the cove. One of them put his fist in his mouth when he saw Ben. It was Jackie Parrish, one of Roby's friends.

Ben stopped in the grass and stared while Ganna and his father went all the way to the edge of the water. He heard one of the men say they had called the ambulance from town. His father didn't say anything back to the man. Ganna was usually

the one who did the answering and who did the asking. But even she was silent, watching the men in the boat make wierd, gouging movements. Ben had never seen men in boats act like that before, but he know what they were doing.

He began to feel weak. He sat down in the tallest grass and put his head between his legs so that his legs mashed against his ears; and he shut his eyes so that he could see only dark spangles in front of him. The dark spangles stayed only a while. He started remembering Roby's copper hair and his brown, familiar eyes — wonderful somehow because they weren't eyes that you could see too far into, where worry was like the wiggly things in the bottom of old wells. He wondered suddenly if Roby's eyes had wiggly things underneath where they couldn't be seen. Oh, it was bad to have them; they squirmed and swarmed and they were as heavy as a headache. Maybe they could get bad enough to make someone want to sink—maybe sink through a green hole in the water to the very bottom and drown—if he felt sorry enough about the blackberries, and if the worries were very heavy.

He shuddered. He heard a wild whine and a brightness made him open his eyes. The ambulance had come. The headlights glared hideously over the field and on the lake, where mist was beginning to seep up and hover over the water. But they could still see the boat through the fog. It was coming ashore now. The ambulance doors slammed and two men jumped out. They had driven across the grass and nearly to the water. One of the men had a camera in his hand, and Ben knew he was the man who worked for the paper in town. Ben had seen him before. He had been at the Beardon fire last spring and he had taken a picture of an old woman who jumped from the upstairs window. Now he was coming to take Roby's picture.

"Hey, kid," he nodded, "c'mere—I got something for you to carry."

Ben tried to get up. The man held out a satchel that bulged with lightbulbs and things. The man was standing against the headlights. He had on a leather jacket.

"Here catch," he said. "We haven't got all day. Come on. I'll do the talking when we get down there." The man pointed.

Ben took the bag, but he was shaking. He didn't want to go near the water. He knew the boat was there now. He heard his grandmother make an awful noise, but he had to follow the man. More people had begun to come. He saw their dark forms with folded arms going in front of the headlights and he heard car motors.

"O.K., folks. Move away now. That's right, Mr. Mackle, hold him up like that. No, be taking him out. That's better. Hold it."

There was a sickening light. Ben saw Roby. He saw him but he wasn't the same—not like Roby at all because his hair was all plastered down and dark and there was dirt in it. There was dirt on his mouth too and weeds all over him and he hung limp the way the men held him. He had been in the dirt of the lake and the dirt had ruined him. Nobody could tell him that was the real Roby. He must still be at the bottom of the lake.

"Now who's gonna give me the info?" said the man after another sickening flash. "Hey, kid . . ."

But Ben had dropped the bag full of lightbulbs. He was trying to run away, but he was only kind of backing away. He kept seeing crazy white rings where Roby's face ought to be. He sat down on the grass.

"Can somebody give me the info?" the man in the leather jacket said again. He took out a pencil and pad. "Sorry, but I've got to have his name, age, school, and all that. Are you the father?"

Ben's father looked up from the

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side of the boat where he was bending over and he swelled up. "Damn you! Go on away." He was trembling. He bent back over and made a choking sound. Ben saw Ganna bending over too. She was touching the boy's hair painfully, not believing.

"It's been nigh to forty-five minutes," one of the boatmen mumbled. "There's no use trying nothing on him now."

"Not a thing?" said Big Rob.

"Better just let Moss here take him on to town."

Mr. Moss was the man who drove the ambulance. He owned Moss Funeral Home and that was where they were taking him. Ben shrank. He retreated up the bank and hid under a tree while they put Roby in the back of the big car. The newspaper man was talking to one of the wet, shivering boys and writing things down. The headlights swung around and the tires crunched the gravel of the road. Soon all Ben could see were two red eyes fading and narrowing down the black stretch. It was all over. The people began to go home now. They muttered and they nodded and they still had their arms folded. They were shadows darting in and out of the rays of carlight which shifted and sliced in the night as the noisy wheels pawed the gravel.

They were almost all gone when a car drove up from the other direction with the same urgency of the ambulance. It jolted across the grass, and Ben recognized the preacher's car. The preacher's wife always drove it, and the car always rattled. He watched her get out, and then he saw his own mother climbing from the other door. She lost her shoe in getting out.

"What have they done with him!" She ran down to the shore where Ganna was gathering up Roby's clothes. He had left them by the lake just as he always used to leave them by the side of his bed in the morning. She was handling them carefully, tucking each one under her arm and holding it there tight. She always used to pick up his things in the morning, Ben remembered. She was just doing what she always did.

"Let me see them," his mother whimpered, reaching out for the bundle under Ganna's arm. "Where have they taken my boy?"

"Leave me alone. These are mine," Ganna snapped, drawing away. "They've taken him into town. You can see him there if you want to."

"Rob, where have they taken him?" his mother kept asking. She had turned to the lump of a man who was sitting on the black shore with his hand on his head. Nobody had seen Ben yet. He was still hiding under the tree.

"Where is he? Why didn't you go with him?"

"I don't know. Mr. Moss took him. She wanted to get his clothes."

His mother's look spun past Ganna and all around. "Mr. Moss!" she moaned. "Dear Lord, won't anybody take me to where he is?"

"I will, honey, don't you fret," answered the preacher's wife, whose name was Mrs. Fleenor. She had been looking over the pile of books the wet and shivering boys had left when they went away in cars. Roby's were among them.

"We'll go over there now, if you want," she said picking up the books. "Don't you fret."

"I think I've lost my shoe," said Ben's mother miserably. She walked toward the car stumping up and down. Mrs. Fleenor was with her, an arm around her shoulder, saying low words, quiet words, words about not fretting. She knew how to say them because that was what she was for. Ganna and Big Rob came slowly after them. It was sort of procession.

Ben began to stir under the dark tree. He wandered out into the car lights so that Mrs. Fleenor caught

sight of him. "That's Benny, isn't it?" she said. His mother, father, and grandmother stared over at him vacantly. He felt as if he had done something bad. The preacher's wife beckoned to him and he came.

"What's he doing out here, poor little feller?" She put her hand on the back of his neck. Everything was becoming calmer now. Mrs. Fleenor's voice was the only sound he could hear except the slapping of the water.

"It's too much for a little feller like this to bear up under," she said. "How long has he been out here? How long have you been out here, Benny? Somebody ought to take him home."

A man from the dam had been tying up the boat and was taking ropes and things out. He had a flashlight and he was going toward the pick-up truck when Mrs. Fleenor called to him. He waited while Ben plucked at Mrs. Fleenor's sleeve and pulled her aside. There was a question he had to ask, and the others might not answer. He tried to be as business-like as possible and to speak as low and calm as she did.

"Miz Fleenor, I just want to ask one thing," he said in her ear. "Did he—did he mean to? Roby, I mean. Did he do it on purpose?"

The preacher's wife looked at him and gradually her eyes grew wide. "Good heavens, boy. What on earth! Take him on home to bed, mister. Don't let him think about it anymore."

The man led Ben up the hill to the truck. He did feel like going to bed. It was deep and warm in bed and you didn't have to think about anything, just as Mrs. Fleenor had said. He would have liked to close his eyes right then; but as they crossed the grass going toward the truck, he suddenly saw Nova, whom he had forgotten, crouching against the shiny metal door, white in the glare of the flashlight. Her nose and mouth slid into a sick grin the way girls look when they hear something dirty and awful.

"It *was* him, wasn't it," she said to Ben. The man opened the door and put her inside. Ben followed. The man got in and shut the door. His truck lights went on and flared over the deserted cove. The lake was like a black wall now. The Wardison's truck was still parked beside them in the weeds, empty as ever, and Mrs. Fleenor's car had already disappeared down the road. The man lit a cigaret, shook his head, and started the gruff motor. They started to driving down the road, which rolled yellow before them as if there were nothing else in the night but the road.

"It's a bad thing," the man said, awkwardly breaking the silence. The children rustled.

"You never know how deep them lakes git when you're out too far."

Nova was sniffling. "I tole them on the school bus not to go in. The water gits too cold this time of year. It gits real cold."

"It's a bad thing for the Ma and Pa," said the man again. Nova squirmed. She looked over at Ben. He felt as if she were going to tell him something nasty.

"You know what they was thinking, your Ma and Pa?" she whispered to him.

"No. Yes. I don't know."

"They was wishing it was you instead."

All was quiet in the car for a moment, and then the driver said in a shocked voice, "Good Lord-a-mighty. They wasn't thinking any such thing. I'm gonna put you out of here, little girl, if you talk like that."

"No, I don't guess they were, Novy," said Ben after a while. She didn't talk anymore the rest of the way.

When they stopped in front of the Wardison's house on the hill, Ben could hear the rush of the river and things suddenly seemed very

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still. The rush sounded better than the ugly slapping of the lake. But the house was black above him. The man and he got out together, the man with his flashlight peering toward the porch and cutting a white hole in the dark. The front door was still open from that afternoon. The man opened the screen door and snapped on the bare, glaring light in the front room.

"You go on to bed and don't pay any mind to what that little fat girl said. Everybody liked Roby Wardison and he was a good-looking young feller, but that don't matter one way or t'uther. You go on to bed. Your folks will be back directly, time you're asleep."

Ben nodded. The man shut the door and Ben watched his flashlight wagging down the hill again. When he heard the truck drive off in the direction of the Godsey's house, he went to his room. After a while he took off his top clothes and slid into the dark, deep bed. It had been as warm as a nest with the two of them, but now the bed was as cold and as deep as the bottom of the lake, where Roby must be sleeping tonight. If only there hadn't been dirt on him, and weeds. Ben couldn't stand to think about dirt being in his hair where none belonged. Roby shouldn't be cold and dirty. He should be clean and smiling and he should not eat up the blackberries and leave his clothes on the shore for Ganna to pick up, because he had too much to do—he had a job. He only hoped Roby had taken the heavy worries down to the bottom of the lake with him. They were very heavy and the nest was very cold.

When he awoke he found the morning sun frozen in a red pool of melting frost on his windowpane, and he knew the weather had chilled. He breathed vanishing white puffs and his nose felt cold. He thought of going to get some persimmons today—soft, ripe, and golden, dropping briskly into the leaves when he and Roby shook the tree. He and Roby together. And then he remembered for sure about Roby, for he had known when he first saw the sun that there was something he had to remember.

More than ever he wanted to stay in bed. It was warmer now and more like a nest than last night. He heard stirring in the next room and wondered why he wasn't smelling breakfast. Roby used to get up first and go see what breakfast was going to be. But Roby was not here this morning; that was all the more certain when there was no smell of breakfast. He slipped out painfully and put on his clothes. He had left them in a heap beside the bed. A while ago he had heard someone open the front door to get the morning paper, and he went to his own door and peered through the crack. He glimpsed his mother carefully cutting something out of the front page. She was cutting carefully and tenderly when suddenly she looked up and slapped her hand over the page.

"What are you doing?" said his father's voice.

"It's my Roby's picture," she answered. "They wouldn't let me see him last night, so here's his picture and I'm gonna keep it."

Now as they spoke to each other their voices came to Ben as they used to sometimes at night, when the voices droned and fluttered upstairs after everyone was supposed to be asleep. The same ugly, forbidden tone was in them now that always made him stiffen under the sheets and try to listen. He was frozen by the door, straining his ears and looking through the blurred crack in the door. There was a blot across Ben's vision, and he figured his father was bending over to look at the picture. Then the light came again, and he saw his mother flash by as if she had got up suddenly. He heard the scissors fall. His grandmother's voice

bobbed in. The sounds fluttered louder and louder and came in gulps:

Damn picture . . . horrible . . . throw it in the fire. Don't Rob . . . didn't get to see him. Loved his Ganna. Sinful old woman . . . Roby only good one. You women . . . stuck-up Robwoods . . . damn, damn, damn.

The voices were filling Ben with numb alarm. He was afraid to open the door, but he had to open it in order to stop them. He felt sick thinking of the three in the front room spilling ugly words all over the place as if something tight had snapped and let them come unstrung. He had to make up his mind very hard to open the door, and still he couldn't do it. Yet all of the sudden he found himself in the middle of the room with all three looking at him, their faces turned blank. He couldn't think of anything to say. He felt sick and sad. "Oh, Roby!" he sighed.

Everything stopped for a moment —silent, slow, dull, dead. It was like the electricity going down suddenly in a storm, the lights dimming to a feeble glimmer, pale and hesitating, flickering, almost dying; until gradually yellowing on again as painfully as if sucking the light from the very walls. His mother dragged slowly into the kitchen, Ganna turned and went to the window, and his father finally opened the top of the stove and floated the newspaper clipping into the flames. Pretty soon the sound of frying came from the kitchen and his father had turned on the radio.

Ben took his father's coat and went out on the porch. He had to think about why grown people talked to each other like that, saying the things he had heard them say. Yet he wanted to look over the soft, blue valley again as he had done yesterday and to feel calm and quiet inside, as yesterday. But it was no longer summer over the whitened hills and ravines below. Frost had come overnight as he knew it had done, and many more leaves had fallen from the sycamore tree. He would not be able to come out on the porch and twine on the posts much longer. He would not be able to stay in his warm, dark bed in the mornings. There were things he had to think about and plans he had to make; and there were worries after all, because Roby hadn't taken them with him. They were in the living room, in the kitchen, in the bed, and now they were even all the way out on the porch.

He listened to the rush of the river, but heard his mother call him faintly from inside. A breeze washed up from the valley and lightly touched him. He felt a tug as if he were remembering something. When he heard the last sound of crows in a distant cornfield, he turned and went into the house.

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